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G. W. Glosmer

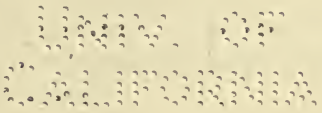
Memorial

— OF —

George Washington Hosmer, D.D.

Edited by his Children.

"His face was as the Sun shining upon the temple of the Most High."
"The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach." — L. 7.



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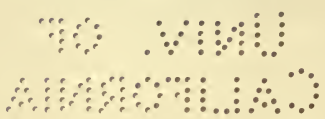

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PREFACE.

THIS volume, consisting for the most part of selections from the letters, sermons, and lectures of the late Rev. Dr. G. W. Hosmer, is privately printed for circulation among his friends. His children, by whom the work has been prepared, desire to make acknowledgment to those who have helped them in their undertaking. To Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Boston, Mass., our thanks, in the first place, are due; who, besides contributing important facts, placed at our disposal a series of our father's letters extending from his college life to the month before his death. For some of the most beautiful and characteristic letters contained in the book we are indebted to our father's cousin, Mrs. L. P. Cheney, of Concord, Mass.

We desire also gratefully to thank the following gentlemen for their tributes to the memory of Dr. Hosmer, delivered and published soon after his death: Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, Rev. Dr. J. H. Morison, Rev. Dr. R. P. Stebbins, Rev. H. H. Barber, Rev. G. W. Cutter, and Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke. From several of these tributes extracts have been made, which add much to the value and interest of the book. We are indebted to the Hon. Robert C. Pitman, of Newton, for an interesting communication. Rev. G. Reynolds and our kinsman, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, have rendered us great assistance in the distribution of the memorial among those for whom it is intended. In the hope that this volume will help to keep green the memory of a good man, we give it to those who knew and loved him.

J. K. H.
W. R. H.
G. H. H.
A. H. S.

January 26, 1882.

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AT CONCORD.

Dear native village, I foretell,
Though for a time I say farewell,
That wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, when the sun prepared for rest
Hath gained the precincts of the West,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the narrow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

— [WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOREFATHERS.

TO the sons and the daughter who edit this memorial volume there is no better type of our father than a great protecting tree, — a shield against the heat, a buckler, too, which the storm can scarcely pierce, something musical with breezy murmurs, gracious and stately and full of loving ministry. In the consciousness of his children the thought of our father has hung over us from infancy to maturity as such a sheltering arch, tempering to us joy and sorrow, his benignant presence affording both dew and sunshine, his heart-full, manly tones always fraught with cheer and counsel. Even the youngest of us has long left youth behind, while the eldest is far on in middle age; but now that our refuge and shelter is cut down we miss the dear protection as if we were not out of our childhood, and seem to stand sadly bare to the world.

The son who writes these lines stood once, a boy of ten, by the side of his father beneath the shadow of one of the great trees before the Concord homestead, built by our great-grand-

father. The boy, to whom the spreading limbs and massy foliage of a New England elm were something new, wondered why the earth trembled and resounded so hollow to the wheels of vehicles and the foot-beat of the passers-by, as soon as they came within compass of the branches. "As far as the boughs spread into the air above," answered our father, "so far spread the roots in the soil beneath. They have filled the whole hill with their fibres; they run under the road and go as far as to the brook in the meadow, perhaps, in search of moisture." That the tree might stand in its rich fulness, the roots ran far and deep beneath the soil; that the man stood so hale and jocund in physical and spiritual strength was due largely, too, to what he drew from underground — from the generations that had preceded him. Our father's abounding love went out not only upon his children, but felt backward, too, along the line of his ancestry. His regard for his forefathers was far removed from the genealogical extravagance of the antiquary; it had nothing of the superstitious veneration of the Chinese. It was wholesome gratitude and affection for the old generations to which his own fibre inseparably bound him. Intended, as this memorial volume is, only for the eyes of those who held him in esteem, a few pages may appropriately be devoted to the story of his progenitors, inwoven as

it is with what is most tragic and picturesque in the development of New England from the earliest day.

The remotest point to which a rootlet can possibly be traced, is an old battle-field of the year 1016, where the Saxon King Edmund Ironside overcame Canute, the Dane. Says the mediæval chronicler, Florence of Worcester: The Danes were on the point of yielding, when Edric Streon, a treacherous ealdorman who fought on the side of Canute, struck off the head of a man named Osmer, whose features and hair much resembled those of Edmund; then showing the head to the advancing Saxons, he shouted: "Flee quickly, ye men of Dorsetshire, Devon, and Wilts; you have lost your leader. Lo, here I hold in my hands the head of your lord, Edmund the King! retreat with all speed." * The English began to flee, panic-stricken. They were rallied, however, and led to final victory by the King, whose double for this time did not undo him.

It is very absurd, no doubt, to try to connect a line of plain Massachusetts farmers with a worthy almost prehistoric. Let it go for what it is worth. A common spelling of our name, at

* Siquidem cum pugna vehemens esset, et Anglos fortiores esse cerneret, cujusdam viri regi Eadmundo facie capillisque simillimi, Osmeari nomine, capite amputato et in altum levato, exclamat Anglos frustra pugnare, dicens: "Vos Dorsetenses, Domnani," etc.

any rate, has been that given by the old chronicler, and the pronunciation which the spelling represents, with the omission of the aspirate, has been very common even where an *H* appears in writing. Our father showed, not only in his name but in every bodily characteristic,—perhaps, too, in his spiritual traits,—that he was thoroughly Saxon; while his children, in their filial partiality, feel that he might have been easily taken for a king.

The founder of our line in America was James Hosmer, who at the age of twenty-eight, in the year 1635, with a wife, two children, and two maid-servants, left Hawkhurst, in Kent, where the family had been long established, for New England. A brother, Thomas, had emigrated some years before to Cambridge, then Newtown, whence he followed Hooker to Connecticut, in which State his descendants have often had an honorable prominence. One of our number, in 1870, made a pious pilgrimage to this old English home. From the village of Etchingham, in Sussex, to which point the railroad brought him from London, he walked across the country among fragrant fields where they were gathering the hop harvest, into Kent. An ivy-hung church rose into view, and he stood presently in a quaint, venerable village, which, hidden behind its hedges and beneath its mighty elms and oaks, had es-

caped all contact with the modern spirit. He found entertainment at the "Eight Bells," an inn whose worn threshold and battered hearth spoke of hospitality rendered to many generations of men. When the round landlady had heard the errand of the American pilgrim she gave him a hearty, homely welcome, and set before him her best. The Hosmers, however, seemed to have vanished from above and below the earth. No one knew of any living person who bore the name; in the churchyard the sexton declared it was written upon no one of the hundreds of moss-grown stones. Climbing, however, with the vicar of the parish into the muniment-room above a porch of the church, among the mildew and yellow stains of the oldest records the name appeared again and again in the list of baptisms, marriages, and deaths. The stock had once been set there among the hop-fields, but had been transplanted without leaving a shoot. An hour or two later, upon the battle-field of Hastings, close by, the pilgrim pleased himself with fancying that, as the osiers in the brook, which on the battle-day ran red, came, perhaps, from slips that were woven into Harold's simple entrenchment, so he himself might be derived from some one of the ceorls of Kent who fought that day about the Saxon standard.

Out of the heart of Saxon England, therefore, came the progenitor, a simple peasant, whom the puritanism with which the air was rife had touched, and who, in those days when the civil war was impending darkly, shipped with his household goods in the "Elizabeth" from London, and made the desolate voyage. Almost at once he went into the wilderness among the founders of Concord, making his home, after a few years, in the extreme outskirts of the settlement, at the foot of a hill from which meadows stretched far toward the west — probably the outmost frontiersman of the Massachusetts colony. It is close upon two hundred and fifty years since the first Hosmer thus planted himself. His farm has never passed out of the name, a descendant in the eighth generation still looking westward over the same fair meadow prospect. Our father loved to stand in the dent in the hill-side, the old cellar-hole not yet quite obliterated, and delight his eyes with the green acres whose virgin strength the stout arm of his ancestor had first subdued to the plough. It was a pleasant outlook for any one. "I must walk to Abel Hosmer's to see the sunset," Thoreau used to say, — a broad extent of bright intervale threaded by the silver river, — spoiled, alas! now for the eye by the gloomy walls of the State prison that rise in the fields of the farther shore.

As we follow down the generations we are presently confronted with the saddest tragedy. At the outbreak of Philip's War the representative of the line was James, son of the emigrant, whose wife was Sarah White of Lancaster, one of several daughters, the family of a settler of wealth and consequence. One day at the end of the winter of 1675, fearful news came to our far-away grandmother: Lancaster had been burned by the Indians; in the attack one sister had been shot, two others taken captive, while of their children some were slain and some at the mercy of the savages. One of the sisters was Mrs. Rowlandson, wife of the minister, who had been last seen, wounded, carrying in her arms little Sarah, six years old, the namesake of our ancestress, also wounded, dragged into the woods as the prize of a Narragansett.

In the desperate pass to which the colony was brought there was need of resolute spirits. A pressing call for succor came from a beleaguered post. Our ancestor marched with his townsmen, and soon after received in his brain the bullet of an Indian marksman at the disastrous fight in Sudbury. He was slain while swimming the river in the rout that followed the main encounter. It was a heavy time for that old grandmother of ours. There is a well-sustained tradition that Goodwife Hosmer was a woman of

force and resolution. She could handle a gun and manage a boat on the river, and well knew how to provide game and fish. The frontiersman's widow had need of all her strength. She was left with six children, the eldest, still another James Hosmer, a boy of sixteen. How, precisely, she kept the wolf from the door we do not know, but what the talk was about the hearth when at last the fierce Philip was beaten down is well ascertained.

Her sister Rowlandson, returned from captivity, came to Concord. She wrote a narrative which made her one of the most famous women of the time in the colony, and is perhaps the most affecting and interesting document that has come down to us from that day. At the time of her capture an Indian's bullet had wounded her and the child in her arms. Over the snow, through the gloom of the February night, she staggered, harshly driven by her captors, still clasping her little wounded girl, who moaned in her pain, "I shall die, I shall die." Death at length relieved it, the mother cherishing the body in a bare wigwam through a cold, lonesome night, leaving it at last in a shallow grave on a bleak hill-side in what is now New Braintree. Fainting sometimes in the dark forest, fording cold streams, beaten and starved, she faced her fate companionless. Our ancient kinswoman was

sold at length to a sagamore whose wife was sister to the wife of Philip, and henceforth, for much of the time, was in close connection with Philip himself. It seems probable, indeed, that no one of the English settlers came into such close connection with the great chief. That he was in any way a patriot, fighting to protect the birthright acres of his people from encroachment, was not the view of the colonists, and one regrets, as he reads Mary Rowlandson's meagre mention, that she did not sketch more distinctly, as she might so easily have done, the bearing and traits of one whom we are inclined to regard as an heroic forest monarch. In spite of the captive's repugnance to Philip and his followers, she gives pathetic testimony to the intensity of the Indian struggle, the drooping of the spirit when at last hope fails; and though the Puritan woman has no cordial recognition for it, the conduct of her captors toward her is not without traces of magnanimity.

One can easily fancy what the talk was in the cabin of our widowed ancestress there upon the westward looking hill-side. The little lonely grave of her niece and namesake, buried by Philip's men upon the desolate hill in New Braintree, her husband's life-blood washed down upon the stream that flowed past the home, the sisters and their children slain or captive, the figures of

the Wampanoag chieftain and his followers elaborated into a thousand startling details — verily, these were fearful pictures! In the bitter waters that generation of our line was dipped to the lips!

Sons succeed sires as we pass into and down the eighteenth century. Our father's great-grandmother was a sturdy matron, from whom one fancies his own massive shoulders may have been inherited. She tended the mill that was part of the property, carried the grist back and forth in the great sacks, and was able at the same time to entertain the waiting customers with scraps of poetry and stories from history. In a humble way our stock has been a military one; every foe that has threatened New England has been confronted by soldiers of our name, generally of the rank and file. When Philip and the Indians had been swept away, the French attacked. Our father's maternal great-grandfather, and, on the other side, the brother of the miller's stout wife, commanded companies in the old French war, marching with their provincials through blazed paths of the woods to the remote border-land to oppose Montcalm. But a more critical struggle was beginning. The encroachments of England had become oppressive.

The men of our line whose fate it was to encounter these dangers deserve here a closer look, both because they were men of force, and because their influence was an important factor in moulding the character of our father. These men in their old age he well remembered and loved; from them, indeed, he caught the impulse which urged him forward in honorable ways. Here let us give his own words. Of his grandfather Joseph he has written: —

He was the most distinguished person of the fifth generation, or indeed, we may say of all the Massachusetts Hosmers. He was born in 1735, in a house that stood a little west of the south branch of Concord River. Joseph had such opportunities as the children of Concord had in his day; he lived within a mile of the grammar school in the centre of the town, and after the years of childhood went to school in the winters, three or four months in each year, until he was seventeen or eighteen years of age. I have no traditions of his school-days. I suspect that school-teaching did less for him than the influence of his mother at home. She would make him look out from that old fire-place, which I so well remember (though not until after she was gone), to the great world of which her active mind caught glimpses.*

Joseph helped his father on the farm in earlier years, but with a wise thrift, he connected with farm-work, in a small way, cabinet manufacture, and had his shop close by his father's house. He seems to have been successful, for in 1761, when he was twenty-six years old, he built the house in which Cyrus Hosmer now lives, — a very good house for the time, — and soon after this he married Lucy Barnes, of Marl-

* She was the stout wife of the miller, just now alluded to.

boro, Massachusetts. They began life together in the new house, and for fifteen years he went on with his double occupation of farming and making furniture. There was an altar in the house for the daily offering of worship and praise. As the times began to be full of great interests and important questions, about 1773, Joseph Hosmer, then thirty-eight years of age, appeared among the prominent men of the town. He had nothing from superior education, or from his family parentage or occupation, to lift him into notice; he rose by force of good sense, sound character, and mental energy. He became an earnest "son of liberty," and we find his name in those years, among the outspoken advocates of resistance to English domination. We hear of his making a telling speech in a meeting in Concord, one evening, when a British spy was present. The latter was astonished at his eloquent words, that showed that he and those like him would fight for their principles and die for them, if need be. Then in action as well as word he stood forward. He was lieutenant of a company of minute-men, and a member of the "Committee of Safety."

The 19th of April, 1775, long before daylight, he received the alarm that British troops were on their way from Boston, and he hastened to the village. Col. James Barrett, my mother's grandfather, an old man and quite infirm, was the officer in command by a recent appointment, and without his consent; and in this emergency he detailed Joseph Hosmer, the acting captain of the company of minute-men, to assist him that day; and so we hear of him forming and addressing the men just before the attack at the bridge. As aid to Colonel Barrett, he asked Major Buttrick and Col. Robinson, of Westford, to lead the column, and did much to keep the men firm as they marched down to receive the British volleys. He and his brother Benjamin went to Cambridge that day in the pursuit.

One word about Abner Hosmer, my grandfather's cousin,

who was killed that day at Concord bridge. It was young Abner's freedom year. He appears that morning prompt and doubly ready; he has his powder-horn and gun, and he is drummer, too. As the minute-men descend the hill and move along the causeway, he hears his cousin Joseph's clear voice encouraging the wavering column; then, hark! the beat of his drum measuring the steps of heroes until the nimble hands are still in death! Brave cousin; your short life, crowned with a patriot's death, was better than threescore and ten ordinary years! In the bronze statue on the battle-ground I behold you lifted up in honor!

Meantime my grandmother, alone at home, waited hour after hour for news. In the house were some of the public stores which the British troops were sent to destroy. Tradition says that one room was full of medical and surgical goods, and that there were elsewhere ammunition and cannon-balls. At length our grandmother, on her knees at a window looking toward the town, whence she had seen the smoke ascending as the British began their destruction, beheld the scarlet coats of a strong detachment, from whose bayonets, as they descended the slope toward the river close by, the morning sun was thrown back in a brilliant flash. They crossed the stream; the lonely watcher descended to the lower part of the house, and presently the heavy tramp of the party became audible as they drew up in front. Against the bolted door came a harsh knocking from the butts of muskets; it was unfastened, and the invaders streamed into the house. "Where is your husband, good woman?" said the officer in command. "In the village, fighting the enemies of his country." Tradition has handed down those words as our grandmother's reply. The soldiers, nevertheless, showed no rudeness. Her heart rose in her throat when they tried at length the door of the room which was filled with government stores. Supposing that women had locked themselves in for safety, the officer forbade the door to

be forced. The red-coats swarmed everywhere. The silver and valuables had been tied to the well-rope and sunk in the well; a soldier seized the rope and moved it back and forth, but did not try to raise it. Our grandmother brought pans of milk up from the cellar, with which the troops filled their canteens. At length they departed, having found nothing suspicious, with some magnanimity, one must confess, overlooking the patriotic outburst of the housewife. Returning to the bridge, they tore presently the planks from the beams and threw them into the river, falling back afterwards upon the town, whence began soon after the memorable retreat.

My father, a boy of seven years, sat on the bank near the house, and gazed at the red-coated men from over the sea. My mother, a child of five years, looked out with wonder and fear upon the soldiers and what they did at her grandfather's, Col. James Barrett's, where they searched the whole house, and burned gun-carriages in the field close by. The guns had been buried that morning in the barn-yard, and straw spread over the ground. Especially she remembered how an officer rode about the grounds, his horse leaping the fences.

From this time onward for thirty-five years, Joseph Hosmer, in his time called Major Hosmer, held public offices and trusts which occupied the most of his time. During the war he was actively engaged in the Commissary Department. After the formation of the new government, he was for many years in the lower and upper houses of the State Legislature, and was long chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. For some twelve years my grandfather's name appears in the records of House and Senate; no name in those years is brighter, or stands in more honorable connection with subjects of legislation. In a speech in the State-House he once made himself obnoxious to John Hancock, the presiding officer, who commanded him to sit down. His reply has been preserved: "Did I stand here in my own behalf, I

could not too soon obey you; but I was sent here to speak on a subject which lies very near to the hearts of the people of Middlesex, and, God willing, I shall not set my face toward Concord till I have had my say."

The last public station which he filled was that of high sheriff of Middlesex; this position he held for fourteen years when it was accounted more honorable than at present. I was born in the same house in which my grandfather lived, and my childhood and youth were parallel with his old age. He was sixty-six years old at my birth, and retired from public service in my early childhood. My first jacket and trousers were made out of his sheriff's red coat. He was a gentle, wise old man, and with me to take steps for him, he loved to make experiments about the farm. He and I tested the effects of plaster of Paris on the land, tried to drain a wet meadow, planted rare seeds, and looked after the garden and fruit trees.

Here are some reminiscences preserved by our father's cousin, Miss Josephine Hosmer: —

He was kind-hearted, and generous to a fault. His sense of justice was offended by the sternness of the laws as they stood when he was high sheriff. When his deputies took away a man's goods for debt, it was sometimes the case that he would ride along the day after in his ruffled shirt and knee-breeches, a pleasant light in his fine brown eyes, and place in the hands of the wife or mother, a handsome gift. "It is a hard law," he would say, "but the laws must be obeyed. Here is a little for your present necessity." One of his grandsons was told once in Waltham, that his grandfather, the day before, had given a poor family twenty silver dollars. Returning to Concord he asked his grandfather if it were true. "Tut, tut!" said the old man; "these things had better not be spoken of."

In his position, it became once his duty to hang a man.

The name of the criminal was Smith. By the harsh old English law then in vogue, he was condemned to die for stealing a watch. The old sheriff suffered intensely as the day for the execution approached, and so did his household; when his wife saw the rope which was to hang the poor man come into the house, she wrung her hands and burst into tears. It had been her duty to make the shroud in which the criminal was to suffer, and the long white cap which was to be drawn over his head. [Our father could remember peeping, as a little child, through the crack of the just opened door into the lonely, empty room where these ghastly objects hung over a chair, waiting to be put to use, and receiving a shock which even in age he could scarcely recall without a thrill.]

All the night, before the morning of the execution, the Major walked the room. On the way to the gallows the poor culprit begged heart-rendingly for his life from first to last. When the time came to let fall the drop, the sheriff's heart fairly sank and he turned the duty over to a deputy. It was the first duty he was ever known to shirk. He returned home from the hanging sad and dispirited, and a deep gloom fell upon the whole house. For days after they spoke scarcely above a whisper. Said his son Rufus: "No family sorrow, no domestic grief ever affected my father like the hanging of Smith. He seemed to us all like one set apart by sorrow."

Major Hosmer was of medium height, with dark eyes; his light brown hair, which never turned gray, he wore brushed back and curling in his neck. On either side of the old chimney the pipe-holes are to be seen where he and his wife kept the pipes which they peacefully smoked together. Two fine portraits of him, taken from life, still exist, the only portraits extant of a man who took part in Concord fight.

Wrote our father:

"Kindly, good old man! I loved him dearly and I suppose he loved me. In his will he gave me all he could afford; he was not rich, and his deputies while he was sheriff, taking advantage of his easy generosity, threw embarrassments about him; but his gift helped to pay my college expenses. With grateful reverence I honor his name."

Our father continues: —

My great-aunt Dinah and my great-uncle Benjamin, her brother, after the death of his young wife, by small-pox, lived in the old house of their father, close by the house of my grandfather and my father, Cyrus; so that my early days were passed in intimate relations with these old personages, and through them I reach back a hundred years. "Aunt Dinah," like her mother, the miller's wife, was an interesting character. She had never been married, was eccentric, cared little for the fashions, dressed as her grandmother did, read the Bible through and through, with Caryl's Commentary, was very rich in the lore of tradition, and had an inexhaustible interest for me in her stories of ghosts and supernatural apparitions. The whole country round, to me, is still haunted with her stories. At one place was seen a man without a head; in another, a black-eyed girl shaking a money-purse; in another was heard a voice in the air, high overhead, calling a man by name, and he died soon after; in another place was seen a lady, splendidly mounted upon a horse, which leaped upon the tops of the forest-trees. When a child I would sit for hours and listen to her stories, until in the darkness of evening I dared not run the five or six rods from her great old chimney-corner to our own door; and she was kind and would come to her door, and stand until I shouted I was safe. I think she had outgrown these

superstitions, but she told them as if she believed and saw them as realities. With education and society she would have been a superior woman, with a gracious dignity and more than common power. "Aunt Dinah," on the 19th of April, 1775, helped Cato Lee, once the slave of Dr. Lee, to draw the planks of the Old South bridge out of the river, into which they were cast by the British soldiers on the morning of that day. The noble woman and good old negro laid the planks upon the bridge, and so opened the way for hastening minute-men to pursue the retreating invaders.

"Uncle Ben" was an odd man, brusque and rough. Dinah's stories were nonsense to him, but he had some queer kinks of his own. He wore the old fashions, walked in the old ways, could not see over the high walls of his prejudices, and flung the strong words of his scorn, contempt, and ridicule at those of belief or party opposite to his. Jefferson was a demon to his Federalist eye. The Trinitarians built a church in Concord, and had a bell upon it, the very tone of which he hated. As an old man he was punctual in going to bed at nine o'clock when the Unitarian bell rang. One night he was seen retiring somewhat earlier. Some one said: "Why go to bed so early, 'Uncle Ben'?" He answered from the bolster that the bell had rung for nine o'clock. "Oh no; it was the bell of the other church, for evening meeting." He was infirm and rheumatic, but he would rise and be dressed, grumbling, "Do you suppose I'm going to bed by that condemned old bell?" But "Uncle Ben" was honest, and his heart was very tender, like the chestnut in its thorny burr. He loved children, and we all loved him and were often cradled in his arms. He did good service at Concord fight, at which, according to the grewsome tradition, he shot three men. Late that night, at Porter's tavern in North Cambridge, he sat nursing his captain, who was badly wounded by a British ball. A young surgeon, full of life

and fire, appeared out of the darkness with lint and bandage. The doctor and the Concord farmer bound up together the maimed limb. It was General Warren, warm with the enthusiasm that was to carry him in the early summer to the redoubt on Bunker Hill. When Washington took command at Cambridge, "Uncle Ben" commanded a company in the army besieging Boston. While waiting for the General to appear, seeing spots of rust on his sword, the rustic soldier employed his time by scouring his weapon, thrusting it into a sandbank. While thus engaged, seeing that the company became careless and lost their alignment, he cried out, with the nasal twang of an unmitigated Yankee, to his subordinate: "Ensign Joe Darby, straighten out them thar men; they're crookeder 'n an old ram's horn." He saw service elsewhere also in the fields of the Revolution. His oddities were only the knots and thorns of a tree that grew in sturdy strength, and filled its place in the landscape of the times.

My grandfather had two sons, Cyrus and Rufus, and two daughters. Cyrus, my father, married Patty Barrett, granddaughter of the veteran of the old French war, who in his old age found thrust upon him the command of the minute-men at Concord bridge. My father died young. Rufus, the younger son, was a marked man in his generation. He graduated at Harvard College in 1800, a classmate of Buckminster, the eloquent minister in Boston, and of Washington Allston, the great artist. He studied law in Concord, and practised his profession in Stow, about six miles from his father's house. He had no towering ambition; was content to be respectable in his profession, and in the best sense successful, having the unlimited confidence and love of the community in which he lived. He was most genial and companionable, brilliant and picturesque in conversation, with ready dramatic talent to put his thoughts in interesting lights. His father, the old Major, was lethargic in his latter years; and my uncle, who was also my guardian after the death of my

father, came often to arouse the old man. I remember his coming soon after the battle of Waterloo. A friend of his had seen a British officer who had been in the fight, and had told of the most thrilling encounters. My uncle acted out the battle so that I seem to myself to have been a witness of it. Especially do I remember how he described the charge of the Scotch Grays. He was man and horse; the charge was there in grandmother's sitting-room, and then the coming of Blucher, and the awful rout and carnage.

His life was beautiful, virtuous, benevolent. The home at Stow was very pleasant. In my childhood, a visit to Stow was a great event. My uncle made life about him dramatic and poetic. "What tree is that in the garden?" said I to my uncle. With the funniest look, and his finger on his lips, he whispered: "Don't speak loud; that tree has been brought from Nova Scotia and don't know it." He took a fatherly interest in me. He divided his time between law and agriculture. He was president of the Agricultural Society of Middlesex, and once gave the annual address. In the last years of his life he was member of the council of Edward Everett, when Governor of Massachusetts. He was sought in society, and was the life of many a company. At sixty-one he succumbed to an apoplectic attack, and died in Boston, April, 1839.

From this ancestry our father sprung, the later generations forming the boy who came in the first years of the nineteenth century to continue the name.

Relics are still extant which give us glimpses of the life of those ancient fathers and mothers. The little lead sun-dial, upon whose nicked and dinted face were marked the hours when the Hawkhurst emigrant was tossing on the seas,

when the good wife was waiting for the frontiersman to come in from the clearing, or the soldier's widow sat spinning, in the desolate years that followed the fierce Sudbury fight, is now the paper-weight, which keeps these sheets, as they are written, from becoming the prey of the wind. It has the date, 1626. Its dull and tarnished disc has caught no gilding from the sunshine of two hundred and fifty years, but the Roman numerals still stand out sturdily distinct, and the central pointer throws a well-defined shadow athwart. The pebbles, worn with handling, once the weights by means of which were measured out the butter and the flour, the meat and the bread,— the substance that was to enter into and form the bone, sinew, and marrow of our stock, — these have descended, and the homespun bag in which they were kept, woven in the household loom from flax grown in the Hosmer fields. These belongings of plain, frugal farmers, and a tradition now and then caught from some garrulous old aunt, as she sat by the crane in the wide chimney-corner smoking her pipe, who remembered what she had heard in childhood, help us to a trait now and then of the far-away life.

The men of our race have seldom been conspicuous. Following humble callings — farmers, millers, clothiers, cabinet-makers; appearing

sometimes in the more public life of parish and town, as deacons, surveyors, and selectmen, fastened to the world with some form or other of home-spun harness, each in his day and generation seems to have tugged steadily forward. With little faculty for being leaders apparently, they have nevertheless done well as wheel-horses, pulling usefully and unambitiously at burdens, private and public. At length, from the western outskirt of Concord an ancestor moved to the Fair Haven neighborhood, leaving the primitive homestead to a cousin of the Hosmer name. A later shift carried the family to still another farm. The three homesteads are all, however, in the south-west part of Concord, and lie within a circle a mile and a half in diameter. There was no distant emigration, our father, in the seventh generation being almost the first to seek a home in a remote region; and he came back to Concord for a grave.

This permanence of the Hosmers has had famous and beautiful commemoration. Emerson, selecting six of the old Concord names belonging to his neighbors and friends, writes in "Hamatreya:"—

> Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,
> Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
> Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.
> Each of these landlords walked amid his farm,
> Saying: "'Tis mine, my children's, and my name's;

How graceful climb those shadows on my hill! .
I fancy these pure waters and the flags
Know me, as does my dog; we sympathize:
And I affirm my actions smack of the soil."

The poet goes on, indeed, to show that this possession is only fancied and transitory: —

For strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.

It has not been so at least in the case of our father's line. The bosom of the field which the Hawkhurst emigrant two hundred and fifty years ago first laid open to the seed, is still furrowed by a Hosmer share. Even those of us who have wandered, still feel that we are here at home; the west wind sounds sweet in *our* trees; "how graceful climb those shadows on *our* hill!" we fancy these pure waters and the flags know *us* too.

Noble guests these Hosmer uplands and meadows have entertained. Thoreau has haunted them at morn and eve, piercing with his quickened sense to the fine occult essence in grass-blade and snow-flake, in dew-drop, and pine cone and icicle. Here Hawthorne has lain by the hour, stretched at length, some "moss of the old manse" becoming soaked with strange fantastic beauty, as from the brain, so secret and set apart, welled slowly the weird imaginings. Here, too, has stood Emerson, and when the oxen strong have brought home the increase,

harvested a second spiritual crop, to be gathered in a song, his sharp glance reaping the landscape scythe-like.*

These have had full welcome, with other dreamers of smaller significance; though it must be owned it is trying to the patience of a plain farmer when his woods burn up, though catching from the camp-fire of a great poet; or when the cows are let out into the corn or the melon-patch, though at the same time free range is given to dreams that are to be written down into a literary masterpiece.

Shall we take the clinging fixedness of the Hosmers as showing want of enterprise, or can the explanation once offered by our father be accepted? "Such steadiness and permanence indicate character and worth. Vice breaks and scatters. I never heard of a Hosmer being convicted of a crime."

* One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song."
—[*The Apology*.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

OUR father, in the last year of his life, wrote a sketch of his childhood and youth for his grandchildren, which is given here with little change:—

My grandfather, Joseph Hosmer, about the time of his marriage in 1761, built a large double house near the house of his father, and about a mile west of the meeting-house of Concord, near the river. When my father married, some thirty years after, he made an addition to his father's house, and father and son lived under the same roof-tree; in this large house I was born, November 27, 1803; here was the home of my childhood and youth, and very dear to me it has always been. It is much changed now; the Fitchburg and Boston Railroad passes through the grounds back of the house. But still when I go there, the elms set out by my grandfather, which shade the front, the little brook I used to play with, the river in which I caught fish, and which sometimes became very grand in a freshet, and the Fair Haven and Lee's Hills, seem to recognize me and bid me welcome.

It was a dear old home, very large and full. There were my father and mother, two sisters, Martha and Rebecca, older than I, and two, Melicent and Eliza, younger, and one brother, Cyrus, seven years older than I. There were also my grandfather and grandmother, in their part of the house, and "Uncle Ben" and "Aunt Dinah," who lived in the house built by my great-grandfather, close by our house. We

all were as one family, twelve of us, and a little brother who passed away just before I was born, and whose name was given to me, was also one of us, and none was more tenderly thought of.

It was a home rich in suggestion and resource, though we had but few books or papers, and as I look back to it from to-day, it seems as if very little was done for us children. A bleak and bare home it might appear, compared with homes filled with books for children, and pictured illustrations of the world and life. But we had the world and life right there with us, quiet as was our house by the meadow; we saw, we heard, we touched the on-goings of things. My brother Cyrus was one of the best scholars in our town school, and when I was a child, I began to see in him the struggle and joy of generous emulation. My sister Martha, nine years older than I, was thoughtful, serious, devout, and passed away in the bloom of twenty. She went to the communion of the Lord's Supper with mother, and by her spirituality opened gates of life beyond death that never since have been shut; and that little brother, who gave his place to me and went up into immortality, has helped make the unseen life real and familiar to me. We there in that farmer's home got along without wonder-books from Hawthorne or others, for our "Aunt Dinah" herself was a wonder-book to us; from her I heard of Acadia before Longfellow's "Evangeline," of the Spanish Armada and Queen Elizabeth, and all about the Indian and French wars: she told of these as well as of signs and wonders, haunted houses, enchanted districts. Certainly I enjoyed her stories and their simple romance, so helping the imagination to make our rather naked life interesting.

Then we got the history of our times from our grandfather and his brother, "Uncle Ben." Grandfather in the evening of his days loved to have me with him in his little plans to improve the farm, a genial old man, who talked to

me in the days when in my red jacket and trousers, made out of his sheriff's coat, I ran at his side. A little later, when their eyes could not so readily read the "Columbian Centinel," I was reader for him and "Uncle Ben." I remember well making out to them, when I was nine years old, the account of Hull's surrender at Detroit; and they, being Federalists, rejoiced that Madison would be obliged, as they thought, to make peace with England. So I got hold of life, some history, and some philosophy.

Then for the economies we had a hard school in the old home. Grandfather was embarrassed through fault of his subordinates; my father in ill-health failed to meet the exigency, so my mother had to bear the burden of holding the estate and keeping up the family. We all must help; we all knew how sharp and stern the conditions of living might be. My mother was strong and capable; the home was like a bee-hive for industry in every profitable way. My brother Cyrus, as soon as he became a youth, all too soon, was put forward in labor and business, so that his health suffered and I have no doubt his life was shortened. But he enabled my mother to meet the emergency; the family was carried through the strait. The aged ones went the way of their fathers, and we younger ones were brought up in strict habits of industry and economy, and with tolerable educational preparation for life. It was a goodly home, and we have reason to look back to it with gratitude. My mother gave herself for us all — her loving heart, large executive ability, and unwearied beneficence. She lived to do her work well and nobly, and her children and grandchildren have risen up and called her blessed. Affectionate she was, largely useful, faithful, and religious.

I have always been grateful that my early home was in the midst of agricultural life, in the out-door world, in the fresh air, close to nature, telling time by the sun, wiser than all the almanacs about the weather, enjoying the winter's storm of

snow, with breaking out the roads, acquainted with all the poor relations, the dumb creatures in the barn, in the woods, in the air and water, brought into close observation of the Great Providence who opens his hand liberally and all his creatures are filled with good. The farmer's home may lack the alertness and grace of city life, but it keeps clear of the sharp calculation and cutting competition of the commercial spirit. The life of trade makes cunning and adroitness, and gives facility; but farm life looks to more productiveness. Man wrestles with nature, not with his fellow-man, to get more and do better. The farmer's life is thought to lack exercise and incentive to enterprise and growth of character. No doubt there is sluggishness in many a country home, but it is not necessary. As I look back I can see how, in that quiet farmer's household, the corner-stones of character were laid in place, and as well laid as they could have been anywhere.

My father and grandfather had two small farms within a mile and a half of home, wood lots and pastures more distant, two pastures thirty and forty miles off, and besides, some wild land in Maine. To carry on such scattered estate gave variety of interests — journeys to Maine, visits to the pasture, driving cattle and sheep, and carrying various products to market. In such affairs I learned to use my faculties, to take responsibilities upon my young shoulders, and bear burdens.

From ten to sixteen I went to school about four months in the year, and was at work eight months. And it was hard work — no eight or ten hour limits in those days, but all the time, from morning until dusk, nearer fifteen hours in summer than ten. I often went off upon distant expeditions. I knew Boston when it was a little city of thirty thousand people, riding down in the night on top of the load of farm-produce, potatoes, eggs, butter — passing Harvard College in the dimness of the early morning, the great silent

buildings, which I was afterwards to know so well, staring blankly in the fading moonlight at the sleepy farmer's boy. In the war with England, 1812 to 1815, when I was ten or eleven years old, my brother Cyrus, as one of the Light Infantry of Concord, was ordered by the Governor of the State to the defence of Boston. The great camp of the troops of Massachusetts was on Dorchester Heights, now South Boston. Twice I went to see my brother, the first time with "Uncle Ben." We reached the camp in the forenoon, when the troops were in full dress parade. The long line was not far from what is now the Broadway of South Boston, then an open stretch of green sward, gently ascending to the eastward toward the heights. It was a splendid, imposing show, all the uniformed companies of the State. It meant war. The war-ships of England were in Massachusetts Bay, and nearly every day might be seen cruising in sight. Any hour they might appear coming up the harbor, and those heights were all ready to wait upon England with just such compliments as they presented to General Gage and his flying army not quite forty years before. "Uncle Ben" and I came upon the brilliant array of troops as they stood in line. We passed along in front, looking for the Concord Light Infantry. "Uncle Ben's" Revolutionary spirit was set on fire. He stopped, and looking toward the line, cried out in a very loud voice, patriotically rich in nasal twang: "Waal, boys, ef the enemy *do* come, and you *fight* them as much better than we did in '76 as you *look* better, them condemned British 'll be sorry they came!" For a minute the dignity of discipline was upset; there was a roar all along the front; but the uncouth old veteran and the little boy, who was shuddering at his boldness, were not put under guard, and were glad enough when they found their young soldier.

At twelve or thirteen years of age I was sent to drive a flock of sheep, some thirty in number, to a pasture thirty-six

miles distant. It was in the early spring. I started in the afternoon and was to spend the night at my uncle's, in Stow, six miles distant, and to make the rest of the journey the next day. The first stage of my journey I went rejoicing, and at Stow I was not a little lifted up by the praise which my smartness received from my uncle and aunt. Next morning I set forth early with high courage and abounding hope, my flock and I; but the flock were not in condition to travel far, and by the middle of the forenoon one sheep was tired out. I tried all ways to get her along; at last I held her up and tried to push her, but it was all in vain; the poor sheep lay down and gave up. What was to be done? My instructions did not provide for a tired sheep. I could not stay there, and I could not leave the poor sheep. I remember now just how she looked, panting, exhausted. As I stood over her a young man came by, and I asked him if anybody near kept sheep. He pointed me to a house not far off, to which I went with all the manhood I could muster, rapping at the door. "Come in," was the response; and I went in, finding a mother and several daughters. I tried to tell them what I wanted, without crying, which I hardly succeeded in doing. They were kind, however, and soon the father of the family appeared. He, too, saw my trouble and gave me sympathy. "Yes, he kept sheep, and he could take my tired ewe right into his flock, and he knew my father, and it could all be made right." So I left the tired sheep with General Gardner, of Bolton. His family I afterward knew, and those girls who saw the sheep-boy in his trouble, afterwards had many a merry laugh at my expense.

Then with my flock I hastened on my journey. Five miles onward, however, two more sheep gave out and could go no further that day. But I had solved the problem, and knew now what to do; I left these as I had done the other, this time with a flock in Sterling, and again I hurried on. As the day passed, the entire flock grew weary, and darkness came

when I was still four miles from the pasture. I could not reach it that night; so close by Wachusett, where now is a large and grand summer hotel, in a little country tavern I spent that night, with scarcely money enough to pay for me and my flock, so forlorn and weary, and not a little home-sick. It had been a hard day. Next morning my flock and I were rested and our journey was completed. The day after, as I returned home, looking for my tired sheep on the way, those three sheep had five lambs to show me as vindication of themselves for the trouble they had given me.

Again, to show the resources of the farmer's life to make men out of boys, not long after the incident mentioned, perhaps in the August of the same year, I was sent to take six calves to our pasture in Marlboro, twenty miles distant. I was to take a yoke of oxen and wagon to the pasture, and then take another yoke of oxen which had been enjoying a little vacation, and the man who took care of the pasture was to load my wagon with chestnut rails; then I was to drive the team home, which I was to reach at dark or soon after. Early in the morning the six calves were tied in the wagon body, each with a rope about his neck and facing outward. I can see them now, my calves. I knew them, not like a book, but a great deal better than I knew books then. They did not much like their confinement, and tried hard to break jail; but their ropes were obdurate, and I gave the order to move forward on my day's enterprise. The weather was extremely hot, and my team and my living load suffered greatly, not to speak of the driver. At length, in passing through a wood, one of the calves, determined to enjoy the shade, jumped out of the hot wagon, broke his rope in falling, and away he ran with the driver after him, and a great run they had of it. At length the calf was caught; but I could not lift him into the wagon. There was neither house nor person near, so I led him beside my team for a mile, till I came to a house. With my calf in hand I rapped at the door. A young

woman came, and I explained my case: I wanted a man to help me lift my calf into the wagon. "O," she said, "I can help you do that." So she seized one end of the calf and I the other, and the thing was done, and the calf this time securely tied. That young woman, I hope, has been a help-meet to some worthy man.

Again we went forward under the forenoon sun, until the road passed White Pond, close to the water, which was quite deep, as I had been told, near the shore. The oxen longed to cool themselves in the water and went off upon the run — wagon, calves, all. I saw the peril,— my whole expedition, like Pharaoh, buried in the waters,— and ran with all my might to get before the beasts. They reached the water, however, into which they plunged without slackening their pace, and I rushed in, the water rising to my arms before I stopped them. At last they yielded to my authority, and I guided them out of the pond, the calves greatly excited by their new experience.

I reached the pasture about noon, and sought the man to whom I was consigned. He saw to loading my wagon with the rails, but the day was so exceedingly hot that he would not consent to my starting for home until sun-down. At that time, with my two yoke of oxen, I set off to drive twelve miles in the night, in an unfrequented way. During the night, being very thirsty, I came to a farm, the well of which was covered with a small house, containing a bucket and small wheel for drawing the water. I laid my hand upon the bucket-chain, when instantly there rose from his kennel under the well-roof, which I had not noticed, a big dog. He hardly barked; he meant business. With a deep growl he sprang forward and laid his fore-paws upon my shoulders, really looking down upon me, and saying as plain as speech: "What are you here for?" According to my best recollection, I did not stop to answer him, and he did not follow me to find out. I pushed on without further

effort to find a well, reaching home about three o'clock in the morning.

Somewhat later, when I was perhaps fifteen years old, I was sent to drive a team with a load of lumber from Concord to Waltham factory. For part of the way the road was hilly and rough; my lumber was shaken out of place, and in going down a steep hill, it came upon the backs of my oxen. I was in trouble, and no Hercules or anybody else came to my help. With my own strength, I had to reload my cart and tighten the twisters that held the lumber in place. It was hard work for me, and the day was hot. When I reached the factory, a man came from the office to receive the lumber and measure it. Looking kindly at me, he said: "My boy, what is the matter with you? You look pale; are you sick?" I told him I was tired and faint. "Go lie down there under that tree," said he; "I will unload your lumber." So he gave my oxen their hay and unloaded; then making ready for me and putting hay in the wagon-body, he said: "Now you lie down on that hay and I will turn your oxen toward Concord. You can see that they go right, and I guess they will go straight home." Nearly fifty-five years from that day I preached one Sunday in Waltham, and after my services I went to that spot. There was the tree under which I rested. I told my story to a man, and he informed me who my benefactor probably was, and that he was still there. I went to his house, but the old man was in his last sickness, so feeble that I could not see him to thank him.

I look back through all the years, to the time when I wanted some books to read, more interesting to me than the books in the house, and I ventured to go to what was then the Concord library. It was kept by Mr. Stephen Wood in his little leather and variety store, on the dam adjoining his tan-yard. He was a very grave, stern-looking man, and I

dreaded to meet him with my errand; but I plucked up courage, and asked if "Robinson Crusoe" was in. Mr. Wood, to my surprise, looked very kind, and went to the Concord library. I see it now, the whole of it in a single book-case, perhaps nine feet high and eight wide, and not crowded. But "Robinson Crusoe" was not in. What should I do? In my strait I asked Mr. Wood if he would give me any book he thought I would like; and so, good man, he asked me questions to measure my calibre, I suppose, and looked up among the little books — a little book for a little boy, though it might be a compend of the universe. But he gave me a book, and so graciously that he never seemed stern afterward. How hard I worked on that book! I don't know what its name was. I felt I must go through it, and I did, but it never got through me. I carried it back and gave up using the library.

Then recreations. Was there not election day and its own cake? I wonder if the receipt is lost. The trainings, and the great muster-day! How our young life was thrilled as we looked on the brave show of soldiers formed in line across the square. But Charles Melvin's trumpet never sounded for the charge into the jaws of death. Alas for the boys who never saw a Concord September court! never beheld that long line of booths in front of the church, the crowds of people, the shows, the wrestling, the horse-racing, and the harlequin feats!

The old town, in its objects and scenery, furnished models to form my child-thoughts. My Amazon was like the Concord, only larger; my Alps or Andes were Lee' Hill and Fairhaven; my Niagara Falls and Goat Island were just below Derby's Bridge, as I had seen the rapids there in a freshet; our neighbor's hundred-foot barn became my hundred-foot measure; a six-acre lot and a one-acre lot close by, my measure of space; and these measures, Concord furniture, I have carried with me through life.

When I was fourteen years old my father died, and the time had come for me to think what I should do in life. My brother Cyrus must stay at home and take care of the family and carry on the farm. He did all this, and for fifteen years taught every year a winter school in or near Concord. It seemed best that I should go with my sister Rebecca and her husband, Mr. Henry F. Cogswell, to Peterboro, New Hampshire, where my brother-in-law had a woollen factory, and learn to be a manufacturer. This was in 1818. I began my apprenticeship in good earnest. I had, however, three months to go to school, and hearing that Samuel Barrett, a former teacher of mine, was to have the school in Concord, I went home to be once more under his instruction. Mr. Barrett became afterwards the respected minister of Chambers Street church, in Boston, and I look back to him as one of my most important friends. Upon his influence largely my destiny turned, for through his encouragement and advice, my mother, my brother, and my guardian all consenting, I changed my plan and set my face toward Harvard College. At once with Mr. Barrett I began the study of Latin, going, when the winter was ended, to the veteran teacher, Nahum H. Groce, of Westford. I studied very hard, and in a year and a half from the time I began the Latin grammer, I was admitted with some slight conditions to the Freshman class, in 1822, in my nineteenth year.

Here ends the sketch of his boyhood prepared by our father for his children and grandchildren. He is still remembered at Peterboro by two or three, as "a robust, intelligent, happy boy of fifteen or sixteen years," whose harsh experiences had only toughened without breaking the stout body and wide-awake mind. Among our father's papers, a composition is contained which

must be referred to this time of boyhood; it is the earliest extant memorial. It is written with the painstaking, formal penmanship of one not yet quite emancipated from the fear of the ferule, and treats in a stiff, perfunctory way the lugubrious subject, "Death":—

What can be more affecting than to be called to the bedside of a dying friend! Is he old? remember the good advice he has given you, the protection he has granted you. Is he young? remember the many playful hours you have enjoyed in his company, and if existence had been granted would have been your associate through life. When you see a dear friend gasping at death, there is yet one consoling hope left, which is that we shall meet him in realms of eternal bliss, never more to part.

Here, too, are some sentences from the earliest recoverable letter, written when he was seventeen years old, just after he had begun his preparation for college: —

Mr. Groce says that I may rest a week; this time I shall spend at home, and I fear that you will get but little work from me, for I shall be abominably lazy. We have a very fine prospect from our high windows. Westford hills begin to look green, and to be covered with the joyful herds; these pleasing scenes frequently attract the eye, however closely confined.

Both composition and letter are signed "Washington Hosmer," which was really the name given to him at baptism. The "George"

was assumed later in his youth, and inasmuch as he used it as part of his signature in certain legal documents, he could not conveniently afterwards drop it. It was, however, a matter of regret to him in after-life that his name had not remained plain "Washington Hosmer."

MATURITY.

Πᾶς ἐπιστήμων τὴν ὑπερβολὴν μὲν καὶ τὴν ἔλλειψιν φεύγει, τὸ δὲ μέσον ζητεῖ καὶ τοῦτ' αἱρεῖται. — Aristotle, Nichom. Eth. II: 6.

CHAPTER III.

AT NORTHFIELD.

OUR father's autobiography does not go beyond his entrance to college. At Cambridge he was a fair scholar in a class containing many distinguished men, having a part at an exhibition and finally at commencement, — a creditable showing, when the imperfection of his preparation is considered, and the fact that it was late in his youth when he turned from manual labor to the life of a student. His years at Harvard were full of steady, serious striving; to eke out his scanty means he taught school in Wayland, Lincoln, and Bolton. His youth, however, was not hampered with any premature sobriety. At college and during the winter school-keeping there was plenty of gay, rollicking life, and the young blade who was his chosen companion was C. C. Felton, afterwards Greek professor and president of the university. At Bolton there are traditions of merry times with the daughters of General Gardner, who a few years before had sympathized with the little boy embarrassed by his tired sheep. There were sleigh-rides extending even to Leominster, and many a jolly dance. A venerable

lady still remembers taking pity on him when embarrassed by his stiff stock and the tightness of his trousers. The ends of the trouser legs, according to the fashion, were to be tied under the pumps, but as it was out of the question for him, in the closeness of the nether garments and the height of the choker, to stoop to do it, his companion, in mits, short waist, and high comb, fastened the necessary strings. He did not forget his accomplishments, but used to train his children and grandchildren in the "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "Hull's Victory," with an exuberance of pigeon-wing and general breadth of flourish and caper that were the admiration of Thanksgiving and birthday crowds, even while the smaller toddlers were in some peril. There is one mildewed letter from this college time, which, like a cob-webbed bottle, holds a little of the sparkling wine of his youth. To his brother Cyrus he writes: —

Halloo there from Concord! I want clothes, money, accommodations. I am naked, persecuted by creditors, and some even want testimonials of my character. I have been in suspense these many days, looking wishfully for some messenger of comfort. Why has he not arrived? My chief business at present is to drive around to see from whom I can borrow another shirt, when the borrowed one I have on shall become unfit to wear to answer the summons of an old woman to whom I owe fifteen dollars; which summons has been sent to me every day this week, till I am obliged now to hide from the boy. Deliver me, I entreat

you, from such persecution; it is worse than that of the former Christians or of the witches. Do, for goodness' sake, send me some money and save me from the Point jail.

Of his stories of his college-life, the following one is interesting: The "Harvard Washington Corps" was then in its palmy days, and the farmer's boy, conspicuous from his height and broad development, was ensign. One day when drilling on the Delta, listlessness overtook the battalion; they stacked their muskets and lay yawning on the grass. Suddenly our father's class-mate, young Jerome Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, usually indolent enough, sprung to his feet, and assuming an attitude of command, ordered the Corps into their ranks. His bearing was so martial, and as he stood with arm uplifted, his dark, eagle face, all on fire, was so like that of his uncle, lately dead at St. Helena, that the effect was electric. All sprang to their feet, full of a Napoleonic enthusiasm. Even the stripes of the flag in the ensign's hands seemed to flush redder, and the bayonets to burn with a fiercer glitter, till they imagined almost they were marching to avenge Waterloo.

The life that followed our father's graduation, extending through a period of fifty-five years, though neither brilliant nor eventful, was an honorable and a useful life, and a very happy one. A tolerably complete picture, portrayed by his

own hands, remains in his letters. His life-long friend, the well-known Dr. Edward Jarvis, who was a child with him in Concord, who was his companion at Westford Academy, his classmate and chum at Cambridge, and who stood with him in intimate and uninterrupted friendship until the day of his death, has preserved our father's letters to him from the year 1826, and kindly permits their use for the preparation of this memoir. To his children and friends it is a collection of absorbing interest, running, as it does, uninterruptedly from the years of his early manhood to the month of his death. The life has gone, but here we possess the picture. Upon the earlier sheets — somewhat coarse and time-stained, the twenty-five cents marked in the corner showing that it cost something in those days to remember one's friends — the handwriting is at first stiff and immature, the thought and expression that of an undeveloped youth. The shaping of character appears impressively, little by little, as the nature revolves in the lathe of experience. The finding of the wife, the burying of the mother, the joy of fatherhood, the change of home; the struggle for recognition, the burden and heat of the day; at length the fine mellowing, when one sees, as it were, the whitened hair in the ripened wisdom of the sentences, the heart-warmth as of a golden autumn day; so on until the hand begins

to tremble, the letters grow large under the fast dimming eye, the genial flow of spirits is straitened and impoverished — then silence. The correspondence runs through the wide landscape of his life like a smooth river, reflecting now the happy light upon the mounts of exaltation, but also sombre chasms of despondency, — festival wreaths, also the cypress and the asphodel, and an amaranthine effulgence caught from his victorious faith in immortality. The reflection remains, and we reverently follow our father's experiences, almost the moods of his spirit. Selections from these letters are given in the pages that follow, and also extracts from letters to other friends and to his children. Links are supplied here and there to give some coherency, but our father shall himself, for the most part, tell the story of his life.

At once after graduation he went to Plymouth, Massachusetts, to keep school. He writes, September 17, 1826: —

If you talk as much in school as I do, I should think you would increase the debility which has heretofore troubled you. I am gaining some fame here by a kind of lectures suggested by the first part of Worcester's Geography, on the elementary parts of geography and astronomy. These lessons are given to about ten of my best scholars. They seem highly interested in them, and retain the information wonderfully. These boys will be a fine prop to my examination. I advise you to adopt something of the kind; half an hour

each day thus devoted will do more to improve your pupils than hours of harder and less interesting labor would do if applied in some other method. As to my time, it passes very rapidly. We have little assemblings without ceremony almost every evening. A few evenings since we were all collected together, and about half-past ten a walk was proposed. Accordingly the whole party of us, twenty-five, went more than half a mile, running and jumping in the most child-like manner. Yet in all this sprightliness there is nothing of rudeness; it is native vivacity so tempered with native delicate modesty as to be pleasing to the most refined taste.

October 16, 1826. — My duties grow dull in spite of every exertion to make them interesting. A new method pleases the boys for a few days, but soon it becomes wearisome and they look for some other change. To make instruction interesting it ought to be given under as many different forms as school-masters have miseries. In fact, I begin to despair of being able to keep up the variety through the year. But a school-master through life! I should die at the thought. If I can do my duty one year I shall think I deserve a pension.

January 29, 1827. — We do everything here for amusement. Invention is taxed for variety. Hasty-pudding parties, candy frolics, clam suppers, and eel soups are very frequent. All these are only another name for a real jolly time, brought in only by way of excuse. This is the worst of all places to prepare a young man for clerical residence at Cambridge. I grow wilder, I believe, rather than more sober. I have too much sympathy to see so much going on without joining in it. I believe there is an unusually large share of accommodation in me. I fear I shall always be like the people with whom I associate, whether they be good or bad, grave or gay. Fine trait in a minister, isn't it?

He taught school in Plymouth a year and a

half, meeting with fine success, and outgrowing the repugnance to the life of a school-master expressed in one of the foregoing extracts. He was delighted, as his words indicate, with the bright social life of the town. But his mind was made up to pursue another calling, and he presently began his theological sudies at Cambridge.

April 29, 1828. — You must not talk to Concord people about our monastic life. You instil wrong notions. As I was walking with William this evening, said he, pointing to an old man: "Is that the abbot of your monastery?" Mind, old fellow, how you call our hall a monastery; it is a happy place. I wish I could always live as remote from the broils and battles of the world as we do here.

August 7, 1829, at Nantucket. — After dinner we sailed for Nantucket. The distance is forty miles. We came in about six hours. The wind was north-east, and the fog shut us in so that we were out of sight of land for some time. We arrived here about dark. As one approaches the harbor the shipping makes a great show. Many large whalemen lay at the wharves. I suppose more than a hundred whaleships are owned here, besides lots of smaller vessels. The wharves are muddy and rather miserable looking things, and the streets which lead from them are worse than any I ever saw before. They are sandy, and when wet as they are now, the surface is like sposhy snow. I could hardly travel with my valise. We were directed to Mark Coffin's. We find Mark Coffin to be a curious character, about sixty years of age, tall and patriarchal in his appearance, moving about his house ensconced in a monstrous red coat and white breeches. Our hostess is a large woman, and wears a

long-waisted, old-fashioned gown, real antique. The old man and his wife look like Abraham and Sarah of old.

Of our father's life at the Divinity School, the record is very meagre. His friend Jarvis was, at the same time, studying medicine in Boston close by, so that this period in the correspondence is very nearly a blank. The extracts just given show no evidence of the earnestness with which he pursued his studies, and the sincere religious spirit he had come to feel. His professors, Andrews Norton, the Henry Wares, father and son, and Sidney Willard, found in him good response to their faithfulness. He was accustomed to remember affectionately his old pastor, Dr. Ezra Ripley, of Concord, and the enthusiastic, scholarly German, Dr. Charles Follen, as men who had given him essential help in his spiritual life. As to his hopes of success, Dr. Jarvis writes: —

Hosmer was always very modest in his estimate of himself, and moderate in his anticipations and plans for the future. In college and in the Divinity School he would say, he would like to be settled in such a town as Stow, an obscure place of about a thousand inhabitants with which we were familiar. With the remote position to which he was first called he was satisfied, and had no further aspiration. He was contented with the extent and elevation of the field, anchored here, as he supposed, for life.

In a serious strain Mr. Hosmer writes, March 28, 1828: —

I think you will do much good by joining the church. Get as many young folks as you can to do the same. It has been thought that the church must be opened to old age only. It is full time this impression were done away; now is a good opportunity; get Mr. Greenwood's tract and spread it about. I feel almost inclined to come home and help you, be a missionary. Don't be afraid of revival; there is no danger, only manage discreetly. Why should we feel delicate about speaking to others upon this subject?

Before leaving the Divinity School, Mr. Hosmer preached in Northfield, Massachusetts, a strong parish but sadly disunited.

March 28, 1830. — Here I am in the valley of the Connecticut, in this town of quarrel memory, thrown into the flowing mass as a nucleus around which the discordant materials may form and consolidate. I have preached three Sabbaths, and K—— says if I do as well or no worse than I have done, it will do. Some told him there would not be a dissenting voice. General N—— went to meeting yesterday the first time these twenty years, and another man who had been as long a delinquent. The General was pleased, I understood, because I made no bluster; strange for me. Mr. M—— expresses satisfaction, and so on. Now this is to you *only;* you have a right to know how I get along; probably I shall have a call.

The call came and was accepted. At the ordination the sermon was preached by Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, afterwards president of Harvard; the charge was given by Rev. Dr. Ezra Ripley, of Concord, the pastor of four gen-

erations of his family; the right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Hersey B. Goodwin, father of Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Cambridge; and the ordination prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. James Kendall, of Plymouth. In the year following, April 25, 1831, Mr. Hosmer was married to Hannah, daughter of the latter, whom he had met during the school-keeping at Plymouth. In Northfield he passed the first seven years of his ministry, coping successfully with the difficulties of the position, and making his influence deeply felt in the life of the town. Says Rev. Dr. Bellows: —

We observe Northfield every time we pass down the Connecticut River, very conspicuous from the railroad near South Vernon, and never without thinking of the tender, earnest, and effective ministry in which Hosmer exercised the freshness of his heart and rooted himself in professional experience and habits. We recall the fragrance of his swift success, his growing repute for wisdom and devotedness as it reached the students then in the Divinity School, always observant of the younger men who make their mark in the ministry to which they themselves are aspiring. There was nothing brilliant or highly intellectual or novel in his early reputation, nor in his later; but at Northfield he gained a name for solid sense, for wisdom and prudence, for ministerial fidelity and personal consecration, attended by the reputation of a winning personality, equally loving and inspiring love; of a great, genial, sunny soul, whose affections made other gifts less observed, or less missed, — they were so much better than what are called talents, of which he had a fair share

and in considerable variety. The character he established in his ministry at Northfield was one very easy for him to sustain, rare and priceless as it is; for it is difficult to believe that his nature as a pure, loving, and devoted one was not the same during boyhood and in college as in after-life. Seldom does a character, matching a man's appearance as accurately as Dr. Hosmer's, owe itself to strain, or conquest, or conversion. He was made body and soul for what he afterwards showed himself to be. There was a homogeneousness, a through-and-through texture of uniformity and self-resemblance in the man and in his career, which showed how strongly he had been projected on his path, and how little resistance anything in him had made to his destination. Dr. Hosmer grew greatly, but he never outgrew his original manifestation. He was a thorough and experienced minister, and known for all the qualities that have since made him so much trusted and esteemed when he left Northfield, to the sorrow and regret of his church and people.

A somewhat remarkable company of young men was gathered at Northfield at this time, some of whom afterwards attained to great eminence. B. R. Curtis, the famed jurist, was beginning there his great career. William A. Stearns, afterward president of Amherst; Rev. Dr. Jonathan Stearns, of Newark, New Jersey; Mr. Curtis's brother-in-law Woodward, afterward Judge Woodward, of Iowa; James C. Alvord, afterward professor in the Law School at Cambridge and member of Congress; and Rev. Edgar Buckingham, were also among the number. Dr. Edward Jarvis, afterwards famous as a physician, and one of the most eminent of

American statisticians, left the medical school as his friend left the theological school, and went with him to the Connecticut Valley. Still another of the company was our father's older brother Cyrus, principal of the academy. Such a company of able, well-educated, and ambitious young men gave a fine tone to the society of the village. The circle was broken from time to time, however, one of the first departures being that of Dr. Jarvis, who, after two years' residence in Northfield, removed to Concord.

October 19, 1832. — Packing up your things is as if I were closing up the concerns of a dead man. It is rather sad. I have looked forward to the years, and have thought more of you than of any one else here. Probably so long as I can remain here as I now am, I shall never leave. If I should leave the people and they should fall out by the way, it would be a burden to my conscience, though I might be settled in the moral Eden of Christendom. I have seen them look sad and speak in tender tones because the doctor is not. I have well-nigh resolved that they shall not look sad because the minister is taken away also. I am the more glad the child's name is yours now.

The child to whom allusion is made in the last sentence was Edward, the first-born of our number, a hopeful boy, who died in his third year.

The vigorous literary club of the village suggests the following letter: —

November 21, 1832. — I wish you would write me what

questions you discuss in your Lyceum. I am the president of ours, and virtually curator. To-morrow Mr. Curtis will read Mr. Webster's lecture upon "Virtue." You must talk with G—— about ministers being engaged in debates at all times. A minister may speak often, but he must speak right. It injures any man, and especially a minister, to advance unsound positions and make crude speeches. He had better say nothing than to say wrong or flat things. Besides, a minister is obliged to appear so often before his people that he ought to be careful, lest they become tired of him. It is not wise to speak at random. You would not think the less of G——, even though you should see him put down in debate by K—— or C——, but very many would think the less of him. The most sensible part of the community are willing to see ministers as they see other men; but there are very many who have not yet come out of the ancient darkness, and they would be glad to see all the wigs and bands of the last century. We must try to give no offence.

To a letter of criticism he replies: —

December 23, 1832. — I shall endeavor to profit by your suggestions. In the first place, as to smoothness of style. It depends much upon delivery whether a style appears smooth or not. Some men have a smooth, flowing elocution which makes whatever they speak appear polished. Mr. G—— has that quality of speech, and his style is, indeed, finished; but were I to deliver his sermons they would appear very different. I cannot speak without effort; my lungs do not play easily. Mr. Quincy is a remarkable instance. His utterance is exceedingly rough, so that his style seems very unrefined and broken, sometimes even uncouth; but it is in reality a very fine style, — Mr. Curtis thinks as good as that of any New England writer. I do not write this to prove to you that my style is good, though it does not appear so, but to

apprise you that the smoothness of which you speak is unattainable by me. Don't you remember when Mr. G—— used to rise up in the chimney-corner of Mr. Otis's recitation-room and roll off the translation of Tacitus, it was pleasant to hear the strain flow along? and perhaps you may remember, too, that your next neighbor among the H's was not remarkably mellifluous. Some streams must produce their effect upon the beholder by gliding smoothly, others by rolling grandly, and others by tumbling roughly along over roots and rocks, and it is idle to complain of any one for not possessing the qualities of all. True, some of the roots and stones may be removed, but what will be the effect? Perhaps to give deadness where before there was some life. However, I shall attend to it.

He became well known among the hills and valleys of western Massachusetts, and southern Vermont and New Hampshire, and came to be held in high esteem in the various parishes to which he preached. He writes: —

JUNE 17, 1833. — I think I am regarded above my merits in this vicinity. My public services are approved more than I have any reason to expect. I am really afraid there will be a reaction. I have this morning received a letter from Keene, requesting a copy of my discourse delivered there May 21st, for the press, in which letter they speak in flattering terms. I shall not give a copy. If I go to printing I shall certainly fall.

He met with a severe affliction December 19, 1833, in the death of his brother Cyrus, to whose

noble character he pays the following tribute, in a paper written long afterward: —

My brother Cyrus was born in 1796. Making the best use of the public schools of Concord, he was an excellent English scholar, and when seventeen years old, taught a school in the winter at Stow. From that time onward for twenty-one years he was engaged in teaching a part of nearly every year. He took the estate of his father and grandfather when very young, and with the counsel and aid of our mother, who was very wise and energetic, he removed all embarrassments, helped his sisters and me to take our places in life, and at thirty years of age was prominent among the rising men of the town. He showed a tactful thrift in farming; he led in improving schools and methods of education. He also gave lectures in the Lyceum and in his school districts, and so he taught the parents as well as the children. His mind was active, and he had singular felicity in making common thoughts and things interesting by apt illustration.

In this double occupation of teaching and farming, intensely engaged winters as well as summers, it is not strange that a constitution not robust should give way. Though health failed, he still kept at work, encouraged by the appreciation bestowed on his labors and character. He was too thoughtful, too much engaged to be looking for favors from the public. One mark of peculiar esteem and confidence was given him when he was thirty-one. The old church in Concord has a most respectable line of deacons from the early days. He was invited to that office, as I suppose, the youngest man that ever had stood in the venerable line.

In the fall of 1830, the year in which I was settled at Northfield, the Northfield Academy was without a principal, and Cyrus was invited to take the place. He accepted,

removing from Concord in the fall of that year. It was a bold enterprise. He had never studied Latin or Greek, but he was an approved English teacher and skilful manager, and long experience made him wisely confident. He took the superintendence and employed young graduates of Harvard as assistants. Though in poor health my brother greatly enjoyed his work, and the academy prospered. He was greatly beloved, governing without calling it government. He never found any bad boys. A gentleman in Boston wrote him that he had a son who was a bad boy, and had been turned out of two or three schools. He asked if he could be taken at Northfield. My brother replied favorably, but said he did not know what to do with him, as he never had had any bad boys to manage. The boy came and stayed, but he was no longer a bad boy.

My brother's influence reached beyond his academy. He was invited to speak in neighboring towns, and was highly appreciated. He drew scholars from afar, and several men greatly distinguished took their departure from his influence. Among his distinguished pupils are Bishop Williams, of Connecticut; Professor Kendrick, of West Point; and Dr. Morton, the discoverer of anæsthetic ether. Two young men, who earned their way by service in the family and school, are now among the richest and most influential business men of Ohio.

He never was more felicitous than when addressing a Sunday-school. I remember his coming to my school in the full summer once, — I think it was his last summer on earth. He came into the church with feeble steps, with a handful of the stalks and heads of the ripe wheat which he had gathered in his walk. Tall and dignified, his face full of benignity, he spoke to the school of the beautiful process of growth as illustrated in that wheat. The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear; and so he led our thought up to the gracious Providence in which we all live and grow. He had

but three years at Northfield; happy years, though shadowed with increasing weakness. In December, 1833, at the age of thirty-seven, he passed on, leaving a great peace in our hearts, even while mourning that we should see his benignant face no more.

About his son Edward's death he writes: —

JULY 24, 1834. — His disease was the croup. Soon he grew worse, and continued to grow worse until he died. He was bright, knew us all, and talked until a short time before death. His voice was choked more and more, and at last he could only whisper. He was grieved to see us weep. He tried to brush the tears from his mother's eyes, and told her "he was a good boy." Edward was more beautiful in death than in life, so fair, so delicate, so placid. We could hardly endure to have him carried away. I have suffered as I never did before. The very silence of the house brings tears to my eyes, and at every turn that dear little boy is brought before me. How precious is the hope of Heaven for such sinless little beings! You can tell how soothing it must have been for me while giving Edward up, to think that Cyrus might be waiting to welcome him to that other shore, and conduct him to Him who hath said: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Slight incidents portray character. In connection with the death of little Edward, a circumstance occurred which long afterwards suggested a passage in a work of fiction. The passage is as follows: —

A fair, loving boy he was coming to be, in the current of whose sweet young life, as it flowed freshly on in the par-

sonage, the grandfather bathed his soul and grew young, as in a rill from some fountain of youth. Lenny sickened and died when scarcely four. I went up to see the old man, as he sat alone with his broken heart in the still chamber, — a little cold heap of white upon the table at his side, — cloth, and napkin, and the dead boy. "Gone from me!" he broke out; and then with his head upon the table, he poured out his grief in the words of David above the corpse of Absalom: "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" What could I do or say? Before such a bereavement I felt powerless. Everything I tried to say seemed cold and almost harsh; I could only take the old man's hand, to clasp and bend over it. Mr. Wells grew calmer, as I sat with him. "At least, Mr. May," he said, sitting upright and becoming collected, "at least his burial shall be worthy. This clay, so sweet to me, must lie in a casket of the costliest; the little shroud must be of the choicest; the memorial in the burying-ground shall be rich as chisel can carve. I must have it so, sir. All that is fine and delicate must wrap these little limbs. Upon the small plaited shroud must lie rare flowers, softest silk under this damp, white cheek. Help me to do this, Mr. May. Oh, it is little, little enough! but through these poor symbols I would speak the precious love I bore the child." I promised to give my help, and took my leave.

It so happened that John Burns, a poor laborer of the parish, had also lost a child in the same night in which Lenny Wells had died. I went from the parsonage to Burns's house, and found there as much grief as I had left behind. Little Roddy lay under white cloths like the minister's grandchild. Already the two little fellows had begun to be playmates; together they had thrown away their toy-drums and horses, and drooped away. I naturally talked to Burns and his wife about Mr. Wells; and, rather thoughtlessly, in speaking of his grief, alluded to the arrangements which the minister

wished to have made. "Yes," said Burns's wife, "a brave little chap;" then after a moment, with a sort of fierceness, "but no braver than our Roddy. They'll be buried the same day. They played together down here on our slope, and pity 'twould be they should not be buried alike. What say ye, Burns? We'll go even with the minister, won't we? Surely Roddy shall have only the brightest and best about him."

Burns is poor and in debt. They could not make such an outlay without stinting the other children in clothing and food. I was sorry enough I had said anything. I hinted at the expense as delicately as I could; but it was almost with passion that the woman spoke up: "It's not at such a time, sir, that we'd be counting dollars." I took the charge with great reluctance, "When I was ordering for the minister, to order just the same for them." With Mr. Wells again in the evening, I told about my call at the Burns's. I feared again I had not been guarded enough; for I saw that Mr. Wells was moved when he heard what Burns had done. He walked thoughtfully across the room. He turned down the cloth from the dead boy's brow, kissed it, and hung over it; then replaced it and was thoughtful again. Sensitive as he was, I knew there would be positive solace to him in having the circumstances of the burial and the grave rich and tasteful; and could not feel that it was right in such a time of agony, that he should give them up. Early the following morning he sent for me. He was with the body as before. "Let the order be cancelled," said he, "if not too late. God forbid that in the midst of my chastening I should set an example of luxury, or lead my poor neighbors into expenditure that must come out of their bread." So Lenny and Roddy were buried; the sexton fastening a plain walnut board down into a plain coffin, above each little wasted face. Each lay in a snow-white night-dress, with wild flowers upon his bosom and in his hand; and each has for his gravestone an inexpensive slab from our quarry under the mountain."

With a change of names, and understanding that the sacrifice is made by a father, not a grandfather, the story in all its substantial features fits Mr. Hosmer.

Another path began to open before Mr. Hosmer, if he had chosen to follow it.

NOVEMBER 4, 1834.— It is evident that my pulpit is the stepping-stone to office. 'Dolph Smith has already sounded me to learn if I would like to go Representative. Say, Doctor, would you go? As I am here now in the car of majesty — that is to be — what say you to some office, say physician to the State's Prison. Would Field like to be governor's aid? Wouldn't Mr. Hoar like some snug little berth? Perhaps Uncle Jimmy might like to be made a justice. He is a working man, I think. Just let it be known that I am ready to aid anyone who will back up an application with a fee. We must all turn our felicitous opportunities to good account. I think you might go into the State's Prison with your saddle-bags in triumph; and as like as not Almira might obtain the appointment of chief laundress.

The time was coming when he was to enjoy a broader experience than the circumscribed life of a New England village. His reputation as an effective preacher and man of good judgment caused the American Unitarian Association, in the year 1835, to select him to present the cause they had in charge, in a widely extended missionary tour to the West and South. He was to go to Louisville, Kentucky, to take the place of James Freeman Clarke, while Mr. Clarke went

southward to spend some months in Mobile, where it was believed that Unitarianism might meet with a good reception. After Mr. Clarke's return Mr. Hosmer was to succeed him in Mobile, returning then northward through southern cities lying near the sea-board. Such a journey promised not less adventure in those days than would a journey round the world in ours. While strongly attached to his parish, it may be believed that the ties which bound him to Northfield had been somewhat weakened. His brother Cyrus was dead, Jarvis had gone; his friend Curtis also had sought a larger sphere. With no thought, however, of anything more than a temporary absence he accepted the commission, left Northfield in November, and began his slow journey westward. The following passages from his diary may have some interest, as pictures of old-time travelling: —

November 19, 1835. — We are now on the boat from Utica to Rochester. Yesterday we had a pleasant run, but the night on board these packet boats is unpleasant enough. There were between forty and fifty passengers last night, and the boat small. About half-past eight o'clock the captain requested the passengers to go upon deck while the beds should be prepared. After about half an hour we went down and found our dining-room converted into a sleeping-room. Three tiers of berths had been strung upon each side like shelves. My place was on the upper shelf; but there were not berths enough for all the passengers.

When enough were called to fill the berths, we were requested to go to bed so that room might be left to lay mattresses on the floor. A queer scene was now presented. We pulled off our clothes in part, and I climbed up into my crib; others did the same; then the floor was covered. There were fifty persons crowded into a room about forty by sixteen feet. A curtain was drawn between the ladies and gentlemen. The air became excessively bad through so many breaths, and I, being high up, had the worst of it. I could not sleep, and between three and four o'clock I crawled out, clambered over men, and got to the fresh air. Finding we were near Little Falls I jumped ashore and walked on to see what I could in the dark night. Finding it cold and damp above, I again descended into the suffocating dormitory and laid down upon a settee.

November 28. — I arrived in Buffalo on Sabbath morning; went to the Eagle Tavern, where I was poorly accommodated at the enormous price of two dollars a day. I had but a single hour to spend at Niagara, and that in a snowstorm. I returned to Tonawanda and took a line-boat for Buffalo, arriving Tuesday. In the forenoon I went aboard the "Commodore Perry," for Erie; had a good run along the lake until evening; then came on a storm, — snow, rain, and darkness. It was fearful. Many of the passengers were sick, and some were terror-stricken. I determined that, should the boat fail, I would tie the two handkerchiefs I had in my pocket around my arm, and then, to the biggest floating thing I could find. We at last made Erie light, and at twelve o'clock anchored in the harbor. Wednesday evening I started from Erie for Pittsburg by stage, and was fifty-one hours, night and day, going one hundred and thirty miles. Never did I make a more unpleasant journey. The roads were very bad, and we were troubled to find anything fit to eat. The only place which can be called pleasant on the whole route, is Meadville. The inhabitants on the road

seem to be a mixture of Dutch and English; and though the land is good, they live poorly in mean houses and in mean style. New England paupers would complain bitterly if they were treated no better than the people in Erie, Mercer, and Butler Counties, Pennsylvania, treat themselves.

April 2, 1836, at Mobile, Alabama. — The work which I came to do, or to begin to do, is in progress, and will without doubt go on. Nine thousand dollars are raised; a house will be built this summer, and next autumn I have no doubt there will be a fine society here. Our friends here are highly respectable, among the first of the city in character and wealth. I shall leave here on the 11th of April for Augusta, Georgia, thence to Charleston, thence to Norfolk, thence to Washington, and so on. I like Mobile quite well. The soil all around it is sandy, except in some runs which may be easily drained, It will be, indeed it is, a healthy city. The business part near the river is solid brick, but farther back the dwellings are of wood, and painted white. There are many pretty country places scattered in the pine woods; but the great trial here is to prevent being run over by the business men who are racing back and forth.

Before going to Mobile Mr. Hosmer had preached at New Orleans, and on his way home from there visited other prominent cities of the South. It is said of him at this time that "his manner was very impressive; his delivery, the sound of his rich voice, and the expression of his countenance, added much to the effect of his preaching." From Buffalo, Mobile, and Richmond, Virginia, came invitations to settlement, while a colonel from Texas, a follower of Davy Crockett in the freedom war against Mexico,

who made one of his audience in a steamboat cabin on the Mississippi, proposed to carry him off to that wild, unreclaimed country. At Buffalo he had preached but once, on a black November Sunday, pursuing his way westward through wintry storms, as the diary relates, the week following. For him it was a momentous day. Twice he refused the urgent call that came to him. It was repeated for the third time, and in the summer of 1836 he reluctantly yielded. He writes as follows from Northfield, the summer after his return from his missionary tour: —

July 28, 1836. — I am in a distracted state, but shall probably be settled by and by in Buffalo. I declined the invitation but it is renewed, and Dr. Channing, the two Wares, Palfrey, Walker, Parker, Barrett, Ripley, Briggs, Hall, and others, have expressed the opinion that I must go. This opinion is confirmed by the clergymen of this neighborhood. I am acting under a sense of responsibility that almost overcomes me. I am worn and exhausted by it. I feel sad as I look around upon the beautiful scenery of this town and think that I am soon to leave it. Should this parish become distracted, I shall be grieved. What if I should do more mischief by leaving here than I can do good in Buffalo?

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST YEARS AT BUFFALO.

THE invitation, from Buffalo, was extended to Mr. Hosmer during the strange inflation which preceded the panic of 1836 and 1837. It was supposed that the city was to grow at once to great size and importance. Many of the inhabitants believed themselves to be possessors of vast wealth, and the most extravagant projects were entertained as regards improvements and institutions, to correspond with the supposed consequence of the position. Among such schemes was one for a great "University of western New York," which was to contain in its faculty the best learning and ability of the country, and attract hundreds of students. Though, as it afterwards appeared, utterly utopian, the plan was most generous, and members of the Unitarian Society of the city felt in it much interest. The society had already been established several years, and had just lost its minister through secession to the Episcopal Church. A man was now desired who should not only be able in the pulpit, but also capable of guiding in the foundation of the

university, perhaps, of taking part in the instruction. Always modest in his estimate of his powers, Mr. Hosmer was overwhelmed when the parish at Buffalo, after advising with the great lights of the denomination, selected him as the best man to meet their wants. The offer was declined unconditionally, the letter which was sent by him urging that a man of great strength and experience was required, and that he could not undertake the responsibility. A few weeks later letters came from the denominational leaders, begging for a reconsideration of his decision, followed soon after by a second, more urgent appeal from the Buffalo church. This too was declined as decisively as before, Mr. Hosmer writing at the time: "I have now explained to the Buffalo people what they want and must have, and that the proper supply for their want is not to be obtained in Northfield. I think I have put it in such a light to them that they will be convinced." A third trial, East and West co-operating, shook his firmness. Full of distrust, but paying deference to the Boston and Cambridge authorities and to the judgment of the Buffalo people, he at last accepted. In the fall of 1836 he went, with many misgivings, to his new post, Rev. Dr. Dewey preaching the sermon of installation.

No pleasanter delineation of the origin and de-

velopment of the city which was to be his home for so long, can be found than an address, "The Physiognomy of Buffalo," which he himself gave in 1864, twenty-eight years later, before the Buffalo Historical Society. The account has genial, luminous touches which made it popular with his former townsmen, and give it a degree of general interest as well.

MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

My address must be historical; it shall be chiefly pertinent to the rise, growth, and character of our city; my subject is, "The Physiognomy of Buffalo."

But in times like these, when momentous history is being made, and we are all so anxiously looking upon passing events, and straining forward to descry coming destinies — our threatened nationality to be maintained and liberty secured, our wealth and ourselves held ready for public need, our young men to be given up if their country calls them, the dead to be mourned, and the living, in perils of warfare, to be followed with painful apprehensions; amidst such experiences it is not easy to reverse the machinery, and turning back, leave the mighty crowd of daily events, and content oneself with gathering traditions and memories, and picturing the past. And yet, good may come from occasional diversion of interest; the balance and health of our faculties are sometimes lost by long and intense concentration. When we grow feverish with anxiety, impatient with what must be borne, it may do us good to wrench the mechanism and turn backward for a little while; by no means to neglect our duties in the present, no, not for an hour, but to maintain true poise and soundness of life, and

have ourselves in readiness for right decisions and strenuous action.

Once wrested away from passing events, we soon find satisfaction in searching and picturing to ourselves, the beginnings and progress of customs, institutions, and society, — from the oak back to the acorn, from the Amazon back to its everlasting snow-drift fountains, from these United States to those frail tempest-tossed vessels that felt their way to Virginia, to Massachusetts, to New York. A few weeks ago I was in a smart young town of Michigan, scarcely thirty years old, which is rapidly assuming the airs of a city; and in the house of one of the first settlers I saw two pictures; rude enough they were, and yet there was nature in them, and manifold suggestion. The artist was among the early settlers. One picture represented the first three or four cabins in Kalamazoo, women and children about the doors, the first doctor on horseback talking with a man at his cabin door, probably giving him a prescription for fever and ague, and ready to ride far and near to forest homes, to keep souls and bodies from shaking asunder; and in the distance was seen the good Indian missionary, coming on his mule to welcome the settlers, and raise the voice of prayer and worship in their new home. The other picture was of the first trial by jury in that county, in a log cabin. There were the judges, the sheriff, the lawyers, the jury, the p ties concerned.

These pictures seized my imagination; from those solid blocks of stores and dwellings, and all the bustling life, I was back with the Romulus and Remus of the settlement, suckled by the wolf of savagery and hardship, with those men and women who there gave themselves, like all first settlers, to win for their successors one of the thriftiest towns in the fairest country anywhere to be seen. Would that a painter had been here with our Romulus of Buffalo, Mr. Joseph Ellicott, to show him to us as he rode on horseback

with Mrs. James Brisbane in 1802. Through the forest trees, not far from where we are now, he pointed to the lake and river seen through the leaves, and assured her that a great city must arise here. We should like another picture of him standing by his compass in what now is Main Street, in front of the churches; so confident is he that commerce must come here and pour out her horn of plenty, that he has resolved to lay out a city; so delighted is he with the grandeur of the situation, that he thinks he will make his home here: he selects for himself a noble manor, one hundred acres of land, between Eagle and Swan Streets, and from Main nearly to Jefferson Street — almost enough for a principality in Germany — and determines to build upon the western front looking towards the lake; so here, upon what is to be the site of his house, he stands by his compass, indicating the lines which are now our streets — Main Street running north and south upon the crown of land; Church Street directly front from his door to the water, Erie Street to the mouth of the creek, where commerce must come, Niagara Street to Black Rock Ferry, which was a great institution in the early day, and so on to the completion of the plan.

Mr. Ellicott, in laying out our city, had large ideas, and worked upon a grand scale. There is originality in the plan. He did not bring a map of New York, or Boston, or Albany, and lay it down here; he wrought upon the inspiration of a magnificent hope, and we are greatly indebted to him for the open, handsome face of our city. It is reported that Mr. Ellicott said, "God had made Buffalo, and he must try to make Batavia." God did make the place and its surroundings: the wooded ridge gently sloping toward the sun, the lake stretching far away to the west, and pouring its unceasing flood along the majestic Niagara close by, the Canada shore, the Chautauqua and Cattaraugus hills, and the high lands of Evans, Aurora, and Wales — all together, as seen from the reservoir on Niagara Street, is a

noble panorama. I love to take strangers to see it. God made these surroundings and background to relieve and set off our city's face, and He gives the contour of the physiognomy; but particular features are defined and expression is given, by the streets and squares. Philadelphia, with its checker-board arrangement, looks set, precise, demure. Boston Common, and the newly made parts of that city, are very beautiful, but the most of its features are painfully contracted and snarled up. The face of New York is much too long for its breadth, and the forehead is still enlarging into monstrous proportions; cerebral diseases may be feared. State Street in Albany, and Capitol Square at its head, are like the fine nose and imperial brow of a noble face; but many of the features of Albany are cramped and distorted, as if the old builders, remembering little Holland, had still felt pinched for room, and so lived under the hill, fighting against the floods of the Hudson, as their fathers had against the Zuyder Zee, instead of stretching over the sightly summits.

Our city has no neighboring hills, like Albany and Cincinnati, to heighten expression; but its plan and streets for beauty, health, and convenience, I think are unrivalled. There is enough irregularity to prevent tiresome monotony, and not enough to create confusion. Mr. Ellicott, I suppose, intended Niagara Square should be the centre of his city; from that point the streets run off in all directions — eight broad avenues — and at night, when these streets are lighted, from that point in the square where they all centre they make a grand show, double lines of light stretching off into the surrounding darkness. This square did not become the centre of the city, because the State reserved a mile strip along the Niagara River, and so Buffalo was thrown to the East and South, in a measure interrupting the perfection of Mr. Ellicott's plan. But as it has turned out, we have received a largess of favor from his liberal designing; he gave to the city a good, comely face. But many of us can re-

member when the face of Buffalo was rather rough, and parts of the year, too dirty with mire, for washing to do any good. Main Street was as broad as Mr. Ellicott laid it out, but its mud was said to have no bottom. I have seen teams sloughed on Mohawk Street, near Delaware; and one team I remember seeing sunk so deep that it seemed to be going through, until another team was brought to drag out and rescue the sinkers. I saw a young lady, one day, sloughed in the middle of Pearl Street, near Tupper, so that she could not step without leaving behind her shoes and overshoes, perhaps the whole foot apparel; and there she stood, with a patience peculiar to those days, until I got boards and made a way for her poor feet. It was found, every spring and fall, that the face of Buffalo was too soft. Gradually our fine pavements for street and sidewalk have been extended, the best I know anywhere, and now we have fifty-two miles of paved streets, so well graded that nowhere is there steepness enough to be inconvenient for heavy draughts, and everywhere there is descent enough to make quick and cleanly drainage. The physiognomy of Buffalo owes more than we think to the excellent system of sewerage planned and recommended by Mr. Oliver G. Steele, and adopted more than twenty years ago; it has been gradually extended according to the original plan, until now we have fifty-four miles of sewers, all working, in their hidden ways, for the health and beauty of our city. O, those dirty-faced, foul-breathed cities without sewers! Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, and parts of New York, in a hot morning of August or September, have not faces fit to be seen, and the atmosphere in the by-places is loaded with disease. We have fifty-six miles of gas-pipes, and thirty-three miles of water-pipes, filling streets and houses with light, and furnishing water to extinguish fires, promote cleanliness, and add to the comforts of home.

By all these outward means, costing about $2,000,000 in the aggregate, our city's physiognomy, which, though grand, was

rude and shaggy at first, has been smoothed, refined, and beautified. We all know, in regard to human physiognomy, what wonders are wrought by the surface touches of hatters. barbers, and milliners; so has the face of our city been made comely. But physiognomy depends much upon the soul within. A face may have good contour, fine complexion, elegant surroundings, the features well enough, and yet be blank, unmeaning. There can be no grand physiognomy without the illumination of a grand soul. I have watched college classes of young men, and seen the light of intelligence, and the delicate lines and touches of refinement coming into their faces, as their minds and hearts were raised and dignified by generous culture; unpromising heads and homely faces sometimes made glorious, from the animating spirit that came out visible, radiant, in eye and features.

The physiognomy of cities takes characteristic airs and expression from the spirit of builders and citizens. The cities of the middle ages, those strongholds, surrounded by walls, frowning with castles and towers, grew out of the belligerent spirit of cruel barbarism; and the physiognomy of those old feudal towns is like that of roughs and prize-fighters, by dreadful discipline made up to maul, or be mauled to death. The old castellated mount of Edinburgh seems still clenching its fists and gritting its teeth with the ancient Scottish hate of England; and York and Chester wear the stern features which the Romans gave them to overawe the ancient Britons. The towns and very hamlets of Wales still look grim and defiant toward England.

The French have built Paris, and how the spirit of France appears in the gay, showy capital! No place in the world like it to enjoy oneself, to be comfortable, to have pleasant sights and endless diversions, amusements, and scientific curiosities; it can take the weary, hard-worked man, and keep him busy in pleasant ways until he is rested; it can take the poor hypochondriac, and make him laugh himself into

health. Gay, interesting, smiling Paris — the worldling's heaven; it is the ultimate result, the *chef d'œuvre* of the French spirit. Paris is France, and in its face shows the soul of the nation, — the theatre more than the church — enjoyment more than virtue — the life that is, more than that which has not come yet.

We turn now to the physiognomy of our own city. It is a comely, noble face, open and generous, thoughtful and earnest; not grim with knotted muscles, as though born out of combat, nor soft with blandishments for the merely sensuous nature. I like the face; it has a common-sense look of business, and yet it has æsthetic expression of convenience and beauty, and, best of all, a wise, serious look; public school-houses among the fine buildings on the sightly avenues, and the churches more conspicuous and beautiful than the theatre. Business, knowledge, beauty, religion, are in the features of our city, more than pleasure and diversions. Cities take their physiognomy, in large degree, from the spirit of their builders and citizens: we expect the child to possess its parent's qualities and tendency. Who were the fathers, and mothers, and builders of Buffalo, and were they such men and women as, according to our philosophy, we must presume them to be?

Mr. Ellicott, who first saw the possibility of a large city here, was no doubt a man of fine natural sense, and far-sighted; he saw what no one else could, or did see, for many years; and long after he had laid out the city, and in his own mind saw the streets made, and lined with blocks of stores and houses, emigrants from the East, refusing opportunities here, went on to Chautauqua and to New Connecticut, not believing a word of Mr. Ellicott's about the certainty of a large city at the foot of Lake Erie. Men were slow to see that a great commerce must grow up on these lakes. They could not comprehend the possibilities of the vast wilderness and prairies of the West; and the settlers that

came in here to the hamlet and village of Buffalo, from the beginning, even up to 1816, had not begun to believe in Mr. Ellicott's prophecy. They came here to make a living by the local trade, and perhaps secure something by advance of village lots; but very few cared much for the great city plan, with its Dutch-named avenues and streets. Though General Washington, thirty years before, on a journey to central and northern New York, had foreseen western settlement and commerce, and though Mr. Ellicott saw a city here, the ordinary men said, What chance for commerce here, while the creek has to make a new mouth for itself every spring through the shifting sands of the lake shore? And yet commerce did increase, and Buffalo dragged along, until it was burned up; then it arose again, and after the war was over, new men came, with new ideas and great expectations. Western emigration began to be an astounding fact, and far-sighted men saw what must be the consequence of it: ways of communication must be opened between West and East; a great canal must be made from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and at the western terminus of that canal, wherever it be, there must be a large commercial city. Such thoughts and conclusions drew bright, enterprising men to this vicinity, to Black Rock and Buffalo, from the new settlements of western New York, and from New England, especially from Connecticut. Superior men came looking after the great opportunity. Where should the city be?

Gen. Peter B. Porter, an energetic, imperative man, a distinguished officer in the war that had lately closed, graced with the laurels he had won, and influential in the whole State, said the canal must come to Black Rock, and there the city must be; and he and his friends prevailed so far as to procure large State appropriations for the Black Rock harbor; and they felt so confident, that Black Rock was laid out for a great city. Meantime, Buffalo was struggling for recognition of her position and claims. We can hardly

conceive of the intense rivalry of these two localities, which now are both Buffalo. It was a struggle of some years. No pains, and no money that could be had, were spared by the rival places to draw in influential inhabitants. Black Rock said that Buffalo Creek had no mouth, and no harbor could be made here; and Buffalo said that Black Rock would be swept down the Niagara, as soon as it attempted to have wharves and shipping; and besides, said Buffalo, its face made up into an interrogation point, how are vessels to get up through the swift water from Black Rock into the lake? Oxen were used tugging the first vessels up the shore. Was commerce always to go by ox-power, by what the sailors called a horned breeze?

The contest was at its height from 1820 to 1823. In the summer of 1821 or 1822, an eventful meeting took place in Buffalo. The Canal Commissioners held a session in the dancing-hall of the Eagle Tavern. The object of meeting here, was to consider the claims of Buffalo to be the western terminus of the Erie Canal. It was life or death to Buffalo, as they all thought. Would that we had a true picture of that meeting. Mr. Joseph Dart was an eye-witness, and has given me some account of it. DeWitt Clinton was chairman of the Commissioners, and Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon; Henry Seymour, Myron Holley, and Samuel Young were his associates,— an august company! The great question was, Black Rock or Buffalo? Gen. Porter was the chief advocate for Black Rock, and with shrewd ability, for which he was so distinguished, he advocated the cause of the dwellers by the river side. The chief advocate for Buffalo was Judge Wilkeson. He was not a lawyer, not much used to public speaking, never trained and cultured in schools or college, but a man of great natural force, vigorous common sense and mighty will, with courage and hope born out of his rugged strength. Educated by the rough, earnest struggles of border life, he had made his way here, and saw a

once the practical bearings of this great question; he knew this was the place for the city, and his confidence, and the substantial reasons he could give for it, made him the man to plead for the interests of Buffalo. The day was hot, and our advocate, says my informant, pulled off his coat, and according to the habit of his laborious life, worked for us all in his shirt sleeves! And Mr. Dart says, that after the hearing, Gov. Clinton summed up the whole matter in a judicial way, letting it be quite distinctly seen that, in his opinion, this was the place for the city, and that here the canal should terminate. During the year 1822 or 1823, with great struggles, the question was settled. The canal was to come to Buffalo. There were large-minded men here who saw the opportunity, and with all their might laid hold of it.

The first thing to be done was to give Buffalo Creek a permanent stationary mouth into which vessels could enter. It was a difficult and expensive work. Black Rock said it never could be done; but there were men here who said it should be done. But how? There was not ready money enough in the whole village to pay for such a work, and it was proposed that, if possible, $12,000 should be obtained by loan from the State. A bond was made, and the names that went upon that bond for the loan should be known to every inhabitant of Buffalo. That was the hard lift, that the *magnum opus*, and showed the noble purpose and determination of the men who gave the bond. In their day of small things, all of them comparatively poor, they bound themselves for the means to make it seem possible that there could be a harbor at this point; everything depended on this. The State refused to do the experimental work; the Canal Commissioners doubted: and so four men put their names to the bond, and got the $12,000 from the State; and with other money, private subscriptions in small sums from the villagers, to be given in labor, in shoes, in blacksmithing,

in stone, in pork, in brush for fascines, the first breakwater was constructed, under the direction, and in part by the hands, of Judge Wilkeson, in 1820 and 1821. These were the names upon that bond: at the head, and probably the originator of the plan, Samuel Wilkeson; let it stand upon his monument at Forest Lawn, of granite, like his character — *urbem condidit*, he built the city; Charles Townsend and George Coit, young men from Connecticut, partners in a village trade; and Oliver Forward, a lawyer and strong-natured man. All these four are builders of the city. They took up the mountain and cast it into the sea Others helped — all worked then, when life and death for Buffalo hung on the ends of the balance. How little do we, who have entered into other men's labors, think how they struggled for what we so securely enjoy! There was Judge Wilkeson's break-water, made of fascines, filled in with rocks and sand, and bound together. Black Rock and others said the first spring storm would send the Judge's fascines down the Niagara in a hurry; and there was danger — Buffalo felt afraid. Mr. Henry Lovejoy says he remembers going, with two hundred men, down to the breakwater at the mouth of the creek, in the spring of 1822, each with a shovel on his shoulder, that they might be there when the ice broke up and went out of the creek, and by shovelling, manage the currents and protect the new breakwater. They waited there all day, the creek, still as dead, playing possum while they watched it. At dark they came home, hungry, tired, scolding at commercial difficulties; and lo, in the night the flood burst out, as my informant says, turning the breakwater upside down; but the Judge had made it fast together, and so heavily weighted it with stone, that it held fast its integrity and kept its place; and to this day the old cribs remain under the massive stone breakwater at the light-house. The floods were foiled and Black Rock was non-suited — Buffalo had a harbor, and a way to get into it and out of it. Meantime, the canal was

making, and in 1825 came the grand opening of the New York highway between East and West. All clouds now had cleared away, and sunshine rested upon the fortunes of Buffalo.

We will not fail to do justice to those men who were the fathers and builders of our handsome-faced city; there were among them many large-minded, far-seeing men, and they gave their own great proportions to the city they builded; and the exprsssion of our city's physiognomy tells of Ellicott, Wilkeson, and Townsend and Coit, and Forward and Heacock, Johnson and Pratt, and Love and Tracey, and Potter and Joy, and Webster and Chapin, and the men who preached the gospel, and those who taught the youth. Those men, the builders, almost all are gone; and if any one inquires for their monument, tell him to open his eyes and look around — *Circumspice!*

But the most of those men who did so well, and the active men who came after them, are said to have made fools of themselves in the speculations of 1835, which were, indeed, as wild here in Buffalo as anywhere in the country. There are old men in New England, and multitudes of them in Old England, who think of our beautiful city as wearing a fool's face, because it had the speculation mania badly. Let me say a word about this. We deny that there is a single deep mark of a fool in the physiognomy of our city. The folly was only a passing shade. The fact is, we all make fools of ourselves sometimes, in some way, and the only question among us is of more or less. Go read how the canny Scotchmen, about 1694, were maddened and befooled by the Darien speculation, which had no other basis than a dream-idea which one Paterson had, of opening a passage across the Isthmus of Darien. Fletcher, of Saltoun, chiefly known by his saying, "Let me make a nation's songs, and whoever will may make their laws;" wise as he was, had this fever, and others among the shrewdest; and for six years, cold Scotia

was all aflame, and then came utter collapse of the emptiness. Go read how Paris, all France, indeed, was befooled in 1718 by John Law and his scheme of the Mississippi and India Company, a magnificent humbug hatched in the brain of one single man; all Paris went crazy for three or four years — more absurd things are told of than were ever done here.

But England claims never to lose common sense. Go read of her South Sea mania in 1720. The whole nation was affected, from the throne to the cottage. The idea was to get gold and silver, by going round Cape Horn to Peru and Mexico. The scheme was called the Earl of Oxford's masterpiece. Spain, powerful then, never allowed them to do a thing towards realizing their idea, but knaves blew it up into the most magnificent bubble, and for four or five years the South Sea mania and its mighty company swelled with gigantic pretensions: it would shoulder the whole national debt of £31,000,000 sterling; it would pour riches into every house; it swelled, AND THEN it burst, and English common sense was seen, with foolish and enraged look, staring at the floating vapors! The mania of speculation here was not so strange; there was foundation to stand upon. From the opening of the canal in 1825, there was a *rush* of western emigration through Buffalo. Each year it grew greater than before. The canal was crowded, hotels all full, warehouses groaned under their burdens, vessels and steamers could not be built fast enough for the demands of business. I was here in the autumn of 1835, and one morning I was at the dock, with many other strangers, gazing upon the mighty heaving western tide. There was a pile of goods and furniture all along on Joy & Webster's wharf, more than twenty feet high, and upon the top of it sat as many as a dozen Senecas, men and women, they, too, with the rest of us, gazing with astonishment at this sudden flood of life sweeping over them, coming they knew not whence, and going they knew not whither. It was marvellous! Land was wanted, land to stand upon,

land to speculate with,— land was gold. And *then* it seemed that all the opening West was to come with its harvest contributions floating right to Buffalo. Railroads then were not much thought of for carrying freight; to this point came the lake, from this went the canal, and here might be the New York of the West; and so it would have been, but for the coming of railroads to compete with vessels for the carrying trade. It was not strange that the men here made a great mistake; got wild with hope, and that some were hoisted upon their bubbles to get very bad falls; but generally there was some basis to speculation, it was not all idea and dream; there were real facts enough to make sensible men hope prodigiously. It may seem very wise to look back and laugh at the old builders and business men of Buffalo, but they were wiser than Solomon, compared with Scotland, France, and England, when their ravings came.

I love to think what those men of Buffalo in 1835, in their great hope, meant to do here. The merchants were to have an Exchange filling Clarendon Square, and with a towering dome two hundred and twenty-five feet above the pavement. Commodore Perry was to have a monument of white marble in front of the churches, one hundred feet high, with graceful carving, armorial bearings, and emblematic statues. Education was to have the University of Western New York, with magnificent endowment, and the foremost men of the country in its various departments. Nor were the good intents all on paper merely; one of the wildest of hopers did actually start a free public school for sixty scholars — children of the poor, and kept it open and flourishing for several years. I honor men who, if they do get crazed by enterprise and too much hope, show themselves large-minded and nobly generous, grateful to patriots, munificent to education, mindful of the poor, and anxious to bestow true riches and quickened life upon posterity! With the mind's eye, behold our city's physiognomy, as the great hopers meant it should be, with

the beautiful Perry monument, and the University of western New York, with its grand buildings on North Street, rivalling Harvard or Yale, and society graced and improved by its teachers and students, and with a commerce on the lake that might require a Merchants' Exchange as large and high as was dreamed of. Despite the ridicule upon those builders' failure, the future may fulfil their expectation more nearly than we think.

In regard to faces, association does wonders; the old adage comes true — handsome is, that handsome does; even homely features may get so blent with truth, love, and nobleness, that to the mind's eye they are beautiful. The kind, good woman, though with no line of grace or beauty in form or face, who has left home and friends, and for the sake of mercy gone to the hospitals, becomes beautiful as an angel to the sick soldier, as she bends over him with a mother's tenderness striving to relieve his anguish; and just so it is with cities' faces. There is little Calais, in France: to my mind it has always worn a halo of glory, ever since, in my old school-book, I read how Edward III. of England was about to put the city to fire and sword, but consented to spare the inhabitants and their homes and children if six of the principal men of the city would volunteer to come bare-headed and bare-footed, with halters about their necks, to be hanged in view of his besieging, victorious army. And the martyr heroes came, Eustace De St. Pierre at their head. Such nobleness has given interest and beauty to Calais for all these five hundred years! The old pilgrims of 1620 gave a glory to the unromantic shores and barren hills of Plymouth, and travellers will not cease to go to that shrine of lofty self-sacrifice to truth and freedom, to gaze upon the brave, heroic face of that landscape. And, alas! how the face of a city that is fair enough to the outward sight may, to the mind's eye, get a look of deformity that will make outward comeliness as nothing. There is New York,

imperial city, at the gates of the world's commerce, the waters gathering around her, as if anxious to bear her freighted keels. But O, that hard, meanly cruel scowl upon her face, wrought there by riot against law, and savage massacre of weak, unoffending men, women, and children, because God had made them with a dark skin! And, let the truth be told, our own city got an ugly mark, a stain not readily washed out, by just the beginning of a similar riot and bloodshed. Sin destroys beauty!

Look far away towards the sunset — to the golden horn of the West, where San Francisco, Queen of the Pacific, sits beside the sea. She has been noble. Though so far away, and tempted to stand aloof in selfish isolation, she has felt the laboring heart-beat of the Union and of liberty, and while bearing her share of public burden, she has sent hundreds of thousands to the Sanitary Commission. With generous loyalty she turns toward us and stretches out her arms to help. To the mind's eye, how noble and fair the face of that young Pacific Queen! Handsome is that handsome does.

The builders of our city have done their work, and on the whole have done it well. They have made for us a dwelling-place with open, finely formed features, and their earnest, generous spirit gives a handsome expression. But Buffalo is not finished: generations yet to come are still to be builders, and every one of us, in public or private life, is giving expression more and more, good or bad, to our city's face..

He writes thus on the evening of his first Sunday in Buffalo:—

October 23, 1836. — Rockwood Hoar will bring a letter to you, and though I am fatigued with my first Sunday's services, and it is now near ten o'clock, I will write you a

few lines. I have been installed and made a beginning, and I trust that all will be well here. We have a beautiful church and a fine organ; so far people are well disposed, and I hope not disappointed in me. * * * Hoar is an honor to Concord. I am glad to introduce him as my townsman.

The hopes of the ambitious city underwent crushing revulsion within the first year of Mr. Hosmer's settlement. Out of the embarrassment by which he was surrounded he could write cheerfully — even with humor.

August 15, 1837. — No means are spared to drive away our people. Some of the pulpits hurl forth arguments and denunciations against us, and I believe no secret means are left untried. Our people are not all as earnest as they should be. Some of the warm afternoons this summer, our pews have been quite naked. I think we have had as few as one hundred, two or three times; but usually in the morning our church is pretty well filled, often more than two hundred. I find my labors more exhausting here than in Northfield. I am now brought into comparison with two or three men who are my superiors, and nothing but effort can save me. The hard times affects the churches. One has failed, and another has executions on it of $18,000. On the whole, then, do you think I wish myself back in Northfield, with its safe fund, and quiet parsonage, and shady trees? No, I do not; I think I was needed here, and do not regret that I came.

October 18, 1837. — I have now been here one year. The number of my audience has doubled in that time, though the real strength of my society has not increased in that proportion. My nerves get shattered a good deal on the Sabbath, and I do not get up again until near the middle of the week. My stint is to write one sermon each week, and during the year I do not think I have missed more than three weeks.

The old Northfield minister is very kind to lend his aid; but really the old fellow's sermons need much refitting before they can appear; and sometimes his patience is sadly tried when the Buffalo minister seizes his manuscripts and throws them into the fire. The old parson is a strong conservative, and pleads that the old sermons shall at least be permitted to remain in the drawer; for he shrewdly suspects the time may come when this smart city minister will be glad to fall back upon them. And generally the city minister permits the old Connecticut River homilizer to enjoy his notions; and when the city upstart thinks he is doing very well, it is amusing to see the half-sceptical grin of the old parson, as much as to say: "After all, that is no better than I used to do." But, Doctor, I assure you the old fellow is very complacent, as he walks along home from meeting after one of his sermons has been preached with some effect, and he was mightily tickled the other day when you wrote that all his sermons were good enough for anybody to hear. "Ay," said he, drawing his hand down over his face and spitting under the fore-stick, "that Dr. Jarvis is a sensible man," and he would have recounted some of your many favorable opinions of his performances; but looking up he saw the city minister laughing, and came very near swearing right out that he never would permit him to preach another of his sermons as long as he lived.

His life goes forward amid journeys abroad and hard work at home, amid public embarrassments and domestic afflictions. In these years there is more sadness than happiness, as the following extracts show:—

JUNE 27, 1839, AT CHICAGO. — At Detroit, finding that I should not reach this place in season for my engagement by the "Great Western," I took land conveyance across the

State of Michigan, and arrived here Saturday morning. I enjoyed the journey. The country is beautiful in most parts. The oak openings abound with little lakes of water sleeping amidst them. The land is not so much of it swampy as I expected. Our audiences here range from eighty to two hundred.

March 24, 1840. — My society is almost overwhelmed with bankruptcy. They do not, and cannot, pay me all my salary. They owe me more than $1,000, and meantime I am in debt $500. I am beginning to feel the weight of pecuniary embarrassment — a new burden to me. We have been detected, we Unitarians, of doing more than any other denomination for free schools. Last week they turned out the superintendent of schools, a Unitarian, and Mr. B., a teacher, may be sent after him, though we hope not. I am honored with the accusation of being one of the founders of a free-school system in this city. Our system has done well, as you will see by the address which I sent you; and it was feared the honor of educating the people would come to us. Therefore, at the late charter election, the Unitarians were all turned out, and the schools and all the city business put into the hands of Trinitarians. Such proscription will do us more good than hurt. It is something to be strong enough to be feared. Bigotry is growing rabid, with fear that the heretics will do mischief.

September 2, 1840. — Have you seen "The Dial?" and do you know that the "Orphic Sayings" came out of "Uncle Ben" and "Aunt Dinah's" cottage at Concord? Mr. Alcott lives in the cottage, hires a piece of land above "Uncle Ben's" barn, which he cultivates, and besides works for the neighboring farmers for day's wages. At odd seasons he utters "Orphic Sayings." If "Aunt Dinah's" spirit hovers about its old home, and knows what is done there, I doubt not that she gathers what wisdom there is in "Orphic Sayings" with deep reverence. But if "Uncle

Ben" ever looks in upon the vigils of the spiritualist, he says he is a "condemned fool." "Aunt Dinah" was a spiritualist in her way, but she did not belong to the "Orphic" species.

In regard to all party movements, I am between the fires, catching some light from both. I accept the locofoco theory and the Whig practice. I accept the transcendental spirit and the old-school principle. Dr. Walker has the true ground, I think, in the religious revolution of our denomination, judging by his address at Cambridge. I am grieved to hear good men among the Whigs talk as I heard one a few days ago: "If we fail in electing Harrison this fall, I never will vote in another election." Fie! where are faith, hope, and charity? I do not believe the Union will be broken if Van Buren is elected, though I hope Harrison will succeed, and shall vote for him.

October 29, 1840. — At home again from Maumee, having had rough passages up and down the lake. Election comes on next week. My society are earnest, and many of them leading politicians. We have the member of Congress of this district, Fillmore, and the member of the State Assembly from this city, and the candidate of each party for the coming election for Assembly. We have the postmaster and the candidate for county clerk, who is also clerk of all the courts. At a Whig celebration the other day, the chief marshal, four of his assistants, and the only two Buffalo men who spoke, were of my society; while we have also the most able and eloquent man of the city, of the Democratic party. Next Sunday I mean to preach to the politicians and try to prepare them for election. I shall not show party colors, but try to present certain moral and religious views, that they may go to the polls like true men, in honor, and generosity, and truth.

May 9, 1842. — My parish you would know about. It is much the same that it has been. Universal ruin is the order

of the day here. My society are many of them bankrupts, and many have left to seek employment elsewhere. If we live, we think much of that. The society owe me about $1,300, and I owe nearly $500. So we stand, hoping for better times. In spirit we are not as we ought to be. Embarrassments have crushed the hearts of my people, and some are melancholy and some are ill-natured. Others are as good people as can be found anywhere. I pray for a revival. Sometimes my spirit sinks, and I wish that I could conscientiously lay aside the responsibilities of pulpit and parish, take my few dollars and buy me a western farm. I do, indeed. You are behind the age to practice economy. Economy is exploded. If you haven't money, borrow it and take the *act*. Spread the canvas and catch the breeze. Why, man, you are doting.

October 31, 1842. — I have sorrowful tidings to communicate. Our dear little Ella, the youngest of the twins, died last Thursday at one o'clock. She died without a struggle. I never saw death so calm before. For a long time we hoped she would revive; but no, the sweet little spirit had gone from our sight and left its frail mortal robe in our arms. We kept it as long as we could, it was so beautiful. We could not bear to have it carried away. No sickness had wasted the lines of grace in the dear features. Death forebore to fix his haggard seal on so fair a brow. Its color was like alabaster. No statuary was ever so beautiful. We do not accept the beautiful fiction of poetry, that the little ones who die in infancy are cherubs which have lost their way and wandered into this world. No, it is by no such accident that they come. They are sent by God's love as angels, to minister to us, to soften our hearts, to renew simplicity of soul, and in their death to idealize our gross life, and open windows in the walls of sense, through which we may look out into the everlasting and up into Heaven.

You know, perhaps, that Dr. Kendall has lately made us a

visit. He baptized the little ones. They were carried to church, and a most touching service was that of their baptism. The doctor's soul melted into his tremulous voice, and the babes looked sweetly. I held them both in my arms together when the seal of the covenant was fixed upon their brows. And then, as if little Ella had said, "It is finished," the stream of her life sank into the earth, and she vanished from our sight. She lived ten days after the baptism.

CHAPTER V.

AT MEADVILLE.

AS has been stated, the removal of Mr. Hosmer from Northfield to Buffalo, was due largely to the hope held out to him that a great institution for education would be founded there, in whose establishment and conduct he might be helpful. The hope at Buffalo failed utterly; but at Meadville, in western Pennsylvania, not far away, a theological school was established soon after his life in western New York began, with which he was connected from its origin, and in which he found some scope for the impulse to instruct and inspire young men, which was always strong within him. It was his habit to spend, every year, a good portion of the month of June at Meadville; meeting the students daily, and preaching on Sundays to the Unitarian parish. It was a part of his year's work, in which he took much delight. He came to feel the greatest attachment for the friends whom he met there, and worked with the students with earnest enthusiasm. He met always a hearty response from the young men, and we cannot better begin the chapter, relating to our father's Meadville

work, than by quoting the words of one of his old pupils, Rev. H. H. Barber, in the *Unitarian Review*:—

Among the ministers of our body who have passed away of late, none has been more variously useful than Rev. Dr. Hosmer; none has impressed himself more strongly upon wide circles of our people, or been held in higher honor and regard among us. His last years of happy and successful pastoral work in New England, made his face and form familiar in our churches and conferences here; and his grand presence, kindling words, and apostolic spirit were felt as an inspiration and a benediction in those larger or narrower circles of our body where he delighted to meet his brethren, and where he was always more than welcome. But, though his work as a minister began as it also ended in the East, the work of his middle years, the main work of his life, was done in what was, when he entered upon it, the new country of the West; and his long pastorate at Buffalo, and his close relations with the Unitarian churches of that region as their adviser and sympathizing friend, and especially as the first and, till his return to New England, the only president of the Western Conference, made his face and voice equally well, if not even better, known to the congregations and assemblies of our faith throughout the West.

Dr. Hosmer was always the *minister*, dignified, gracious; always suggestive of large and lofty things, even when most playful or occupied with the common details of life. Affable, courteous, with the charm of a kindly heart and a winning manner, he was as impressive in the private circle as on the platform or in the pulpit, and carried with him everywhere the sense of the serious and important work which he held it the main end of living for him to fulfil.

The work of Dr. Hosmer as an educator is perhaps most often associated with Antioch College, where he spent several

years in the attempt to rescue that institution from the decline into which it had fallen. While he, and those who worked with him, could not compass the impossible, or raise to prosperity a college which had come to be almost without constituency, the young men and women who came under his influence will all bear witness to the value of his services at Antioch, and the deep impress of character made upon them by his presence and work among them.

But there is a considerable number of our ministers whose earliest and strongest impression of him was received in the course of their theological studies at Meadville, where he annually came to give the successive classes instruction in the practical administration of the minister's office, or, as he loved to phrase it, "the pastoral care." No man could be more admirably fitted to discourse of these themes to divinity students than was Dr. Hosmer. His genial presence and manners; the inspiring way in which, filling himself with his theme, he poured out from heart and mind the treasures of his study, observation, and experience, as though the work of the ministry were the one great function of life; his conversations by the way, his apostolic and fatherly addresses in the chapel, his Sunday preaching, made the two weeks of his yearly stay in Meadville memorable in the experience of the quiet student life there, as also memorable in their influence and their remembrance.

Then, he knew so well the history and the current state of all our churches East and West, and was so deeply interested in their welfare. He was full of anecdotes of the earlier times, and the mighty men who administered the more settled and severer order of that elder period; just as full, too, of interest and appreciation for the newest denominational enterprise and the latest convert. With what enthusiasm he once described to us, when fresh from a meeting of the Western Conference, the presence at its sessions of a new man from the neighborhood of Philadelphia, an Englishman

and a blacksmith, and a Methodist local preacher, who had come to begin a Unitarian missionary work in Chicago, and who had delighted the Conference exceedingly, — except, he said, that perhaps a short course at Meadville might be of service to him in the way of reading hymns.

Then, how the work of the minister grew sacred and attractive and tremendous, as Dr. Hosmer took up one department of it after another, and showed it to us in the light of his high conception and his large experience of it! Into scenes almost too sacred or too terrible to be described, where his own pastoral duty had called him, he led his class, to impress the difficulties and the impossibilities of the minister's relation to the great experiences of his people, or detailed cases requiring great practical wisdom, tact, or courage in the minister to meet and settle rightly. Stores of anecdote and illustration, from the ministerial life of the New England Fathers, and from literature, served to freshen and point the lectures, and many a man has found, in the remembrance of these illustrations, illuminating points for his own practical exigencies, and for some of the most effective of his sermons.

A re-reading of some notes, taken down from these lectures, reveals the range of their topics, and brings to light pithy and wise sayings, that have helped many young ministers to avoid mistakes, and see the path and worth of some difficult duty more clearly. Some of these are embodied in a paper published in this *Review* five years ago. A few others our readers will be glad to see here.

One day, the theme would be of the minister's purpose and method. These he defined as —

"Spirituality and Sympathy; coming directly to the souls of men. The originality of Jesus lies more than in anything else in His sympathy with souls, bringing everything to the standards of the spirit. Some men are always engaged upon the outworks, and never get in at the citadel

of the matter. It was the saying of Shepard, that he never preached a sermon without a distinct purpose to save a soul by that effort.

The pastor must be everywhere in the parish, his eye on all the parts, making it sure that all are touched by the religious attractions, and keep step to the grand life-march of progress and duty.

You will be wanderers on the face of the earth, and there will be great danger of a dissipation of mind and heart. No man can preach as a candidate long and preserve his moral integrity, without a consecration which is truly sublime. Keep yourself from the anxiety of pleasing. * * * Then, on coming out of the pulpit, there are trials, — on the one side, of foolish and untimely compliment, and, on the other, of seeing all your efforts unappreciated. You will have compliments, and will not know what to do with them. The proper elevation of purpose will save from the little vanities of success and the broken-down spirits of ill-success. * * * There is a tendency among our theological young men to avoid the appearance of being ministers. I say, be ministers; in a modest, yet in a manly way."

In another lecture, the outward conditions and relations of the ministry were considered, — the advantages and disadvantages of a permanent settlement, advantages of place, and the best way of forming the pastoral relation. He even asked us to write out a form of letters-missive that he gave us, and the usual method of conducting an ecclesiastical council and ordination services, feeling, properly enough, that, in the rudimentary state of the ecclesiastical sense among our churches, it might avoid awkwardness for us to know the common order of procedure: —

"For my own part, I have not any sympathy with the spirit that would break down the ancient forms. I think that asking the candidate questions of theology, is an infringement of the spirit of Congregationalism."

So he sought to be loyal at once to the spirit of order and the spirit of liberty. He loved what little is left of stateliness, in our somewhat bare simplicity of ritual: —

"The old method of laying on of hands in the consecrating prayer is sometimes objected to. I confess that my respect for a man's judgment or taste is not heightened by his request that this shall not be done. There is no danger among us of strengthening superstition. * * *

If a man have permanent settlement, he has time to form systematic plans of building up his people. The Methodist revival system is a necessary result of the itinerancy. A settled ministry requires broader culture and more regular and constant study. A poor stick had better be kept moving.

Health is to be considered in the decision of where to settle, and adaptedness.

God does not take care of him who does not take care of himself. * * * Sometimes men get into waters that are too shallow for them, and appear quite as awkwardly there as when they get in too deep."

Still another lecture dealt on the proper distribution of the minister's work, and his plans for doing good: —

"If the young minister ever feels alone, ever asks, Who is sufficient for these things? it will be on the morning after his ordination. As soon as he can see through the blue atmosphere that surrounds him there, let him lay out his work. * * * Beware of calling on all the high families first. Find out all about your people, their opinions, prejudices, relations. * * * It may be well for a young man to keep a record. Find out especially about the children of a family, but the young minister who pretends great fondness for them, often makes himself very ridiculous. * * * Some pastors have too much book-keeping. The pastor must have methods; but he must be master of them, not they masters of him. * * * Alas, for the busy minister

of myriad methods with no soul to put in them! Dr. Lowell said, 'There must always be a word for the Master.'"

Then, Dr. Hosmer gave us a description of the formal and dreadful pastoral visit of earlier days, and warned us to beware of anything stiff, pretentious, or merely ceremonial in carrying out the religious ends of such visits: —

"The minister wants to get close to the hearts of his people. He is to be pitied if he have not tact, and his people are to be pitied, too.

Keep clear of dead routine. One of the best ways to do this is to be looking after special cases, and applying to them specific remedies. The minister is more like a doctor than most people think.

It is necessary to be frank, brave, kind, of course. Every minister who has been settled a long time will fear, unless he be a wonderful man, that there are many cases in which he has not done his duty. But, in general, if a minister will be kind and loving, he may be courageous, and can do things which seem at first very hopeless."

Then, about recreations: the older generation of ministers had been quite too strict, he thought, but feared that the new generation had sometimes gone too far in an opposite direction.

"Ministers had better not dance, or stand on their heads, or perform cart-wheels before their people. We are creatures of association, and the cart-wheel association will not help the minister in the pulpit."

Again, the theme would be of pastoral service for the sick and the afflicted. And here Dr. Hosmer opened the sanctuary of his experience, and helped the young men to see what, in some marked instances in his experience, wise and tender Christian ministration had been able to do for the suffering, the terrified, and the bereaved. No young man but thought more nobly thenceforward of the pastoral office, and more reverently of the pastor who brought forth these treasures of sacred experience.

In visiting the sick, let the manner be quiet and cheerful:—

"Beware of carrying gloom into the sick-room. Let the conversation be pithy. Waste no words. Come at the spirit. Get by the body as soon as you can; that is not your business. Talk of the grand, simple truths. Be careful not to have it thought that because you come to talk of spiritual things, there is, therefore, no hope of recovery. Inasmuch as the sickness is depressing, the minister should be hopeful; better err, if at all, on that side. The minister and physician should labor together, and may help each other. I think that, in most cases, it is best to be frank, and let the patient know exactly his condition."

Great discretion, great firmness, sometimes are needed to do what one's duty requires.

"The minister should have his best thoughts in his heart. He must not stick in natural law at such a time. He may talk about that afterwards. * * * You must think what you would say, how you would bear yourself in these scenes. Everything depends on self-possession. Prayer is often all that can be done. It should be very short, and not a useless word. Let the President of the United States alone. Try to give voice to the spirit that cannot pray for itself.

When we go to see people in affliction, it is best to let them talk their spirit out. It is a very poor way to help people, to run away with their grief."

Such are some of the thoughts and some of the words with which this wise and devoted pastor sought to acquaint the young men, who sat before him at Meadville, with the inner and more spiritual demands and possibilities of the minister's work, and to furnish them for its exigencies and opportunities. For a generation, he spoke on these and kindred topics to successive classes; and it is not the least service of Meadville to our ministery that all its graduates — now nearly one-third of all the ministers of our body who are in active service — have been sent forth, touched

by the contact of so lofty and gracious a spirit, strengthened and directed for the highest and most difficult services of their calling, by instructions from a judgment and experience so wise and well-poised, so serious and full. Up to this time, Dr. Hosmer has been the only professor of pastoral care at Meadville, continuing his regular visits and courses to the very last year before the end of his life. We are told that his last visit — when, too feeble to climb to his usual lecture-room in Divinity Hall, he gathered the young men about him in the home where he was staying — was especially full of interest and impressiveness. The school has always had his loving interest and his best services. Founded in sacrifices and a deep sense of the needs of the newer portions of the country to hear the Unitarian gospel, Dr. Hosmer's counsels and efforts were, from the outset, given without stint for its establishment and progress. And such success as it has had, he was a most efficient helper to secure. To found it and further the ends it was founded to advance was, indeed, his reason for removing from his pleasant New England settlement in Northfield to the untried experiences and the then severe isolation of his station in Buffalo. His work in this institution abides in the gratitude and veneration of many whose course he helped to clear and brighten, and in much of the best they have been able to accomplish. May it find a worthy successor there; and all the departments of the school he loved and served so long and well, be carried on with added efficiency and usefulness through the fuller resources and endowment, which its friends are seeking to secure for it!

Mr. Hosmer's love for Meadville is well shown in the following paper, contributed to the *Monthly Religious Magazine* for August, 1851:—

For some reason, I can hardly tell what, no previous

summer has ever moved my heart like this. It is not more beautiful than other summers have been; but its scenes have a strange voice, a new language. I hear, as I never did before, day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge. I hear the heavens declaring the glory of God; and in the firmament I behold His handiwork; and the earth is full of His riches. For some reason, I stand amidst God's works this summer, with a deeper sympathy with the all-sustaining Spirit than I have ever felt before. It may be owing to the progress of years. When the impatience and little ambitions of youth have passed away, there is a calm thoughtfulness that usually succeeds, which very naturally leads to a higher appreciation of the moral influences of nature. Youth, in its eagerness, hurries from object to object; it cannot stay to become quiet, and be impressed by nature's influence; but I am inclined to attribute my unwonted impressions to my residence for two or three weeks here in the country, in the midst of nature. At the risk of egotism, let me describe the scenes around me, and some of the thoughts and emotions which they have suggested. Imagine a village lying amidst high hills; the hills shaped in beauty, and covered with forests, cultivated fields, and pastures. Two streams find their ways among the hills, and, uniting their waters at the north-western edge of the landscape, flow gently through the village. Everywhere is verdure: the town lies amidst the rich foliage. On the east and west are hills that might be called mountains; their summits perhaps three hundred feet high, and a mile and a half asunder. You see this landscape, the deep valley, the winding stream, the wooded hill-tops, the sloping fields and pastures, with grain, and flocks, and herds. It is not strange that the presence of God should be felt in such a scene. It is in nowise superior to a thousand others in our country; but it is very lovely; the Maker's smile seems to rest upon it; and in the air, fragrant with flowers and vocal

with the songs of birds, His benediction is whispered to the ears of His children. And now, laying all the rest of the world out of mind, what a home is this which the Father has made for His children who dwell in this beautiful vale! We fill our rooms with pictures; but behold what pictures the Almighty has placed all around this landscape! What blending of sweet beauty and noble grandeur! And then consider that each day brings variety; vegetation advances; sunlight and shade, sky and cloud, hot noon and cool evening, are sent to perform their ministries. Seed-time and harvest keep their appointment. The pastures are covered with flocks, the valleys are filled with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

One evening, as the sun was sinking low, I climbed up to the summit of the western mountain: the village lay at my feet; a deep shade was upon all the slope I had ascended, and where I stood; but upon the village, and on the opposite mountain, the evening sun was still pouring his rays. As I gazed upon the scene the shadow slowly extended from the foot of the mountain on which I stood and crept over stream, and grove, and village, and verdant slope, and then up the mountain-side; it did not seem to move, and yet it did; and, as the sun sank lower and lower, tree after tree was sunk in the ascending shadow, until the light of the last ray faded from the mountain's top. It was a scene to touch the heart, to make one weep. Tranquillity seemed to be coming down out of heaven from God to His children, and all so gently, so gradually! The mother watching around her sick child, as evening approaches, steps softly about its couch, and draws the curtains, and hushes every noise, and tries to court sleep to come, and give rest to the little fevered sufferer. And here, with an infinite tenderness, the Father appeared all so gently and gradually withdrawing the light of day and throwing the shade of night over these homes of His children. They were troubled and weary, and He

soothed them to rest; indeed, it seemed as if He was near, saying to His children, to the world everywhere, "Good night! peace be with you!" Oh, there is a meaning in the close of day, which thousands never appreciate. It reveals the tender, loving care of the Father. And then, it brings to us solemn warnings: as the shade of evening creeps over the world, so will the shade of death one day fall upon our sight, and put a period to all our plans and labors.

Hardly less impressive is the morning scene of nature. How gently the Father wakes His sleeping children! The hushed repose of night is not rudely broken; gradually the breaking light gathers upon the edge of the horizon; it rises into the eastern sky, and he who gazes upon that coming glory may feel the significance of a poet's speech, who compares the bright beams shooting above the eastern hills, heralding the sun, to the advancing spears of an approaching army; an army of light coming to conquer and disperse the powers of darkness. But I love best to recognize the Father's smile in that breaking morning light. It talks not to me of spears and armies, but of heavenly benignity coming with benedictions to rouse the sleeping children of earth from their slumbers, and give to them a new day. Oh! think of it when the light comes so gently to your window, and with devout gratitude rise, and accept the gift the Father brings to you.

Another scene has moved me deeply, as I have dwelt among these hills. It was the Sabbath-day. A long succession of fair weather had parched the surface of the earth, and dried up the little streams. Man and beast and plant longed for moisture. In the afternoon, when the heat was becoming most oppressive, the clouds gathered over us, and a gentle, copious shower came down to bless the earth and its inhabitants. A sweet sense of God's presence took full possession of my heart. It was an hour to be remembered. It seemed as if Heaven were pouring down mercies upon the

earth. I could sympathize with the devout Psalmist. While I meditated upon his words, Jehovah seemed to be riding on a chariot of clouds, and watering the hills from his chambers, and filling the brooks in every valley, and all things seemed instinct with joy and gratitude: the little vine lifted up its head, the tall forest-tree gathered itself up in its full height and glory. The valleys shouted for joy; they also sang, and the hills rejoiced on every side. I had witnessed many a summer shower as beautiful and as timely as this, but never before, under similar influences, had I been so pervaded and subdued by a sense of God's goodness and love. All must admire the wisdom and power displayed in watering the earth. And is it not strange, that we are so seldom subdued by the goodness and love?

The shower passed away, a brilliant rainbow surmounted the eastern hills, the sun sank in the west, and amidst the freshness of nature, in the calm evening twilight, we gathered in the village church for divine worship. Was it strange that I felt the meaning of the words, "Lo! God is here"? It was a holy hour; the heart was in that service. And when our prayers and praises had been offered for the evening sacrifice, and we came forth into the presence of the clear, still night-heavens, the moon in full orb pouring her silvery light upon stream and field and forest-hills, it seemed as though Heaven and earth could hardly keep silent; the beautiful glory proclaimed plainer than words could utter it, "Behold the riches of the Father's goodness." What long-suffering mercy! How love strives to win unworthy children to obedience!

I have spoken of one little spot of earth; and poorly enough I have described how God visits it and dwells in it, in his unbounded, glorious goodness and love. But that spot, though in some respects a favored one, only shares with all the earth the Father's loving presence. What a world the Creator has given us to dwell in! What wonders

of magnificence and convenience come to us in the circuit of every day! We slumber upon the constancy of our blessings. Could we be waked out of nothingness, with faculties complete, and the scenes of a day, morning, noon, evening, and midnight, pass before us, how should we admire the gift and praise the Giver!

To complete the chapter the following paper is added, contributed to the *Unitarian Review* for December, 1876: —

THE PASTORAL CARE.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF INSTRUCTION AT MEADVILLE.

One of the brightest ministers among us has said: "We want no lectures upon the pastoral care; they are an impertinence." There are books upon the subject, and methods of treating it, that have almost made me think so sometimes. Sciences, languages, schools of literature, histories, interpretation of the Scriptures, must be taught. There must be books and lectures to aid the student. Things unknown must be sought out. But the pastoral care all lies in open daylight. It is the friendly help a man may give his neighbors, touching their spiritual wants and needs, in prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow; and it may be thought that a man of good common sense, with Christ in his heart, loving God and his neighbor, can hardly go wrong.

The pastor, to be successful, must be a warm-hearted, whole-souled, religious man. He must have force of will, that he may be strength to the weak; he must be well poised in his life, that he may be a balance-wheel in his parish; he must have resources, depth and breadth of capacity, and attainment above the average about him. He needs to be a man of worth, significance, and power.

There is an idea, with some, that there is no sphere for power in the pastoral duty; that the pulpit requires strength and genius, but that the pastoral work may be done by any active, sympathetic, good-natured man of pleasant manners. And such an one may render valuable service in many ways; but the greatest pastoral efficiency requires the highest qualities of character. An ordinary man may be a good preacher, may have learning and fluency, and interest great assemblies, but the ordinary man cannot go into an afflicted family, and stand face to face with the soul in its anguish without showing his weakness. The ordinary man cannot stand up in his parish in a great moral emergency and be the lode-star of principle, and the preponderating will for right. The ordinary man cannot go to the individuals of his parish needing conversion and quickening, and put the power of his own spirit into their souls.

Said a leading man in one of our New England parishes, to me, when he was afraid his minister would remove to another parish, "I know not what I should do. I have had doubts and distrust of religion and of ministers; but this man I can trust. I know him. He is genuine; his words and life are one; he can lead me along. Others could preach as well, better than he; but he has come close to me and I know he is trustworthy." An ordinary, poorly furnished, unbalanced minister could not have made that man feel as he did.

It is indeed no small thing to preach to such men as John Adams, with his grand rationality, or to Thomas Jefferson, with his fine mind warped with Calvinistic dogmas; but many might do very well preaching to such men, who would utterly fail to meet them as pastors in trying hours. The pastor can do without genius, or extraordinary compass of power; but he must have sense and judgment; he must be profoundly religious, and able to meet his people on the higher planes of their experience. The farmer, the me-

chanic, the lawyer, the physician, will be more readily drawn to a minister who is not ignorant of things in their spheres. But especially the pastor needs to have a genuine manliness. He is to come close to people, meet them face to face, eye to eye; canting insincerity or weak sentimentalism will not do; he must have earnest thought, and his heart full of sympathy from the head-springs, — love to God, and love to man. No matter how much genius, learning, science, — the more the better; but sense, judgment, Christian manliness there must be, and profound, vivid religious conviction and feeling.

What need of lecturing, indeed, I am sometimes ready to say, on pastoral work? Put a really earnest man into a parish, a man with Christ in his heart, and he would go to work and do the right things, and do them in the right way. The waters of the mountain-spring need no lectures, when to flow nor which way; they must flow, and will make channels; and verdure and beauty will tell of their onward course from the mountain to the sea. So the pastor, brimming full of consecrated purpose, will live and move, and bless his parish every day. But we want the mountain-springs. Influence, like water, can not rise higher than its head. We are slow to accept this. Only think of the ways devised to make streams of influence run up hill! What burdens of pretension, falsehood, hypocrisy! What laying hold of degrees, letters of recommendation, official names, garments, insignia! But nothing will do. A weak, insignificant man can not be a mountain-spring, do what you will for him; you may lecture him until you and he are gray; you may ordain him, give prefix and suffix to his name; you may put a mitre on his head, and crosier in his hand, and cover him with holy garments, and yet you can not make his influence rise and stay one inch above his head. In our Protestant and liberal churches this is especially true. Counterfeits are soon detected. Shams can not stand a month. The de-

mand for genuineness is imperative. The fear of being imposed upon among us is morbid; and some conscientious men, whom we might suppose to be among the best of the Savior's followers, will not say they are Christians, or that in any common way they believe in God.

We want ministers to be mountain-springs especially in their pastoral labors. Reservoirs and cisterns will not do so well. A sermon written out of a reservoir, however well filled, is not promising; but reservoir sermons do better than reservoir pastoral influence. The pastor needs to be a strong, full, quickening man, so charged with electric vitality that virtue goes out of him on touching but the hem of his garments.

A clear-headed, discerning man once told me, that the only time he ever met Dr. Channing, and heard him speak, was in the house of one of the doctor's parishioners, just after a member of the family had ceased to breathe; and, said he, "I saw how great he was; and not from what he said so much as from what he did not say; no commonplace words, not much about the scene of the departure; but a few grand expressions, with the coloring and emphasis of his rich soul, carried them all into the depths of immortality. He seemed at home there."

To do the pastor's work effectually, ministers must have this superior tone and quality. They must carry about a heavenly presence; living simply, in great truth and principles, and in great love. If they only have this life in them it will have power and quicken all around. Think of Christ moving about Nazareth, Galilee, Judæa. What pastoral labors, and how their influence was felt! His words in the temple were grand and inspiring. There, as a preacher, He rose to the great occasion. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Then, think of Jesus in the home of Bethany; it is a pastoral visit. Behold the Master! His superior influence was like water from a mountain-

spring, and the thoughtful Mary sat at His feet and heard His words.

Or again, think of Jesus in the house of Simon, where the woman anointed his feet, and that sharp colloquy took place between Simon and Jesus; or again, when the Jews came to him about taxes to Cæsar, and with other perplexing questions, — all this was in the sphere of pastoral work. Every pastor must expect to meet inquisitive, critical, doubting minds; and keen discernment, positive conviction, large resources, will be indispensable. Jesus, as he went about doing good, with sharp sense disposing of obstacles thrown in his way, and with such admirable wisdom answering difficult questions, overcoming evil with good, and drawing the unprejudiced common people to his side, towers in greatness quite as much as when uttering the sermon on the Mount.

I always shrink uneasily as I begin to talk to young men about the ways and means of pastoral work. If the spring of sympathy and power be not in them, it will do little good to talk about ways and means. Alas for the busy minister of myriad methods, with no soul to put in them! And if the minister has the power in him, who can doubt that it will work out? And again, I always have some fear of obstructing free activities in others, by my ways and means. We are unlike in our aptitudes, and in a large sense every one works best in his own methods. I would not give my ways and means, certainly not to impose them as a law. I would hope that all have in them the head-springs that must flow and will find ways. But to fix attention upon the subject of pastoral influence, to think of it in its various lights, can hardly fail to do good. In this the teacher's office is to perfect the conditions of self-teaching.

I must insist that the importance of pastoral work and the power it requires is underrated. The pulpit is conspicuous and exacting, and takes the best time and strength. It

should be so. The pulpit must be filled with power, or it will not have hearers. The pulpit is the minister's throne, and yet some of the most successful ministers have done as much out of the pulpit as in it. Like Dr. Tuckerman, they have originated great spiritual forces in the homes of their parishes, and in society all about them. They are stronger as men and workers than as preachers. It is certain that no man can preach grandly until as a pastor he can carry his parish into the pulpit. In the homes and hearts of the parish he gets inspiration. The earnest pastor writes his sermons with his people before him, and when he goes to the pulpit the heart of the congregation touches his. Deep calleth unto deep. Theological lectures, philosophical disquisitions may be written by a minister who has not learned the roads and by-paths of his parish, but sermons out of the heart and soul, and reaching heart and soul, grow out of love, sympathy, and anxious solicitude for parishioners. Said a wise minister, "What shall I do for sermons to preach abroad? Mine are full of my own parish." No minister can preach as well as he might without the pastoral care.

What is the pastoral care of a parish? It is all that various service which gives unity, organic life, and spiritual interest to all the members. The parish, comprising all ages, conditions, and varieties of human nature, needs to be a unit, and have a hearty *esprit de corps*. And this unity must be an organized whole. There is a unity in a mass of earth, in a flock of sheep, or herd of cattle. A parish must be a fuller, richer unity of free natures, each held in place, and all moved in harmonious activities by love to God and man, — a Christian commonwealth. The pastor must be everywhere in the parish, his eye on all the parts, making it sure that all are touched by the religious attractions, and keep step to the grand life-march of progress and duty. The pastor needs a quick eye, a cunning hand, a sound discretion.

And now a thought about ways and means. No one need go over the sea to Germany, nor to the depths of speculation at his wit's ends, to be told just *how* the pastor should work, or what he should do. Of course he must get acquainted with his parish, with families and individuals. They all are his family. The Catholic Church calls all her ministers, even the youngest, father. Protestantism has no name so significant as this. The timid young minister would soon be able to bear it; and it might make him venerable as gray hair.

It might be a good plan for a minister to keep a parish record, if he had a place where no eye but his would ever see it, in which every family and person should be journalized. Such a record might secure careful observation of character and thorough knowledge of persons; and there would be leaves of such a record full of interest. Some pastors have too much book-keeping. They make a record of every parochial visit; go round their parish once or twice a year as regularly as the minute-hand goes round the dial of a watch, and about as mechanically. He must avoid favoritism; his heart must be too large and sympathetic for fastidious, dainty friendships. Christ sat at meat with publicans and sinners; so said the Jews. His charity took all humanity into its arms. Alas for the minister who is so dapper in his tastes and blind with his prejudices as not to see a good heart, if under a coarse dress or behind awkward manners!

With thorough acquaintance with his people, the minister will see cases that need treatment. Here is a young man playing with temptation, — putting a serpent into his bosom. There is a business man digging his grave, — about to bury himself in worldliness. There is a woman so cumbered with much serving, so overwhelmed with factitious wants, that her soul's life is worried out. Such cases all about him the pastor sees; and he should take them one after another into special treatment; always having one or more, and following up his efforts persistently as long as there is hope.

Here is a leaf from a pastor's record, whose quickening spirit and successful work was a guiding light to me: "In the year 1838 a young physician moved into my parish. He came from a neighboring town, where he had been in practice a few years. I had often heard of him, — a young man of fine ability, good manners, and considerable culture, very sure to be eminent in his profession. But he was sceptical. With much pride of opinion he loved to talk about Christianity, bring objections to it, and hold arguments with those who would stand up its advocates. I felt concerned for my parish. I saw that such a man might do great injury to the young people, and through them to a whole generation. His winning address, quick wit, and withering sarcasm made him dangerous, — a wolf in my fold. But I would not meet him as a wolf, but as an interesting, gifted young man, whose early influences had hurt his vision, — warped his sense and judgment. I sought his acquaintance, made my way to his heart, won his respect and confidence. I took time to meet him as often as I could find opportunity. I avoided controversy about religion, lest he should brace and fortify himself against me. I hoped he might come to me and voluntarily open his heart. Months passed. At length one Monday morning, going by his office, I saw him sitting alone, and called upon him. He looked up out of his thoughtful mood and said, 'You are the very man I want to see. Yesterday you gave us the best argument for the reality of religion that I ever met. Sit down here and tell me just how these things bear upon your soul.' I did not know what he meant, and said, 'Why, I made no argument yesterday.' 'Yes,' said he, 'you did. In the close of your morning sermon, in your appeal to us to live more religiously, you looked as if you should die if we did not. That look touched me as no argument ever did. That look was an argument. Now, tell me all about your foundations and experience.' The door into his soul was open to me. I

entered in, and led him to points of view that were new to him. I helped him to see religion, Jesus, God, immortality, and duty in new lights. He became interested; his scepticism gave way, and grand, vital beliefs strengthened his soul. He became a member of our Christian communion, and a helper to his pastor in all good works."

The pastor goes to the sick and the dying to tell them of the soul that can live in its immortality, despite the body's ills and dissolution. He goes with words of Jesus, with hymn and psalm; and he must go with his soul in his eyes, and his heart on his lips, and each hand a good Samaritan.

A father and son were ministers in distant parishes. The son made a record of best thoughts that he might have them to help him in last moments, when too weak to think and get above the body's anguish. At length the son was summoned to his father's death-bed. He found the old man sinking away. The father grasped his son's hand and said, "Oh, give me a great thought to sustain me in this agony!" and the son read to him from the little book he had written, "Best Thoughts for Last Moments." The pastor should go to the sick, the weary, the sinking ones, with great thoughts, every one a shining angel to help and cheer. That beseeching cry, "Give me a great thought to sustain me," indicates a want in hours of sickness and decline which a pastor must strive to meet. He must try to lift up the sinking soul fettered and weighed down by the sick body. He must go with the dying down to the dark valley, helping them to see lights all along and up beyond; so that it may be no longer the dark valley of the shadow of death.

The pastor should be a man, among men. He should have a pilot's eye upon the ocean of life, and be enough acquainted with business, politics, statesmanship, to know where truth and right lie, and be ready to speak for them, or if need be, with much loss to give himself to them. But the pastor may meddle unwisely, and stir up strife and bitterness.

Alas for those who love to live in a storm, or who go about seeking a martyr's crown! Yet, on the other hand, what temptations in troubled times to dodge, and hide, and lie, and try to keep peace by giving up truth and right to be crucified! Our Scylla and Charybdis are very close together — almost touch. May God help us to find the way between them!

The pastor has other opportunities less perilous; he can enlighten ignorance and prevent and alleviate poverty; he can touch the minds and hearts of the young, and open ways and means to the weak and unworldly. The schools need him, and the teachers will welcome his sympathy and aid. Officially he may have work of examination and supervision, very delicate and arduous, at the vitals of public life, requiring large intelligence and high principle. No ordinary person can be the best school committee man. And if the minister be not officially connected with schools, as a citizen he should seek them; never to touch a sectarian spring, but to awaken life in teachers and scholars, to break the routine, to open windows and let in light; by short, pithy addresses to give glimpses of the stores of knowledge; or better still, to enliven the school hours with flashes of imagination, or words of fine sentiment and spirituality. By such visiting of schools, cordially helping the teachers, who long for just such aid and sympathy, the minister can get into the hearts of the young, and have a wide, beneficent reign, though denominationally his sphere is limited. I know a minister in a Western city, who preaches to a small congregation; but thousands of children have seen and heard him in their schools, and know and love him, and so his influence goes out to the ends of the world.

Again, the pastor must grapple this difficult subject of poverty and its consequences; he must seek those who have failed in life's competitions, or who never have been able even to try to compete, and have shrunk back into shadowed

loneliness. Such ones are everywhere, though most in cities and larger villages, and generally they have no close relations with any church, perhaps never had; or they have fallen out of company and sympathy; all such ones every minister should consider as of his parish, and if possible win the children to his Sunday-school, and so get the parents there and to church. Sympathy can do it, and will prompt to finding ways and means. Sympathy can take out the sting of poverty and do more to cure the dreadful plague of pauperism than any millions of wealth. Here is a most interesting field for pastoral labor. Neglected poverty, chronic pauperism, sin in all its descending grades, demand the pastor's help. By the pulpit the evils cannot be reached; the pastor must go to them; he will need all the economies, and shrewd common sense, and a tender heart. Jesus shows the way. The pastor has only to keep close to him.

Passing over much that I would not take time to speak of, — which perhaps is too plain to every one's common sense to need to be spoken of, all about a pastor's ways, and means, and plans to do good, visits, circulating quickening books, Bible-classes, — it is to be remembered that the pastor's peculiar sphere is the homes of his parish. His own home should be a model. A bad home in the parsonage close by the church will spoil the effect of never so good sermons. The parsonage should give the key-note in simplicity, refinement of taste and manners, a loving harmony, religious spirit, and a wise Christian helpfulness. Happy the parish that has a home in the parsonage where heaven and earth meet in unison!

Finally, in a word, let me set up the ideal pastoral influence. I see it symbolized in this picture so often seen in our houses, of Dante and Beatrice. In her translation by death to spiritual life she became to the poetic eye of his mind the *beau ideal* of a divine holiness; and while she, looking to the Father, rose nearer, nearer to His excellence,

he, looking up to her, rose nearer, nearer, — both ascending towards the highest.

> Her eyes fast fixed on the eternal wheels,
> Beatrice stood unmoved; and I with ken
> Fixed upon her ———
> Words may not tell of that transhuman change;
> And therefore let example serve, though weak,
> For those whom Grace has better things in store.

Happy that parish which is drawn by loving sympathy to their pastor, while he is constantly ascending into all the sweet and mighty sanctities of earth and heaven, — alluring to brighter worlds, and leading the way!

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT BUFFALO.

THE annual visit to Meadville was only a pleasant episode in the steady, toilsome life at Buffalo. As years passed, they brought to the isolated minister the usual double freight of joy and pain. He had reason to feel that in spite of opposition and rebuff, which, as was said, made it "lucky that the little church had a stone face," he was winning a fair success. To a remarkable degree his congregation, as has been seen, was formed of leading minds, whose respect he was able to retain. It was often the case that strangers of distinction, passing by more pretentious and popular churches, came to worship with the Unitarians. John Quincy Adams writes in his diary: —

> October 29, 1843, Buffalo. — Mr. Fillmore offered us seats in his pew at the Unitarian Church, which we accepted. The preacher was Mr. Hosmer, Matt. vi: 31. An excellent and eminently practical sermon.

Even at an earlier time a lawyer of high reputation, who also earned much fame in Congress, a devoted Episcopalian, who, however, became a frequent hearer of Mr. Hosmer, and was his firm

friend, was heard to say: "I am not a Unitarian, and I think I never shall be; but if I am to be converted to that doctrine, it will be by Mr. Hosmer's preaching. I probably have heard stronger men, and more learned men, but I have never heard the theological argument presented so fairly and clearly, and in a way so nearly to convince me of its truth, as by him." While he could interest acute and powerful minds, he was never unmindful of the poor and feeble.

He was frequently approached with reference to settlement, by churches East and West. In the circumstances in which he found himself, it would not have been strange if he had listened. The hopes by which he had been flattered at his coming had utterly failed. The University scheme had collapsed; the city which had seemed likely to become a metropolis, was for years sunk in an abyss of financial ruin; the people who had so confidently invited him, were in every way broken in means and spirit. It is scarcely strange that in his letters a strain of discouragement, sometimes of bitterness, appears. With a persistency, however, which came to him perhaps in his blood from his ancestry, he held fast to his position in the feeling that he was in the place where he could be most useful.

As time proceeded, the great struggle between North and South went swelling forward year by

year toward its bloody culmination. Few ministers were placed in a more embarrassing situation as the conflict grew intense, than Mr. Hosmer. In his congregation were strong partisans from each of the opposing sides, conspicuous figures some of them in the State and the country at large. In his own conviction he was fast anchored, but with the candor of his nature he felt the strongest obligation to do full justice to all sides. His caution, his judicial temper, his courage and forbearance, his loyalty to his own conscience, were all put to the sharpest test in those years of increasing turmoil. More than once he was condemned fiercely in the camp of progress, as pusillanimous and time-serving; more than once in the camp of the conservatives he was denounced as one of the feather-brained extremists, ready to plunge the country into blood for something unattainable. There have been those, and there are no doubt now those, who, comparing Mr. Hosmer's ministry at Buffalo with that of some ministers of "abolition" views, will feel that the former's service comes sadly short. "The thing that I have against you," said a brusque and candid friend to Mr. Hosmer once, "is that you did not drive the man who signed the Fugitive Slave Law out of your congregation." Mr. Hosmer was perfectly unflinching and outspoken in his anti-slavery views, though indeed he could

never stand with the party whose motto was that the Constitution of the United States "was a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell." If he failed to drive Mr. Fillmore out of his congregation, it was not because he was at all reticent before the President. He not only spoke his disapproval, but emphasized it in deed, voting squarely against Mr. Fillmore, when at length he came up as a candidate for another term. It is a fact most creditable to Mr. Fillmore that he was not estranged by his pastor's honest disapproval, never withdrawing his friendship even in the face of differences so grave; as, on the other hand, it is creditable to the minister that he recognized and did justice to substantial goodness in his parishioner, even while in the difficult crisis he seemed to swerve. At last in the quieter years, after the mighty God had sat in judgment upon the issue amid thunder and flame, when the time came for the man who as ruler of the nation had been silent in the hour that demanded defiance and denunciation, to descend into the grave, the minister spoke as follows:—

Friends, my heart turns to its old home at Buffalo, and to the late departures there of President Fillmore and his Postmaster-General, Judge Nathan K. Hall. I knew them well, my parishioners as they were for thirty years. I did not always agree with their policy. I dissented utterly from the Fugitive Slave Bill, which was put forward in hope to save the country from civil war, Mr. Fillmore saying to me when

I protested against it: "It is better to do that than that half the nation should be butchered." They erred. It was terrible for Mr. Fillmore to come to the head of the government at that time. He meant to be fair; though the South was imperious, he would do them full justice. He dreaded war; by any and every means he would save his country from such calamity as war must bring. When Congress, by a large majority, passed the Fugitive Slave Bill, then for the sake of peace he thought it best to sign it. Now all can see, and some saw it then, it was only postponing the horror. First there must be righteousness and then peace. Some things are worse than war. Slavery is worse, and if we can be rid of this, we will bear patiently the sorrows of the war it caused.

But I know that Mr. Fillmore was honest, unspotted by corruption, and never thought of the nation's capital as a place to make money or satisfy selfish ambition. No goods of the nation clung to him; his hands were clean. Integrity and economy kept him safe. A letter that he wrote to me when he suddenly found himself at the head of the government, reveals the strong earnestness with which he took up his great duty. In serious words he said how deeply he felt his dependence upon God, and with all his heart sought his guidance. His domestic character was quite remarkable. He loved his home. When absent at Albany, or later at Washington, he wrote a letter to his wise and excellent wife every day. Once she said she was not receiving her daily letter, for her husband, being the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, found time to write only every other day. A daily letter to a wife at home would do something to purify life at Washington.

As the controversy deepened, Mr. Hosmer, while outspoken, tried to moderate and reconcile until the crisis came.

His disposition led him to hold fast to the Aristotelian wisdom, that the good is to be found in a golden mean, between extremes. Such was the attitude he preferred to occupy before great public questions; such, too, was his position in Theology. He once wrote: —

> Without being offensively dogmatic, I am decisively a liberal Christian; and I take pains to set forth Christianity, distinguished from Orthodoxy on the one side, and from sceptical criticism and chronic doubt on the other. I am standing between the two fires of arrogant assumption of the old theology, and of the trenchant denials of new science, yet not burned by either fire, and with plenty of room between the extremes for all reverent and reasonable believers.*

His moderation, however, did not cripple his power to act. In public matters, in the time of decision, he threw himself into the struggle with ardor. Two sons, with his approval and God-speed, enlisted in the ranks, one of whom, the Benjamin of his household, died the death of a soldier. The blood of the fighting stock from whom he was descended beat high in his own veins, and even in his sixtieth year he had serious thoughts of marching to the front with a regiment.

In the correspondence that follows, his spir-

* Every wise man shuns both excess and defect; he seeks for the mean and chooses that. —*Aristotle, Nichomachean Ethics, II: 6.*

itual history is in a measure revealed, as he passes on through middle life to the threshold of old age, — the discouragements he encountered, the temptations he resisted, the sacrifices he made, the phases of life which passed under his view, the calm wisdom which was coming to be his possession. Enough is given, it is believed, to delineate the features of the man, now in his full maturity.

August 26, 1843. — I heard a short time ago that Samuel Eliot, who is chairman of the parish committee at King's Chapel, said that he was ashamed of a class of ministers who were striving to force themselves upon the notice of that society as candidates. It seemed as if they cared for nothing but to stand in the highest place and receive a large salary. I am ashamed of men who suffer themselves to be settled in a parish to make their position a watch-tower from which they may descry eligible situations. Save me from such suspicion! Whether I shall spend my life here or not is quite uncertain. On account of the boys I should be glad to live in the midst of better influences, but I shudder at the very thought of changing parishes. The old wounds of my last change are not yet healed. It would be well for this parish to get a better man, but they could not afford to get a worse one.

February 22, 1846. — Last summer I was at Chicago, and they gave me a *call* to come there and minister to their church. I consulted some of my particular friends and told them if there was any feeling of dissatisfaction to let me know it, and I would go to Chicago, where they would welcome me, and where I might be very useful; but I was assured that all was well, and that to leave would be inflict-

ing an injury upon this parish. So I returned a negative answer to Chicago. Within a month I have heard that I shall have a call to Cincinnati, but I do not like removals. As to money affairs, you know my salary here was at first $1,500. I put it down to $1,200 after two years, then down to $1,000, because the times were hard, the parish straitened, and the same money would go further than when I came here. I moved in the diminution each time, and the parish rather unwillingly acquiesced. Last summer the parish moved in raising my salary.

JANUARY 13, 1848. — For my part I make no books. It does not seem to be my forte, and therefore it is, I suppose, I get no time. I am sometimes invited to publish something, but I decline, and I am so far away from our periodicals that I am not drawn into them; so I am silent as far as the press is concerned. I suppose that my pulpit is the boldest on the subjects of war, peace, temperance, and slavery, in western New York. I have drawn up a memorial to Congress to put an end to the Mexican war, and it is now receiving signatures: "We, the subscribers, citizens of Buffalo, in the State of New York, believing the war is destructive to the morals and welfare of all concerned in it, and that Christian men should not consent to it except in the very last extremity for the defence of life and liberty, do earnestly and respectfully petition that an end be put to the unhappy war with Mexico, as speedily as possible."

JANUARY 22, 1851. — I am sick of the selfishness of parties. I can train in none of their companies, and so am on my own hook. I would bear almost anything for to-day and to-morrow if, meantime, any hope were given me that the evil of slavery was to cease. I would bear, to save the country from ruin. But I foresee ruin coming from the continuance of slavery. In fifty years, if continued, it will destroy us, overwhelm the South and us with them. This cry of peace and do nothing I fear will end in evil.

My friends at Washington have been trying to make me independent in pecuniary affairs, and how do you think they proposed to do it? They have offered me a chaplaincy in the navy, which would give me $800 a year, and I stay here and be pastor of my parish as now. Or, if I pleased, I might be appointed to some pleasant squadron service for a year, see the world, and have a respite, receiving the full pay of a chaplain, some $1,500 a year; but I have declined. I have but one short life to give to any service, and I shall not give that to the army or navy. Nor will I have my name upon the rolls of the navy — though by suffering even this I might never go near a ship of war — and get $800, at least during this administration. I do not expect to do my country any signal service, but I will not take public money for doing nothing. I suppose my friends think me a fool; well, I can bear that.

At this time his salary barely supported his family; his own health he felt to be insecure; five children, the oldest just ready to go to Cambridge, were to be educated and started in life. The opportunity, however, was sacrificed without a moment's hesitation.

March 3, 1851, at Washington. — I find a world of things and people here to be seen and studied, and I have had a fine opportunity. I have stayed with Judge Hall, Postmaster-General, but am often at the President's, quite familiarly. I have seen the lions, and they are certainly not what at a distance they seem. This is the last night of the session. Congress will be in a hurly-burly all night, and I intend to see the affray. The House is a disgrace to the country, so noisy and disorderly I can scarcely follow the course of their proceedings. I shall be here one or

two weeks longer, then return directly home. My preaching here has been very favorably received. Many distinguished persons have come to worship with us from all parts of the Union. Maine, Missouri, South Carolina met together.

I had the pleasure of waiting upon two aged men to Washington, my father-in-law, Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth, and Esquire Fillmore, father of the President. They both are more than eighty years old. On the journey, at one time, Mr. Fillmore told us of his early life in the woods; and how, when Millard was born, he went seven miles through the forest for a physician, and when he returned, found the baby-boy rocking in a sap-trough for want of a better cradle. When we reached Washington, Mr. Fillmore stepped into the President's carriage, which was awaiting his arrival; and Dr. Kendall and I went to Judge Hall's. Finding that the President's last reception for the season was to be that evening, we hastened to be there. As we entered the reception-room, we saw the President with his cabinet and family, his father at his side. As soon as we had been cordially received, Dr. Kendall drew me aside and whispered: "Was there ever since the world began such a contrast as that group and the baby in the sap-trough?" It was indeed a contrast. The President was a handsome man in the prime of life, of fine bearing; his father was venerable, tall, and not much bowed down by his eighty years; his full gray hair and intelligent face at once drew attention, and he stood there by his son as no other father then had done, as calm and self-possessed as in his justice's court in some log-cabin of western New York. I was to be in Washington a few weeks, and Esquire Fillmore was to return home with me; but one day I met him and he said, "I am going home to-morrow." I said, "But why not wait for me?" "No, no," he said; "I will go. I do not like it here; it isn't a good place to live; it isn't a good place for Millard; I wish he were at home in Buffalo."

December 27, 1853. — The Boston affair came up in this shape: George Ellis wrote me by authority, asking me if I would preach two Sabbaths in November for the Bedford Street Society, and if they should give me a call with sufficient salary for five years, with the understanding that at the end of that time, should the experiment succeed, a final settlement would be made, whether I would entertain the proposition. I wrote that my health was now good, that my parish was a unit, that they and myself were mutually attached, and that though my means of living were not very ample, my family being expensive, yet that we could live, and that my inclination was to remain with my people. I should not leave without a certain prospect of greatly increased usefulness. Last Wednesday I gave the oration before the New England Society. I was invited to have it published, but I know better; the subject has been covered all up with eloquence. My oration did pretty well here, but it would appear small enough as compared with others.

March 23, 1853. — It is a hard service to build up and sustain a Unitarian society in any one of our Western cities. We are a feeble minority, and have to breast a powerful current of prejudice and opposition. Every week brings its trials to the nervous energies. The strong attractions of new and beautiful churches and numerous congregations draw away some. Others are most anxious about their business, and will go to church where they hope to find most patrons. Others are fashion followers, and keep with the *ton*. Marriage is a source of perpetual trouble to us. Trinitarians say they cannot worship with us without endangering their salvation. We can worship with them without fear of such jeopardy; so the result is apt to be a loss on our part. From such various causes we suffer a perpetual drain from our numbers. Some are coming and some are going every month; and for the last two or three years we

have barely held our own. Then a still greater trial comes in sustaining an active, earnest religious spirit. We are a little community by ourselves; have no help from abroad. Our Sabbath-school teachers can meet no conventions; our people have no gatherings with others of like faith. We are alone, and many grow cold and lifeless. We have some who are anti-orthodox and go no farther, and such persons in any atmosphere are clouds of hail.

But you must not understand from what I have said that we are always fighting with the churches around us. I am on terms of friendliness with the ministers of the city and neighborhood. I think they respect me, but they give me no strictly religious sympathy. My opinions, in their view, are dangerous, and must by all means be shut out. As you can see, it is hard to stand in such a position year after year. The strain upon one's nervous energy is very great. Then I have no relief by exchanges, — a constant burden of work. I presume I do not work nearly as many hours as you do, but three at least of the days of my week are filled with intense and very exhausting labor. To write and preach sermons that will move anybody, and perform the public devotional exercises of a parish, and meet the occasions of sorrow that arise, is the very hardest of work. This past winter I have grown weary under the burden, and long for relief. I have feared that trouble was coming to me from the too great exhaustion of nervous energy affecting the circulation of the blood. Sometimes my feet are cold and my brain surcharged. Twice the past winter I was unable to preach, dizzy and listless. When fatigued with writing, my brain sometimes feels paralyzed, and the slightest mental effort is a burden.

In this year, 1853, his Alma Mater recognized his hard and effective service, conferring upon

him at commencement, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

DECEMBER 28, 1854. — I am often solicited to entertain proposals for settlement in other cities. I have been invited to all the chief Western cities at different times, and several times New England has given me a wink to come home. Quite recently I had an intimation from Portland, Maine; but I have chosen to stay where I am.

In 1855, a most successful conference was held in the month of June, at Buffalo. In a letter to his people immediately after, he writes: —

I am inexpressibly happy, and write with tears of joy and hope. But do not suffer the blessed influences you have felt to pass away like the morning clouds or the early dew. I am sure that chords have been struck in my soul which will never cease to vibrate. O, my dear parishioners, keep your hearts and keep within them the good thoughts, feelings, and aspirations that have been suggested, and begin to work out the better purpose, which I am sure you must have formed!

It had been a time of extraordinary quickening, and the pastor hoped and prayed that the uplifting might not be merely transitory.

DECEMBER 30, 1856. — A happy New Year to you, my good friends, in your peaceful home! Take Richter's New Year's benediction: "May your life glide on serenely; but if storms must convulse or clouds darken, may there be no more clouds than may glitter in the sunlight, and no storms which the rainbow may not encircle. And may the Veiled

One of Heaven watch over your steps, and bring us to meet where clouds shall cease to darken and storms cease to convulse."

When at Concord, though I had no pleasant time for such a visit, I went to "Sleepy Hollow." It is a quiet place, and in summer must be a charming retreat from the world's noise and dust. I know not where my body's resting-place may be; my future is more uncertain than yours. Our little Edward lies at Northfield and Ella at our "Forest Lawn." For the rest, we wait for the future to open its mysteries.

DECEMBER 9, 1857.— I returned home last night. My tour no doubt strengthened our friends at Austinburg. I was absent a week, and spoke in that time at least ten hours. I lectured four times and preached Sunday. At Madison, on the Western Reserve, and at Erie, Pennsylvania, I gave a lecture upon "The Landing of the Pilgrims." At Austinburg I gave a lecture, "A Look into the Old Times; or, The Morning Twilight of the Christian Day"— gleams of light in Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato; and before the Grand River Institute I gave the lecture which uses Dr. Bowditch to illustrate the "Union of the Outward and the Inward Life."

About this time Dr. Hosmer preached a discourse upon the memories of twenty years of settlement. Says Rev. Mr. Cutter, his successor at Buffalo: —

During these years the city had more than quadrupled in numbers, and the society was at least three times as large as when he came to it. The church building had been enlarged and twice repaired. The number of families in the parish was about one hundred and twenty-five; the number of souls, about five hundred and fifty. "Our history," he writes, "furnishes no remarkable epochs. We have held

our own and made progress. We have lived in peace, and I trust there has been some growth in spiritual power and excellence." He had undoubtedly applied himself nobly and most disinterestedly with head and heart and hand during these twenty years of arduous service as preacher and pastor, and he had many grounds for encouragement and self-gratulation; and yet observe these words of modesty and humility with which he closes that chapter: "I feel a profound conviction of not having reached the mark of ministerial fidelity and success. I have yet, oh, how much to do! As I turn to the future years may the Father give me grace to become a more effectual minister of the Gospel of his Son!" I believe he always held his own success and attainments at a modest and moderate estimate. Thoroughly devoted he indeed was to his noble calling, and inspired as few ministers are by a grand ideal of the pastoral work and of the sacred privilege of delivering God's message of truth to His needy children, yet he was conscious of his inability to do all that he felt should be done, and leaned confidingly upon the Almighty to make the human word and work complete through divine grace.

In the spring of 1859 the church building caught fire, and was badly damaged by heat, smoke, and water. I have often heard the older members of our parish tell with what eloquence, fervor, and pathos Dr. Hosmer addressed them on the first Sunday after this calamity. It was May-day; the ground was covered with snow; they met to worship in Kremlin Hall, and their hearts were heavy and sad. The text chosen for the morning service was, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion." And from this text the faithful, courageous minister went on to dispel their gloom and disappointment, and to picture to them a brighter and happier future for their church. At this juncture the Niagara Street Methodist Society generously offered them the use of their church. Dr.

Hosmer was deeply touched by this act of Christian courtesy. Accustomed as he had been to continual opposition, abuse, or misrepresentation from other churches in the city, and cut off from ministerial fellowship with the clergy of Buffalo, his generous nature was strongly moved by so unexpected an offer of hospitality, and he wrote: "It would be worth the spoiling of many church edifices could such noble conduct be called forth from the differing denominations." And when the church had been repaired and made chaste and elegant in finish and furniture, he wrote: "Twice blessed we are for our calamity—blessed by the large charity from our Methodist neighbors, and blessed again by having a better church than ever before." There was great rejoicing when the church was reopened in August, and Dr. Hosmer preached to ever-increasing congregations, and with unwonted impressiveness and power. The society steadily advanced in numbers and in stability, and Dr. Hosmer's noble influence, as a minister and a man, made itself felt more widely and deeply than ever before. Pastor and people became with each passing year more intimately bound to one another in mutual confidence and esteem.

Early in 1861, a noteworthy scene was beheld in the church at Buffalo. Mr. Fillmore stood in his usual place, serene, clear-complexioned, with a courtly grace of bearing that had lately won admiration for him in the great courts of Europe, as it had before done in the White House. By his side stood a man, gaunt, angular, sallow, who, with melancholy face, bent reverently at the sound of the prayer. The minister spoke with solemn words; then coming from his pulpit, looked for a moment into the serious eyes of the

visitor, while he pressed his hand. It was Abraham Lincoln passing on to the fulfilment of his stormy destiny; even while the tumultuous forces which were to convulse the continent and accomplish at last his martyrdom, were beginning their thunderous outburst.

He writes as follows to a young minister:—

May 12, 1861. — I am glad to hear of your work and plans for your little folks. The religious instincts need education as well as the muscles or the mental faculties; and besides, in winning the children and benefiting them, you secure and bless the parents. Through the children you can get into the heart of the homes of your parish. I suppose by this time you have visited the most of your families, and in this way made your reconnoissance in order to plant your artillery and arrange your lighter forces so that all may be most effective. The man in the parish prepares the way for the man in the pulpit, and so the opposite in a degree. How many families have you? I am led every year to contemplate the ideal of a minister's life in my talks to the young men at Meadville. My work there has done me more good than the young men. We are always in danger of sinking by repetitions of exercises out of sight of worthy ideals. The minister, on his ordination day, sees something of his opportunities and duties, and feels his responsibilities; his heart throbs with great hopes. Unless he watches and prays and strives, in ten years the visions will have all vanished, and he will drag his load of ceremonious activities.

I love to look upon the familiar picture of Dante and Beatrice; she looks up to the supernal glories, and rises to them, and he, by gazing into her face, is inspired by her inspiration, and so they both rise into the spiritual heights. If a minister can be so blessed as to be to his

parish what Beatrice was to Dante, according to his poetic conception, then our profession becomes a divine office, — a grand ministry indeed.

I am rejoiced to learn that you are turning towards the Lord's Supper with strong interest. To me it is the grand rallying point of spiritual communion. I have always enjoyed it; no service has been so pleasant to me as that. Many times, on public occasions, I have administered it — once at Boston Anniversaries, and almost every year in our Western Conference. It is a heart-feast, a love-meeting. I give my heart the lead, and head is only second when I stand at the table and hear Christ say, "This do in memory of me." Take this keepsake; let Me dwell in your hearts that I may help you. The early Christians celebrated the supper at the graves of the martyrs. There they met, their spirits in sweet and tender communion. And so, at the communion I seem to feel, more than at any other time, that we are surrounded with a cloud of witnesses. Jesus seems especially near us, and He shows the Father — I in my Father, and He in me, and I in you. At the Lord's table I feel a little what a wondrous experience these words intimate. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, says if he were required to give up preaching or the administration of the Lord's Supper (and he spoke especially of affecting business men), if he must give up one, he should give up the preaching. He thinks nothing so deeply moves business men as by this service to be brought face to face before Christ, and be measured by His standards. Eliot strikes at the conscience. I would touch both conscience and heart, and nothing goes to the heart like Christ's love for us in this memorial, pleading with us to love Him so that He may be able to draw us to the Father. By all means make *the communion*, that is the term, a grand instrument of your ministry, and gather your people into the glorious fellowship of spiritual life.

A happy occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hosmer's installation in Buffalo. On the 13th and 20th of October, 1861, he preached two discourses, the one upon the "Memories of the Parish," the other upon "Memories of the Pulpit," reviewing the events and experiences of a quarter of a century. On the evening of October 16th over four hundred parishioners assembled at the parsonage, when the Hon. Millard Fillmore, in behalf of the church, presented him with an elegant service of silver. Pastor and parishioner had widely differed; the latter's public course had been disapproved; his well-intentioned kindness had been rejected. The minister had not forfeited, however, his hearer's respect. Mr. Fillmore said: —

This is but a slight testimony of our appreciation of your long, arduous, and successful labors among us. * * * I cannot enter into a detailed account of what you have done, nor of the beneficial influence you have exerted; but I must say that, with a meek and unassuming Christian deportment, an unspotted reputation, and a disinterested benevolence you have given your heart and soul to every benevolent object, to every charitable establishment, and every literary enterprise. These works are held in grateful remembrance, and for them we delight to honor you. * * * We have dwelt together in peace, sympathizing with each other, rejoicing in prosperity and mourning in adversity. * * * It is impossible that this relation should have existed so long without creating on your part a tender pastoral regard for those over whose welfare you have watched with so much

solicitude; and I am happy to be able to assure you that we reciprocate with grateful hearts and filial affection the warm attachment which you feel for us.

Addresses were also made by Mr. N. P. Sprague and Mr. O. G. Steele, expressing the sympathy and appreciation of the people for their beloved pastor. Wrote the Doctor in the records: —

It was a jubilee of joyous affection, a striking epoch in the history of our church. The beautiful gift of silver, as an expression of approbation and love, is invaluable.

THE

THRESHOLD OF OLD AGE.

Thy soaring spirit without loss
Did ever shoot from high to higher,
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter through the gross.

— [TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, XL.

Thou didst build statelier mansions for thy soul,
As the swift years did roll,
Leaving thy narrower past;
And each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length wert free.

— [HOLMES: *The Chambered Nautilus.*

CHAPTER VII.

DURING THE WAR.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1862. — By the time that this reaches you Edward and James will be enlisted in the Massachusetts regiment now forming in the counties of Franklin and Hampden. Edward would have been gone before now but for his near-sightedness. He has been rejected here, but Massachusetts surgeons are less particular in their acceptance of eyes. I am sure he will not fail in his duty; he is a spirited, manly fellow, and brings home a picture of himself as full of pluck and firmness as can be. He is nearly six feet in height, and quite strong. What times we live in! I may go to Washington next week on business of the United States Sanitary Commission, and see something among the hospitals of the terrific war.

The visit to Washington was made. Every opportunity was given him to see the workings of the Sanitary Commission. Hospitals were thrown open to him; and so, while his sons were marching to the field, he moved among the suffering which the field brings to pass, — a sad experience for a father already sufficiently anxious. Returning to Buffalo, he prepared a report which was widely circulated.

On the 21st of October of this year took place the marriage of his only daughter to Rev. W. H. Savary, of West Newton, Massachusetts. Church and parsonage overflowed with the

thronging friends, while gifts and good wishes without number gave evidence of the abounding love and good-will.

December 30, 1862. — Our strong interest at present is our scattered children. We have been gazing into that dark Banks expedition and anxiously awaiting some word from the soldier boys. By this time they may have seen severe fighting. Can you imagine what this waiting is to us? Two lives so precious to us amidst such perils! The possibilities, nay, the probabilities! Well, we have tried to make up our minds to whatever comes. God establish the right, whatever sacrifices we may be called to make! My report upon the Sanitary Commission astonishes me. One thousand copies were published by our Buffalo Ladies' Aid Society. As soon as this report was seen at New York and Washington, ten thousand were called for for Washington, and five thousand for New York; and since that, four thousand more, — and they continue to be called for. Many, they say, have been made to work and send their goods by the right way.

February 9, 1863. — Our Benjamin will never return to us. We have a grave on the shore of the Mississippi, and one on the shore of the Connecticut. Our younger Edward died of typhoid pneumonia, at Baton Rouge, the 24th of January. The funeral, with martial array, took place on the 26th. Edward has had too much care and responsibility. The two lieutenants of his company have been sick. The captain is no soldier, and Edward, as first sergeant, has really been the main stay, the best soldier of the company and the most effective man. Their work has been hard — much drilling, guard and picket duty. James has often written of Edward's character, conduct, and bearing — so spirited, manly, decisive, and full of authority, and yet a great favorite among the men. He had a great deal of natural force, and, without thinking of it, controlled

those about him. The noble, manly youth has died — given himself, with his youth, and strength, and promise, *all* to his country. When he enlisted, the matter had become serious, the poetic lights were extinguished; and going in as a private, it was indeed a noble sacrifice.

March 24, 1863. — The box containing the few things that were Edward's has come to us — his clothes, revolver, order-book, wallet, finger-ring, a picture that was in the room where he died. We hear from an officer, "Sergeant Hosmer was the idol of his company, and a favorite with the whole regiment." Said a fellow-sergeant who now fills Ed's place, "We have lost our best officer." Said a private, as he smoothed the sods over Edward's grave, tears welling into his eyes, "What shall we do without him? we have no officer that can handle us as he did."

He was, indeed, a beautiful and heroic youth, who well deserved a tribute of the warmest tears. In his softer moods his face resembled strongly that of Thorwaldsen's "Night," the lovely genius with the drooping lids, floating upon poised pinions through spaces of the darkness. It was not often, however, so subdued and quietly pensive. His bright blue eye was habitually wide open to the light, and the traits of his countenance charged with a force which made men give way before him in deference. In his place on the right flank of the company he was a superb young soldier, and it was hard to stand by helpless when the desperate camp-fever robbed his limbs of their vigor. In him our father seemed likely to live again. In the sol-

dier's cemetery at Baton Rouge, war's dismal storm has rippled the sward into a thousand grave-mounds. None covers a soldier higher-souled or finer moulded than our youthful sergeant, so prompt and brave!

Dr. Hosmer spoke out of his grief to his people, introducing his sermon by revelation of experiences of the most solemn interest. He said: —

I come to speak of God and His gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. I feel a sense of God upon my heart. I am humbled by a deep and vivid consciousness of dependence and recognition of wondrous favor. * * * Let me put reserve and perhaps common usage aside, and tell you how my soul fares in the sudden tempest, how its beliefs and theories stand the test, how it bears the trial. I am nothing. Sink the personality, and let me tell, if I can, out of some experience, how God brings His great gift of eternal life into the depths of the soul.

I was not stunned with unexpected suddenness. I had hoped; but I had thought of danger and probable risk; I had counted the cost; and when the blow came, the severest I have ever known, I learned with grateful joy that I could rest on my foundations. Solid ground was under my feet, and the good Father opened His heavens, and seemed near to me — perhaps never so near before — a presence ineffably tender and solemn, so that I cared not to use the common words and forms of prayer. In a poor way, I seemed to know what it was to be in God, and God in me, my heart submissive to His will, and my head resting in the bosom of the Father. * * *

This great fellowship of God with the soul, in its hour of

trial, is a wonderful thing to know. Human sympathy is very sweet; in affliction we long for it, and it helps us to bear our burdens; but this fellowship with the Father is more, deeper, richer — indeed, the sorrow may be so deep, and the soul so agonized, that in God alone it can find adequate companionship. "And we," said Jesus respecting a believer — the Father and I — "will come to him and make our abode with him." I think I have begun to know what this means; affliction has been giving me the experience. The good Father has made me feel His inspiring presence, and He has brought into my soul, all anew, His great gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Life and immortality are brought to light. If any doubt whether there is a life of spirit after the body dies, I do not agree with them. A stupendous argument for immortality is wrought into the human soul; it seems to me I feel it. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

I think I can lay my hand upon the foundations in the soul of faith in God and immortality. And then Christ brings immortality to light, by word, and deed, and resurrection; and Paul and John give confirmation strong as holy writ. I stand by the grave of young manhood. A friend comes with tender sympathy, and speaks kind words. But then he says, "Alas, the young man is dead! He is gone into the silent unseen — *gone!* and this world is bereft of all that with him came into it; and hope, pointing to a distant sometime, is all that is left to us."

I do not feel so; I cannot make him dead, but since that grave was made, more alive than ever before. "Gone before his time," says one; "snatched away by remorseless fate!" But I do not feel so. How old heathenism lingers in our language, its shadows still upon our hearts! Did you ever think how Christ ignored death — hardly ever spoke of it, excepting to set it aside? Life, not death, was the great

thing with him. Death of the body and the grave belonged to matter, and he discerned the spirit. I rejoice that I can look upon death as it comes so near me now, with no cold shudder; I can think of the grave into which earthly hopes and fond expectations have gone down forever, and still have visions of the living spirit, and joyous, grateful thoughts about it. *Not dead* — thanks be to God! not dead in that distant, lonely grave, but risen, and more here than there. I have not felt contact, nor heard a sound, nor seen a shadow; I do not care to. I feel no doubt that the spirit lives, and do not need nor ask for such signs to prove it to me. I am content. The spirit lives. I enjoy the thought that he may be near us, and know more about us than most persons think. Distance and cold, separating walls have nothing to do with spirit.

"But," says one, "he is gone from you; no more a clasp of the hand, nor word, nor look." I know; but then, *the thought* of that life. If I cannot have such intimacies with it as have been dear to me, I enjoy thought of its growth in power, love, fidelity — thought of its superior opportunities and higher, holier companionship. So long as I can believe he was honest and truthful, and in so large degree unspotted by the world, I can feel sure that his life beyond that grave is a continuation of what was best and noblest in the life here. Absence, even if there is absence, is not death and utter loss. Your child goes to a distant State, say for twenty years, and is then to meet you again. You are sure that his opportunities there will be greater, and that he will improve them and *be* more and *do* more than he could here. Should you not say, *Go*, even though grief should choke your utterance? During that twenty years you would find joy in thinking about the growth and welfare of that unseen child; and you would live upon the expectation of the meeting, when the time should come. So I can live in the great expectation, and make the time seem shorter by joyful thoughts of the dear departed in his grander, holier life.

That growing life in blessed immortality — how it takes hold upon my soul, as I think of it! The growth of inner life here is always wonderfully interesting; to see the strengthening of thought, the deepening of feeling, the beginnings of character, the coming on of gentle womanhood or courageous manliness, the rising into power of the moral and spiritual forces, until the life is full born, becomes a dearest joy.

It is like watching the day-break and morning to see a child, a youth, grow in life. But *here* we see only the beginning; there are no finished lives in the short period of existence, only preparations to build, only the fixing of corner-stones. Beyond death the work goes on; there are yet other births, and growth in spirit so large, so strong, so sweetly harmonious. I feel sure of it; and it fills my being with a solemn joy to think of the loved ones who have gone forward. There they climb, growing in life, knowing more and loving deeper, rising nearer to God, higher into heaven. *Lost*, do they say, dead and lost? O friends, are not our dear departed, though now invisible to us, given to our hearts more than ever — their names and memories henceforth to be the jewels of our souls — loving, reverent thoughts of them, our blessed angels?

I care not that my departed should come and touch my hand, to assure that he is alive. I feel sure of it now. I ask not that he should come and tell me that he is growing out of the way of evil into holier, grander life. I do not doubt it. With the instincts and foretokenings in my own soul, with the words of Christ and Paul and Peter and John, with the foregleams of the resurrection morning I do not doubt. And the nearer death comes to me — oh! I humbly thank God that I can say so — the more real and nearer to me does immortality become. Once it seemed to me obscure, dark, ghost-haunted; but every loved one gone before has made it lighter, brought it nearer to me, and now it begins to

seem my home. My friends, I can say this with all my soul. Whether it be my temperament, the early influences of my life, or meditation and forereaching thought — in whatever way God helped me to feel so, I devoutly thank Him. I know there is difference in people in belief and feeling of immortality, and what it contains. I have known many good men, who had darkening doubts, and occasional distrust and fear. To such I would whisper, Hope, hope on; honest doubts may be very far from sin. There is some truth, yet not the deepest, in the old adage, "Strong thinkers are strong doubters."

It is harder for some to believe than others. Thomas must see the print of crucifixion nails. If shadows lie around you; if the graves of your departed make you weep, so that you cannot see the stars, nor even the breaking daylight of heavenly immortality, go to the feet of Jesus, the great Spirit-seer. He was agonized in the garden, but it was not because He was to put off the mortal and put on immortality the next day; He had received God's great gift of eternal life, and rose above death and the grave, to be the "resurrection" and the "life." Stand with Him; take the inspiration of His thought; see through His eyes; and the veils and walls of matter will become transparent, no longer blinding and imprisoning; death and the grave will grow less and less, and life more and more.

I am not troubled about the circumstances of eternal life, if I can lay hold of the life itself with earnest expectation. I am not anxious about many things — how shall we know our friends, how communicate with them, how fast grow, where live? Interesting questions, but I am content to leave them for God to answer in His own blessed way. When I see my handwriting, and hear my tongue speaking, and feel my soul pouring out its meaning to you, I understand how wonderfully God has fitted us to live in communion here; and I rest assured that the same wise Goodness will

fit us to live in communion *there*. Indeed, I would be anxious about nothing but to improve my opportunity to co-operate with God, and do and be just what he would have me. With all whom I love I would dwell in God, and He in us, sure of His fatherly care this side the grave or beyond it; and expectation shall be kept alive by these great words: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

To quote again from letters, Dr. Hosmer writes: —

August 14, 1863. — James is at home, and it seems like receiving one from the dead to see him here. His regiment came here on their way from Port Hudson home, on Sunday, the 2d instant. James sent me a dispatch from Marion, Ohio, which came at ten o'clock Saturday night, saying they should be here Sunday morning. Sunday morning I called up from their beds three or four men of my society, and we went to work to make ready a reception; and when the hour of public service came I went to church, and after prayer and singing, I told the people to go and prepare to feed the hungry and minister to the sick. At noon we were ready to feed eight hundred men and care for a large number of sick, on long tables in the great depot. I made a short reception speech to the "men of Massachusetts, soldiers of the Union and of liberty, emancipators of the Mississippi River!" and Mr. Moors, the chaplain, answered. The whole affair was very fine, and I set the other churches going so that all the other returning regiments of New England, eight or nine already and more expected, have been fed and cared for very generously.

October 5, 1863 (to Herbert). — The week round

again, and the big stone to be rolled up the hill for another week. Well, there is always a week for the work to be done. I dread writing, and yet I enjoy it when once engaged. I suppose we all dread work, and yet we are happier within it than we should be without it. Last week I had a struggle, a multiplicity of cares. I was expecting coal, so I began my sermon Wednesday, not a very clear idea, but I wrote a quarter. Thursday I had my agricultural address in the press to look after, and mother had company to dine, so I did nothing on my sermon. Friday I tried, but could not move — was expecting coal — had a wedding from Canada — mind divided. Two or three times I rushed at the sermon, but nothing was done. Coal came and the men, and I hired them to finish it Friday night. Society came in the evening, and I supposed I must fall back on the "barrel." Saturday morning I rushed once more on the sermon, however, and carried it through pleasantly enough, and was ready to go to a funeral at Black Rock, in the Methodist Church, at two o'clock. Those assaults upon my subject Friday forenoon were desperate. I might have given up and burned the beginning, but that I will never do, I always finish the subject I begin, come out what may, and this thing that was dragged out so painfully turned out pretty well. Tug on and never give up, is the moral.

May 26, 1864, at Washington. — I write at the Speaker's desk, and with his paper and pen, in his splendid room. In half an hour it will be twelve o'clock, and then we go into the hall close by. The Speaker strikes one blow with his gavel, and I make a prayer of about three minutes. The members rise and stand during the service. Every word of the prayer has reference to the place, the time, the government — brief and pertinent as I can make it. Mr. Channing has gone to the front, and I have his duties to perform. Last Sunday I was in the Capitol as preacher,— in the Hall of Representatives. It is a grand place to speak in. There is

a choir but no organ. The audience is composed chiefly of strangers at the capital, many soldiers, members of Congress. I enjoyed the service more than I expected to.

April 22, 1865, at Hilton Head, S. C. — It is delightful coming into these summer seas and balmy climes. I went from here to Charleston — interesting enough to see the scene of so much battle-strife — a fine old city, sadly injured now from fires and bomb-shells. The 14th was Fort Sumter day. Steamers gaily dressed with flags, with music and uniforms of all descriptions, carried down the great company. Arrived at the fort, we gathered into the centre, an amphitheatre, the flag-staff in the middle, four or five hundred feet in diameter. All around were the case-mated chambers and passage-ways, in which were the men and guns. The salute was grand, the booming cannon from so many forts and ships. Mr. Beecher's speech you have seen. All went off well, and the day was a worthy offset to the 14th of April, 1861.

In the summer of 1865 Dr. Hosmer spent six weeks in Bangor, Maine, while the pastor of the Bangor Unitarian Church, Rev. C. C. Everett, supplied for Dr. Hosmer at Buffalo. The exchange gave delightful renewal of friendship, especially in the family of Chief Justice John Appleton, whose wife was born in, and came from, Northfield, Massachusetts. Many courtesies and attentions also came from the interesting families in the Bangor society. The Sunday congregations grew to be very sympathetic and inspiring. It was during the time of this summer journey to Bangor, that an opportunity happily came for making the rounds of Mt. Desert.

Dr. Hosmer arranged for a carriage journey. He met his son-in-law, the Rev. William H. Savary, at Ellsworth, twenty-six miles toward Frenchman's Bay, and near Mt. Desert, and the two, with a private conveyance, enjoyed the enchanting drives for three days over the island and amid the hills.

December, 21, 1865, at Toledo, Ohio. — I am out upon a lecturing tour to Mansfield, Ohio, and from here I go to Hillsdale, Michigan, to the college and village. I lecture on the New England fathers; they are all along with me, though the railroad men don't see them, and they go free. I am Old Mortality, chiseling the moss from the forefathers' grave-stones, to save their names from oblivion and to keep their spirit in the hearts of the people.

A beautiful young wife lay upon her death-bed, concerning whom he wrote: —

January 3, 1866.— Dear Lizzie suffering still, and all of you watching so tenderly around her! Every day we are talking of you all. I should so love to watch with you, so that when the door opens to let the sweet girl into Heaven, I might share with you the glimpses of peace and glory that may be caught. O, I know the grief in all your hearts; and yet how wondrous the schooling of these last years under your roof! What thoughts of the Good Father, of the Immortal Spirit, of the Heavenly Home have made their abode with you! What but such experiences could have so moved you from death unto life? Lizzie has been made patience and love and hope to all of you in her suffering. In her trial your faith has come to vision. Dear girl, be of good cheer; the angels are near you, and more than all

angels or earthly friends, the loving Father folds you in His arms! There is no death in His presence, and no dark valley to go through. The light of His countenance is love, peace, joy. Jesus is in the blissful mansion putting a light in every window to cheer and guide the homeward-bound. Sweet, weary pilgrim, be of good cheer!

In the fall of 1866 the life at Buffalo came to an end, Dr. Hosmer accepting the Presidency of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, in the memorial article already quoted from the *Unitarian Review*, sums up Dr. Hosmer's ministry in Buffalo in these words:—

Buffalo was rightly deemed a place in which the good seed well planted would bring forth rich harvests and scatter new seed widely abroad. It needed a man of marked wisdom, large capacity of labor, self-poise, and power to endure professional solitude, and to meet general opposition. Mr. Hosmer was selected from many candidates as one who could be trusted to fill that trying place, which had lost its previous minister by secession from our ranks into the Episcopal Church. He was fortunate in originally having in his small congregation a few of the best and most able men in the community; and the little society was fortunate in getting a minister who possessed the sterling qualities that sooner or later secure the best kind of success for a Christian church. It is difficult to conceive of a healthier and more vigorous growth than that which attended Mr. Hosmer's labors in Buffalo. He laid his foundations deep, in a painstaking, instructive ministry in the pulpit and the class-room, watching carefully the religious education of the children and youth, indoctrinating the people studiously in the opinions

for which he stood as sponsor in that place, while never allowing a sectarian or contentious spirit to dull the religious life which above all he represented and urged home upon the people. Earnest, painstaking, studious, and zealous as a preacher, he was equally active and devoted as a pastor, and became the personal friend and adviser of every family in his fold. Rarely has any minister united so perfectly the preacher and pastor. He had the best New England traditions in his blood, and he honored them with his full strength. Simple, sincere, clear, and unambitious of anything except usefulness in his preaching, he brought a fervor of spirit, a flow of feeling, and a copiousness of words to his themes that fully met the taste and satisfied the thirst for earnestness in speech which characterizes new and thriving communities. He laid the foundations of friendships in Buffalo that outlast two generations. He poured into the community a public spirit, a Christian morality, and a reverence for sacred things, such as novelty of theological opinions always threatens or impairs. He was thoroughly convinced and perfectly pronounced in his liberal views — a sound, unflinching Unitarian — in days when we had no schools, no right and no left wing, but were united in a common faith, by the pressure of a general opposition to the most moderate departure from Orthodoxy. But he possessed the rare power of making no enemies, persuading without driving, and enlightening without alarming the prejudices he sought to overcome. This was largely due to his great native reverence of spirit, and his essential geniality of temper. None could doubt his own piety, or the moral power and beauty of his spirit and conduct. He recommended his opinions by his holy and consecrated life and character.

Thirty years of ripe manhood spent in one community and in one society, laboriously and with full consent of his affections, he meanwhile enjoying his hardest work, knowing little ill health or weariness; feeling little discouragement or

cause for abating his hope and courage, or for changing his wise and prudent policy; equally respected in his public career and in his domestic and private character; consulted by his fellow-citizens, and making himself known and felt as a public-spirited citizen, a friend and supporter of education, of just reforms, and of all philanthropic causes, above all as a Christian gentleman; dignified and consistent in his carriage; humane and open to every cry; accessible, and never sparing himself when his services, counsels, or help were demanded; a companion for the best, and not above the society of the least or the worst if he could serve or instruct them, Mr. Hosmer had a model society and a model ministry in Buffalo. The strength of his life went into his work there. He left permanent, ineffaceable marks on city and people, and on the good cause of liberal Christianity through the West. He had the full confidence of the Eastern Unitarians, who rejoiced to have so pure, prudent, and holy a representative of their cause nearer by seven hundred miles than themselves to a field that opened at Buffalo and extended to the Mississippi. Probably few of our ministers have ever won so wide a diocese as this unordained bishop, — a bishop by his breadth of sympathies, his patience of labors, his readiness to journey on the business of the churches, his profound interest in the labors of the younger men, his missionary zeal, and his fatherly temper.

In taking leave of his parish he said: —

This occasion has come unsought and unwelcomed. It is painful to us all. Our old relations are all in my heart. Yet let us rejoice in the light of pleasant memories, of mutual helpfulness gladly rendered and gratefully received. Your homes have been my home, and I have tried to make my home yours. Our joys and sorrows we have borne together. Our church-life has been precious and beautiful. Few so-

cieties have been so favored. Offences must come and have come; yet you have borne with me, and I am often very grateful that the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. The memory of all this friendly, affectionate life fills my heart with gratitude. I thank God and I thank you. Not all has been done that we might have hoped. It is not all well. Not all have been true worshippers and good workers — yet let us humbly rejoice in the measure of good that has been accomplished. As I think of the lives of some who have been with us and now have gone on, and of others still with us, I feel a joy that cannot be uttered. My h eart grows very tender towards you all at the thought of parting. In what scenes of trial we have stood together! in what hours of darkness, looking for the upper light! amidst what wrecks of earthly expectation, trying to think of the unfailing inheritance! O, my people, beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, I rejoice in the good Providence that has brought our lives together!

In the records he writes: —

The breaking up of our life here and leaving old friends is very painful; it is almost like the death agony. Yet our people have behaved most nobly. Here I write the last words of this record. May God bless the people, who have been so kind and generous to me and mine these thirty years! May peace and joy abide with them forever!

CHAPTER VIII.

AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

"PERHAPS," says Dr. Bellows, "few persons are so responsible as the present writer for Dr. Hosmer's removal from the scene of such a beautiful and successful ministry to the Presidency of Antioch College. He had compunctions at the time, and feels them still. For Dr. Hosmer left a succeeding, not to say a victorious position, to assume the charge of a college under trial and in pecuniary distress, — which never recovered the loss of Horace Mann, its first president, and probably the only man then living who could have continued to hold the college up. It was created by his singular genius, and it died, to all intents, when he died.

Yet his seven years in the post of President of Antioch College were years of marked and beautiful influence over the few students there, and were even more marked by the growth they gave his own mind, and the fresh start he took in his studies and in his opinions. There he found more leisure to read and study, to write with care; an audience of young men, with fresh and advancing minds, and a certain critical temper, literary and otherwise, which every academic preacher learns to respect. It was evident to those who had known Dr. Hosmer longest and best, that this change of place and of responsibilities was tonic and strengthening. He was sixty-three when he went to Yellow Springs (Antioch College), and there he remained seven years, — that is, until he was near seventy. This is not a period of life in which ministers or other professional men usually make

progress, or widen out intellectually or spiritually. But he certainly did. And in this he showed that the youth of the heart is a substitute for genius, and shares with it the privilege of keeping the mind elastic and expansible.

Dr. Hosmer was never an original or masterly thinker, and had no exacting intellectual appetite for difficult and knotty problems on which some strong minds exercise and develop themselves. We must doubt if his native and spontaneous faith was not too vigorous ever to leave him at the mercy of painful misgiving about foundations. He was a Christian by nature, — a believing, hoping, trusting spirit; and all his experience fed his faith and strengthened it until it became the law and habit of his soul, — a blessed good fortune! But his sympathies were altogether too active and his impulses too generous not to make him alive to the questions and difficulties of others, and he had sufficient scholarship and vigor to enable him to understand modern doubts and difficulties for young and thoughtful men. This gave a certain breadth and openness and pliableness to his views, and his lectures and preaching, which recommended them even to the active inquirers or troubled doubters of the new day. It saved him from becoming a fine petrifaction or a well-preserved specimen of an otherwise extinct species of theological opinions. He grew in capacity of thought, in liberality of views, in courage, and in toleration. He was not one of the men whom it was easy to scare by alleging the dangerous tendencies of opinion among young students of our times. He knew that Christianity had outlived a great many such threats, and he felt sure it would survive all new perils of the same sort. Accordingly, he was gentle and forbearing with youthful doubts; could tolerate all shades of honest opinion, and kept his horror wholly for practical unrighteousness and unholy living."

The removal to Yellow Springs took place in

September, 1866. Dr. Hosmer was accompanied by his son James, who, at the same time, left his parish at Deerfield to become Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the college. They arrived together, with their families, on a tempestuous evening, finding shelter from the storm, though hardly from homesickness, in a little tavern of the village. The ample president's house received them, however, and in a few days the foundations were laid of a pleasant home. When the term opened the number of students, large and small, was not far from two hundred, to a large extent young men and young women of excellent promise, to labor for whom was a pleasure. The sightly group of college buildings crowned a highland which sloped gently eastward for nearly a furlong to the brink of a deep glen. Upon the opposite bank of this chasm the "Yellow Spring," a chalybeate spring of remarkable fulness, poured its torrent over rocks stained yellow by its strong mineral quality, and swelled into importance the current of the brook which wound its way between beetling walls of limestone, overhung by the growths of a dense forest, to empty at last in the Little Miami, a mile or two southward. The situation was most healthful, and rich in natural beauties. Large towns, moreover, lay north and south at the distance of ten miles;

the cities of Ohio were all easily accessible; the country full of a thriving, intelligent population. Aloof in its beautiful seclusion, yet so approachable from all directions, Antioch College, at first view, seems to occupy the ideal position for an institution of learning. Properly manned with teachers of ability and learning, properly administered by a judicious head, what more could be wanting to a fine success? It is not strange Antioch has found enthusiastic friends, who have worked and given without stint, in the conviction that the college *must* some time flourish. It was the darling project of the greatest genius who, in America, has devoted himself to education. It has had the finest ability in its faculty. It has given a president to Harvard, a president to the new Ohio University at Columbus, a vice-president to Cornell. It has furnished instructors for Cambridge, for New Haven, for Ithaca, for Johns Hopkins University, for several of the great State universities of the West. Voices that have since taught crowds of youths in some of the famous educational centres of the country, have sounded to little purpose in the great empty spaces of Antioch, the attractive power which they came, under other conditions, to possess, failing for some reason here.

Dr. Hosmer undertook the Presidency of Antioch when, in 1866, it had been declined by

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, without extravagant expectations, though with a good degree of hope. For several years he had been a trustee of the institution, and was familiar with its peculiar embarrassments. A new chapter in its history, he felt, was now opening. Old debts had been wiped away; an endowment of $100,000 was in the hands of its trustees; the fairest promises had been made of further gifts; powerful friends were working for it with heart and soul. He himself, he could feel honestly, was not without important qualifications for the position. He knew the West well; he had had much intercourse with, and been acceptable to, the Christians, the body by whom the college had been founded, and who, it was believed, would still give it their support. In his earlier life he had been efficient in school-work, and at Meadville he had proved his power to interest young men. He was not so old that it would be difficult to renew his knowledge of branches he might be required to teach; he could rely, from long experience, upon his ability to put a matter attractively before an audience; his thirty-seven years' experience as a minister, in positions of unusual difficulty, had familiarized him in general with embarrassment and the best way to meet it.

As time went on, however, hope failed. In

the State of Ohio there were some forty institutions claiming to furnish "the higher education," whereas there was perhaps room for but one. The competitions that came to pass were disastrous, leading to trickery, to lowering of standards, to untruthful claims, until a weight of disrepute rested upon the colleges of the State, and students that could afford it went beyond its bounds for an education. Then, again, Antioch was a "college without a constituency." The Unitarians of the West were too few, and too indifferent, to help greatly; it was found impossible to win the confidence of the Christians; the unchurched Liberals passed it by, or, if they lent a hand, did harm rather than good by arousing the suspicion that Antioch favored infidelity, the Bloomer reform, free-love, or what not.

As there were external embarrassments, so the internal administration was not at all a bed of roses. The company of students, though not large, was ill-assorted. The seniors on their way through the halls to their lecture in metaphysics were forced to dodge the children of the infant school, having a moment's respite from learning the alphabet. The vast variety in age, acquirement, and character was still more troublesome in the discipline of the institution than in the class-room. A code of rules had to be devised suitable for children in their teens,

and for people sometimes more than thirty. Moreover, as regards the coming together of the two sexes. Where no responsibility rests upon college officers outside of the class-room for students, the difficulties of co-education are undoubtedly slight. Where, however, the responsibility exists for the whole life of students, the difficulty of administration greatly increases. At Antioch the young people were collected into two parallel buildings, separated by an interval of a few rods, in one of which lived the young ladies under charge of a matron, in the other the young men. The common table at which both sexes met was in the basement of the young ladies' hall. As regards society and amusement, there were no resources for the students outside of the college-grounds. From first to last the company of young people at Antioch was, for the most part, excellent, — as serious, high-minded, and reasonable, no doubt, as can be found. Every one, however, who has had any experience of life, and is at all cognizant of the facts of human nature, will feel that the head responsible for the good order of such a mixed assemblage would have cause for anxiety. As a fact, cases that required very delicate handling often arose; and though anything like immorality was absolutely unheard of, the utmost watchfulness and tact were always necessary.

For causes outside and in, the number of students slowly but constantly dwindled, though the Antioch life in many ways was exceedingly pleasant, and the faculty was probably never abler or more faithful. The hopes with which Dr. Hosmer undertook the position, therefore, underwent increasing discouragement. Moreover, a deafness which had begun to appear before he left Buffalo increased year by year, until it became hard for him to discharge the work of the class-room. In 1872, his son James removed from Yellow Springs to Missouri. Dr. Hosmer felt that the remnant of his life could be spent to better advantage elsewhere, and that another man could guide more efficiently the work that was to be done. In 1873 he resigned his post — the trustees, the faculty, the students, the friends of the college in general, showing a deep, often a tearful regret that the parting must come, for it can be truthfully said, his own conviction that the time had come for him to go was not shared by others.

The life at Antioch had another side than that of misfortune and disappointment, which should have emphatic presentment. Constant proofs of the respect and affection in which he was held came to Dr. Hosmer from students and faculty, following him to his new home, and not ceasing until his death. His class-room was a favorite place; his pulpit ministrations made impression; in his journeys to and fro he won respectful hear-

ing to sermon and address. No picture of Antioch life would be at all fair which should omit certain pleasant features that were quite peculiar to the college. At frequent intervals the parlors, halls, and piazzas of the president's house were thrown open to the students and their friends. Light, music, flowers made it attractive; the evening was given to delightful and refining intercourse; in indirect but effective ways the young men and women were brought under humanizing influences. At Thanksgiving, faculty and students dined together in the common hall, an atmosphere of good cheer and good feeling prevailing which gave the occasion the air of a great family festival; at Commencement, for several years, one evening was given up to the presentation of some noble play in the chapel, the glen rifled of its green and flowers to make rich the mimic garden, the village ransacked for properties to give elegance to palace hall, the shapely youths and graceful maids reciting, as they moved, the verses of our grandest poets.

These dramatic performances were described afterward in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by the professor under whose care they were given.* From this paper the following extract is made:—

Our play at the last Commencement was "Much Ado

* "The New Wrinkle at Sweetbrier," in the number for July, 1872.

About Nothing." It was selected six months before, and studied with the matertal in mind (the students in the literature class) available for the different parts. What is there, thought I, in *Beatrice* (sprightliness covering intense womanly feeling) that our vivacious, healthful Ruth Brown cannot master; and what in *Benedick*, her masculine counterpart, beyond the power of Moore to conceive and render? It is chiefly girlish beauty and simple sweetness that *Hero* requires, so she shall be Edith Gray. *Claudio*, *Leonato*, *Don John*, *Pedro* — we have clean-limbed, presentable fellows who will look and speak them all well; and as for lumbering *Dogberry*, Abbot, with his fine sense of the ludicrous, will carry it out in the best manner. A dash of the pencil here and there through the lines, where Shakespeare was suiting his own time and not the world as it was to be after three hundred refining years, and the marking out of a few scenes that could be spared from the action, and the play was ready; trimmed a little, but with not a whit taken from its sparkle or pathos, and all its lovelier poetry untouched. Then came long weeks of drill. In the passage —

> O my lord,
> When you went onward to this ended action,
> I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, etc,

Claudio caught the fervor and softness at last, and seemed in love indeed. *Ursula* and *Hero* rose easily to the delicate poetry of the passages that begin —

> The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
> Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And —

> Look where Beatrice like a lap-wing runs.

Pedro got to perfection his turn and gesture in —

> The wolves have preyed; and look, the gentle day,
> Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
> Dapples the drowsy East with spots of gray.

With the rough comedy of *Dogberry* and the watchmen, that foils so well the real tragedy of poor *Hero*'s heart-breaking and contrasts in its blunders with the diamond-cut-diamond dialogue of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, there was less difficulty. From first to last it was engrossing labor, as hard for the trainer as the trained, yet still delightful work; for what is a conscientious manager but an artist striving to perfect a beautiful dramatic picture? The different personages are the pieces of his mosaic, who in emphasis, tone, gesture, by-play, must be carved and filed until there are no flaws in the joining, and the shading is perfect. But all was ready at last, from the roar of *Dogberry* at the speech of *Conrade* —

> Away! you're an ass, you're an ass!

To the scarcely articulate agony of *Hero*, when she sinks to the earth at her lover's sudden accusation —

> O, Heavens! how am I beset!
> What kind of catechising call you this?

I fancy you ask, rather sneeringly, as to our scenery and stage adjuncts. Our hall at Sweetbrier is as large as the Christ Church refectory at Oxford, and handsomely proportioned and decorated. A wide stage runs across the end. We found some ample curtains of crimson, set off with a heavy yellow silken border, of quite rich material, which had been used to drape a window that had disappeared in the course of repairs. This, stretched from side to side, made a wall of brilliant color against the gray tint of the room. The stage is the one thing in the world privileged to deceive. The most devoted reader of Ruskin can tolerate shams here. The costumes were devised with constant reference to Charles Knight, and to the eye, were the gayest silk, satin, and velvet. There was, moreover, a profusion of jewels, which, for all one could see, sparkled with all the lustre of the great

Florentine diamond, as you see it suspended above the imperial crowns in the Austrian Schatzkammer at Vienna. The contrasts of tint were well attended to: *Pedro* was in white and gold, *Claudio* in blue and silver, *Leonato* in red; while our handsome *Benedick*, a youth of dark Italian favor, in doublet of orange, a broad black velvet sash, and scarlet cloak, shone like a bird of paradise.

There was a garden scene, in the foreground of which, where the eyes of the spectators were near enough to discriminate, were rustic baskets with geraniums, fuchsias, and cactuses, to give a southern air; in the middle distance, armfuls of honeysuckles in full bloom were brought in and twined about white pilasters. There was an arbor overhung with heavy masses of the trumpet-creeper. A tall column or two, surmounted with graceful garden vases, were covered about with raspberry vines, the stems of brilliant scarlet showing among the green. A thick clump of dogwood, whose large white blossoms could easily pass for magnolias, gave background. The green was lit with showy color of every sort; handfuls of nasturtiums, now and then a peony, larkspurs for blue, patches of poppies, and in the garden vases high on the pillars (the imposition!) clusters of pink hollyhocks, which were meant to pass for oleander blossoms, and did.

It was brought in at sundown, still wet with the drops of the afternoon shower, which had not dried away when all was in place. First it was given under gas; then, the hall being darkened, a magnesium light gave a moon-like radiance, in which the dew on the buds glistened, and the mignonette seemed to exhale a double perfume, and a dreamy melody of Mendelssohn's, sung by two sweet girl voices, floated out about the "pleached bower" like a song of nightingales.

Then toward the end came the scene of the chapel and *Hero's* tomb. To the eye our *Hero's* tomb was a block of spotless marble seen against a background of black, with a

fair figure recumbent upon it, whose palms and lids and draping the chisel of an artist seemed to have folded and closed and hung — all idealized again by the magic of the magnesium light. As the crimson curtain was drawn apart, an organ sounded, and a far-away choir sent into the hush the "Ave Verum" of Mozart, low-breathed and solemn.

They were American young men and young women, with no resources but those of a fresh-water college, and such as their own taste, and the woods and gardens, could furnish; but the young men were shapely and intelligent, and the young women had grace and brightness; their hearts were in it, and in the result surely there was a measure of "sweetness and light" for them and those who beheld.

At our little Sweetbrier I have no doubt our *Hermione*, when we gave the "Winter's Tale," had all the charm of Mademoiselle de Veillanne, who played *Esther* for Racine and Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. I have no doubt our *Portia*, in the "Merchant of Venice," in the trial scene, her fine stature and figure robed in the doctor's long silk gown, which fell to her feet, and her abundant hair gathered out of sight into an ample velvet cap, so that she looked like a most wise and fair young judge, recited —

The quality of mercy is not strained,

In a voice as thrilling as that in which Mademoiselle de Glapion gave the part of *Mordecai*. I am sure Queen Elizabeth would think our young cavaliers, well-knit and brown from the base-ball field, "right martial knights, having swart and manly countenances." If she could have seen our *Antonius*, when we gave the act from Massinger's most sweet and tender tragedy of the "Virgin Martyr," or the noble *Cæsar*, in our selection from Beaumont & Fletcher's "False One," she would have been as ready with the guineas as she was in the case of the son of the dean of Christ Church.

The dramatic performances at Antioch were unique; there was much else, also, peculiar and very pleasant. It should be distinctly said that Dr. Hosmer, more than some of his colleagues, felt even to the last, that the good results coming from the association of the sexes after the Antioch plan, more than counter-balanced the embarrassments.

He writes, just after undertaking his work: —

November 21, 1866. — Yes, even so far from the old elm trees at Concord — full fifty minutes behind them in the whirl of our planet, but you may tell the old trees we shall be sure to be following on. Could I only persuade those venerable guardians of my childhood to come and glorify our college-yard, how proud of them I should be! But I will not rob Aunt Lydia, and if I would I guess the old elms would object to the journey. They are well enough off. So here we are with our implements of education and the germ of a college, one hundred and thirty-five students, and we hope in five years to have three hundred, with one hundred in the college classes. I live in hope to save the college and make it a permanent blessing, and if having done all I can, I fail, I shall have peace.

After the death of a grandchild: —

June 25, 1869. — Our dear little Eliot passed away last night about eight o'clock. Suddenly his breath ceased, and without a struggle he was gone! The little form lies in his father's study, and at four o'clock to-day we are to lay him in our quiet cemetery. He was a dear little fellow, almost never cried, and took what came so patiently. When his

mother was sick, he took what rations he could get, and like a soldier, kept on with the column. He seemed determined to live, but last night, alas! he could endure no longer. He fell out, sweet little soldier, and to-day we have a saddened sense of broken ranks and loss.

JANUARY 10, 1870. — You have more of a story to tell of your life than I have of mine. I am what I am — not very much, but what I am without knowing why. I have come along borne by influences about me quite as much as by decisions and judgments of my own. I think you and I were favored by auspicious currents in getting into our professions. My uncle Rufus wished me to be a lawyer with him, and I remember you thought at one time of the ministry. Your scientific tendency and discipline would not have availed you in the ministry, and probably I have done better as a minister than I should as a lawyer. My profession has always been pleasant to me. My nature has made its work, if not easy, so full of fine uplifting feeling, that I have borne hardship and found a joy in it. Writing has never been easy; my thought, being born out of our emotion, has worn upon my nature, and every week I have been used up. But a good constitution and a care for recuperation have kept me along, and I am now stronger and better than I was five years ago. My coming here has been well for me. I had begun to break under the parish load. Here the points of pressure are changed, and I have grown stronger.

He feels the touch of bodily infirmity, and at the same time is becoming hopeless of success in the work he has undertaken to do: —

MAY 1, 1872. — I have two weak points, the bronchial tubes and the bowels, cold touching the one and heat the other. I have come through the winter pretty well without

utter disability, but only moderately capable. Our college labors hard in the sea and makes no progress. There must be retrenchment of expense, and I think I shall retire at Commencement. A professor can act as president and be teacher, too. My thought is to retire to some quiet nook where I can fill an easy place and work along while strength lasts. So we rough-hew our ends, but God shapes them. Do you know that William is engaged to a Miss Grant, of Oswego, an excellent lady? The brilliant wedding of her parents was at Buffalo, her father then a member of Congress, thirty-five years ago. I remember passing the house, standing in the winter evening and gazing at the pageantry and listening to the music — so strange to the Northfield minister, little thinking of the interest I was to have in the fruits of that wedding.

To his daughter, at her "tin wedding": —

October 14, 1872, at Yellow Springs. — The years — the years — how they do fly away! So, nearly ten since your wedding-day, when the parsonage at Buffalo was full of gifts and smiling with gladness! So, nearly thirty-one since those two little strangers came to us for care and love, with such a dower of wealth that they were able to pay us good round prices for all that we did for them! Hardship there has been. The parish was small, and the minister used to get sadly discouraged. Every sixpence must serve for a shilling, and debts multiplied faster than the little ones; but we held on our way and did better as years went by. But what has all this to do with bridal and birthday felicitations? Not at all the music for the tin wedding. Begone, dull care and prosy talk — come, rattle of tin! I wish we had an old-fashioned tin-peddlers' wagon, full, to send into the Ellsworth parsonage bright and noisy.

To a dear friend who lay upon her death-bed :—

May 10, 1873. — With deep interest I have followed you along since I heard of your serious illness. I had hoped you might revive with the spring, and I still hope. In the soft, dry air may you come back with the birds and flowers! But from all I hear I must reverently say, as I know you are saying every day: "Not my will, but Thine be done." I hear of your patience, and faith, and trust, and I should know you would be at peace, calmly looking into immortality, not thinking so much of the body's failing strength and its dissolution as of the opening life of the spirit. I have never been so sick as to seem to myself just at the gates of the spiritual world. I know not, therefore, by experience how I should feel and think; but I hope I should so stand in faith and hope and love toward God and every brother and sister of His family, that the great peace of the Father would overshadow me. Why should we dread to go onward? Why so cling to this world? This world has not much to give that you could receive. With broken health you could only expect infirmities that would withhold you from activity and give you pain. It is a kind Providence that will set the spirit free, and give it other investment in other mansions of the Father's house. I do not make great account of death; there is no dying and going down into the grave for the spirit. It will keep on living; dying is only of the body, and at once, I believe, the spirit enters the spiritual world, where it will have thought, and love, and will, — not so very different from what we have known here, except that "we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known." I do not trouble myself much about the circumstances of the spiritual life. God has known how to suit us to our condition here, and He will know how to suit the future to us, and I can trust and rest in Him. I think we shall somehow find our friends who have gone before us.

The last days at Antioch were sad, but his humor remained fresh and genial: —

MAY 12, 1873. — MY DEAR MRS. JARVIS: I must tell you what a charming visit we had from your husband. It seemed so fitting, that after forty years he should come and sit down with us four or five days, as once at Northfield. I hope he enjoyed it as much as we did. This is the last of our home here, and I am glad he came to see us as we have been seven years. But you don't know what a ten-strike the Doctor made in his speech here. The evening after he left us we had a students' reception, and everybody, and especially the young ladies, came expecting to see our pleasant guest. And such compliments as were uttered! I can't spare paper to write them down. One sentimental young lady thought that the Doctor and I there on the stage were like Dante and Virgil meeting, as she had seen in some picture. The Doctor may take his choice and be Dante or Virgil, and I will be the one he don't choose. Really, Almira, you had better go along with the Doctor, especially when he comes to see us. He is so attractive the young ladies go crazy, and older ones think there never was such a pleasant, genial man. A lady, after a ride with the Doctor and me, said she felt as if she had been with saints; so you see I get compliments, too, by reflected light from the Doctor.

In the year of Dr. Hosmer's removal to Antioch College, his son-in-law, Rev. William H. Savary, was settled at Ellsworth, in eastern Maine, over a new Liberal society. All the warmth of deepest parental affection and solicitude went out in letters and visits to his far-off daughter. A sunrise grandson was written to

and caressed, in the Ellsworth parsonage. A little granddaughter was born in 1867, whose christening he came to perform with his deep Christian wealth of holy sentiment. A church edifice erected in the winter of 1866 and spring of 1867, caused unbounded praise and appreciation. He preached the sermon of dedication, August 28, 1867. Until the spring of 1873, when the pastorate at Ellsworth ceased and his daughter removed with her husband to Canton, Massachusets, the summer sojourns in eastern Maine were great seasons of giving and receiving happiness.

The occasions when Dr. Hosmer filled the pulpit at Ellsworth are treasures of memory to the earnest congregation; and educational addresses, when accompanying his son-in-law in performing the duties of County Supervisor of Schools for Hancock County, awoke reverent expressions and deepest interest.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? * * *
* * * * * *
* * * cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.
— [HORAT. CARM., I: 24.

CHAPTER IX.

AT NEWTON.

IN 1873 Dr. Hosmer left Antioch College. The West, which had known him so long, gave him up unwillingly. From Indianapolis, from Cleveland, from Meadville, from his old home at Buffalo, came indications which made it plain to him that he was in request at each place. His heart, however, was set upon New England. He looked forward to a retirement at Concord, modestly hoping that from time to time congregations might be found that would be willing to listen to the septuagenarian. Greatly to his surprise he found himself sought after, and almost in spite of himself was soon settled under the pleasantest circumstances as minister of the Channing Church, at Newton, Massachusetts: —

"Here," says Dr. Bellows, "he had a pastorate and ministry of six years of such vigor and interest as is almost unexampled in a charge taken up at seventy, and carried on for more than half the decade supplementary to the threescore and ten allotted to us. The enjoyment he and his wife both had in this work on 'borrowed time' was a remarkable tribute to the youth of heart they both shared, to the wonderful accommodativeness, so rare in old age, with which they accepted wholly new conditions and friendships, and to

the physical vigor which careful and prudent living had perpetuated in both. It was delightful to see the happiness with which the dear old saint continued to enter our conferences, and the vigor with which he poured out his religious feelings, and preached and prayed with his peculiar unction and reverence of tone and sentiment. Certainly 'he brought forth fruit in his old age.'"

The first Sunday of his Newton settlement was made memorable by a service in which old ministerial friends united with the parish to welcome him — an outpouring of hearty greeting and God-speed which opened appropriately what was destined to be a most happy term of service.

November 12, 1873. — The whole affair has come like a charm, and I am minister of Newton. I am very happy about it. Newton is a beautiful place, and the society is like a young tree without a dead branch. There is perfect harmony. I have come in among several young ministers, and I am and they are not; but the old man may not trouble them long. We had a charming service Sunday last. In the morning I preached my beginning sermon to a fine, intelligent, and keenly attentive congregation. In the evening we had, not an ordination nor installation, but an informal, sympathetic service of recognition and consecration. Hon. John C. Park made a graceful introductory address. Dr. Briggs, a dear friend, my classmates, Oliver Stearns and A. P. Peabody, and Mr. Mumford, took part; then I dismissed the uplifted people.

January 13, 1874. — This coming to Newton was remarkable, and it is just the thing for me at present. I have too much life yet to be contented having no special work, and

perhaps I never was working so effectively as now. It may be for a short time, or it may be longer, and when the check comes I still shall turn toward Concord. Steady, definite work is so much better than to be here, or there, or nowhere, and preaching to strangers. Had I not engaged at Newton I was to have been invited to preach this winter at Dr. Putnam's, in Roxbury. This would have been too near the top of the ladder for a feeling of safety, and might have made me a little anxious, more so than it is best for me to be, so I am glad I am at Newton, with a very charming society, who have agreed tacitly to think nothing about their minister's age, — only that he is just settled, and is not so very youthful as to be green and indiscreet. It does seem to be a sort of honeymoon time.

To Mrs. Jarvis, after Dr. Jarvis had received a paralytic shock: —

March 13, 1874. — I want to come and see the Doctor when my coming will do him no injury, and I shall wait to hear from you. If his speech is much affected, of course visitors will weary him. His work pressed too hard upon him, and he must not think about it for the present, nor so soon as next fall. He ought to rest this year.

I am keeping close to my own work; decline outside work that would bring me into scenes of excitement. Tell the Doctor we must live as long as we can to keep the world going. But a better thought is that the Infinite Father has a great many helpers and co-laborers, here and in other spheres; and they are coming, the younger to begin, and the older to pass on to the upper mansions. There is no lack of the rising generations; we will only welcome the younger, while we gather up what we have made for ourselves, and prepare to go onward where we are called.

The departures, lately, to me have been striking and fre-

quent, — Judge Hall and Mr. Fillmore at Buffalo, and now Mr. Sumner. But we have not lived unmindful, and there is only the common order of the great Providence, and the present and the future are only brought nearer together by so many of our friends passing into the unseen. Reality is given to that unseen, and it is receiving so many whom we know! Calmly we will wait, accepting life gratefully while it is given to us, with strength or weakness, and take comfort in looking over the swelling flood to the sweet fields dressed in living green, all so plain to the eye of faith.

Acknowledging the gift of a pair of suspenders :—

January 4, 1875. — There, don't I feel somewhat like a new creature? Suspended so that neither foot can reach the ground! "Adjustable," that's it; and haven't I done it exactly? And "suspended from the point of the shoulders," and don't I breathe easy and feel fitted — hollows and protuberances all provided for? Yes, indeed; and how have I lived to this time without the "Edyan" suspenders? I thank you: may you never fail in your ability to make me New Years' gifts! Now, here is a gift that means something; it touches life — it is the security of the top and bottom of the whole corporosity, every breath feels it — it lets the chest expand — it is very kind to the abdominal enlargement which marks the dignity of age. It is liberal in regard to good dinners — none of your Puritan strictness in it. It yields, gives room, and yet to save appearances snugs up again as soon as it can, to prevent suspicion of too free living. Alas, for the poor heathen, who know nothing of the "Edyan" suspenders! Tell Aunt Sarah to hurry up and come before my suspenders, through use, which deadens our appreciation, have ceased to give spring and adjustability to my life.

He writes to the wife of his son James, a much-loved daughter-in-law, who lay at the point of death in consumption: —

April 7, 1877. — Dearest Eliza: I can see nothing else but that you are very sick. A sudden change must have come, and mother and I so long to see you — to tell you how much we love you, and how much you have been to us! O, how those years at Antioch come back to us, and all your affectionate sympathy and efficient aid! Still I hope, but dark shadows gather over the way of your dear life, and if we are never to see you again in this world, I thank you for all you have done for us and among us. Sometimes your kindness has been so judicious and so tender I can never forget it.

You have bravely borne long and trying weakness, and not a little distress: if your constitution is so broken that life must be always burdened with suffering, then try to resign life here, and go to another mansion in the same good Father's house, and not very far from this. But the separation! O, I know — I know. If it must be so, dear Eliza, we will do everything we can for your husband and the dear children. We will, so far as we can, shelter, nurture, and help them. The gracious Father will help us all, and you will not have long to wait; those whom you leave will be coming to you.

Rest, dear Eliza, in the care of God. He has led us thus far, fitted us for life here, and in what wonderful ways! God will provide there as here. So I listen and Jesus says: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." I look for home, and society, and reunion there in the mansions of the Father's house. Rest and be at peace, whatever is appointed for you.

Still I hope you will be better, and that we shall meet

next summer. If not, we will look upward, think of heavenly places, and meeting there. You and the children are in my heart, and so I commend you to God!

Eliza died April 24, 1877, and our father mourned for her as if she had been his own child.

October 3, 1877. — Do you remember when far back, I think at Westford, we sometimes in a playful way cast horoscopes of our lives? They were crude, wild imaginings, as I remember them. And then afterward in the Divinity School, I remember a friend and I used to think more soberly of what would come to us. Then when life was opening, and its solemn movement was beginning to be felt, our forethoughts were anxiously earnest. How reality has taken the place of all those prophetic guesses. The life we then were peering into, trying to see how the lights and shadows would break and fall, as when looking at the changes of the stereopticon, lies open — the book written, all ready for "Finis" to be put at the end of it. Your life is better than our guesses, — every way better, higher, and happier, with wider horizon than we knew how to conceive. The good Providence has made more out of us than we dreamed of becoming — certainly this is true, though now we can think of better things than we have done, and feel sad sometimes that we have done no better. We have come very near to the end; evening shadows about us, and the frequent departure of cotemporaries, tell how near.

My dearest friend here died last week; we sadly miss him, a kind, noble old man.

At Concord our next neighbor was Amos Wood; he had four sons; Brooks was of my age. We were close friends, always playmates and schoolmates, until Mr. Wood removed to Boston when I was about eleven years old. Ten days ago

I was called to a funeral at West Newton, all strangers, the deceased lady Mrs. Wood, seventy-two years old. I sat down by the coffin, and the face impressed me. I thought, "You and I have lived through the same years; I wonder what life has been to you. Who were you?" And then the thought of the Wood family came to me. I rose, went into the next room while they were getting ready, and asked a man the name of this woman's husband, and strange enough it was Brooks, and she was the widow of my old playmate; and here, after sixty years, I came into the house of Brooks's daughter, to perform funeral services for his widow! Brooks was bright and cunning. He and I wondered about the great brass knocker on General Hildreth's front door, and how it was used, and quick as a flash, he ran up and gave it a rousing stroke and ran round the corner of the old tavern. But I stood watching for results, and one of the Miss Shepherds came to the door. Brooks was out of sight, and I got caught and had the sharp scolding. You remember that brass knocker?

August 20, 1878, at Oswego, N. Y. — Here we are safe and sound after a charming journey. We were borne through a panorama of marvellous variety and beauty from morning till night. The Mohawk Valley was never finer, luxuriant in every part, and the hills between Little Falls and Utica were transcendent. As evening was dropping its shades around us, the sun having withdrawn like the showman, when his wonders had been exhibited, I began to feel chilly, so mother promptly took the shawl-straps and gave me an overcoat. I took it, but saw by the lining of the sleeves it was not mine. Gracious! and no overcoat! and the equinoctial due before I get home! Do you suppose I can write what passed through me as I stood there holding up that coat? But I crammed myself into it, though it took main strength to button it. What the color of said coat may be, and to whom it belongs, who can tell? From shells

and sea-spoils found in the pockets, it has occurred to some investigators that it must have been a part of Neptune's rig; but how came it in mother's bundle? And then, does Neptune want it? All has been painfully considered, and the conclusion is to hold on upon this coat, and if Neptune comes to Saratoga, give it to him then and there. If Neptune wants his coat he must send word by Dolphin, Nautilus, or Whale, as he pleases.

August 31, 1878, at Buffalo. — Yesterday forenoon I went down Main Street, and did not see a person I knew, on the sidewalk, except an old beggar who used to bother me twenty years ago. I came back feeling sad that so few years had made me such a stranger. As I came along Pearl Street, by St. Paul's, Mr. Kingsley drove along and stopped, and presently two other old friends. But Mr. Kingsley and I were left alone, and said he, "I am so glad to see you here! We often speak of you: my wife thinks as much of you as of anybody." And then thoughtfully he said: "Well, we call ourselves Orthodox, I suppose, but I think" — there he hesitated. "Yes," said I, "you think, I suppose, as I do, that we shall find ourselves nearer together than some folks think," and so we parted; and he is the senior elder of the First Presbyterian Church!

One of the pleasant episodes in the life at Newton was the informal recognition of Dr. Hosmer's seventy-fifth birthday. Our father and mother were fairly besieged in their rooms by loving friends, and most substantial tokens of regard were mingled with the words spoken. Of this occasion our father writes:—

Newton, December 20, 1878. — Do you know what a jubilee we had on my seventy-fifth birthday? — calls all day,

eighty, from far and near — thirty letters, ten beautiful books, and other articles; an elegant russet valise, a jewel-box and in it seventy-five gold dollars, flowers, fruit, cake. Our parish were the mainspring; their love and respect cannot be doubted. I will send you Mr. Tilden's salutation, so poetic and loving, and Dr. Newell's, too; you must send them back in your next letter, for they are Hannah's jewels.

The tributes of Mr. Tilden and Dr. Newell are here given, and also the note of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke:—

TO REV. G. W. HOSMER, D. D., ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

Serene old soldier of the Lord!
God bless you!
And your dear wife still living,
To caress you.

Bright keep the years, when man and wife
Together,
Live on, bound close by wedded love's
Sweet tether.

When thus two streams of life in one
Are blended,
The on-flow is divine, as Heaven
Intended.

Hail, happy pair! in hand and heart
United,
Whose love, and faith, and hope remain
Unblighted;

Whose afternoon of life shines on
So brightly,
Whose form and features Time has touched
So lightly.

Hail to thy Indian summer!
Harvest-crowned,
With golden sheaves all gathered up
And bound.

Hail to the royal birthday
Celebration,
To which we send our glad
Congratulation!

— [W. P. TILDEN.

TO REV G. W. HOSMER, D. D., WITH BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS AND AFFECTIONATE GOOD WISHES.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thine old age * with good, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. — [*Ps.* ciii: 1, 4, 5.

Yestre'en I saw 'mid lovely clouds the sun
Sink in soft glory to his evening rest,
Smiling serenely on the day's work done,
For all the lives his welcome light had blessed.
From Orient pastures to the Western meads
He had gone forth his mission to fulfil,
One of God's angels to His children's needs,
The loyal servant of his Master's will.
Then, in the time and path marked out by Heaven,
Back to the East, with strength unspent, he came,
And still from merry morn to thoughtful even
Shone on the world his bright, life-giving flame;
And in his work of light and love I see
A fitting emblem, honored friend, of thee:
Unchallenged thou hast passed the Psalmist's mark,
Spite of his word hast crossed the seventy line,
And still dost speak with ringing voice of cheer,
And still thy soul mounts upward, like the lark,
And of Time's rust and wrinkles shows no sign.
So with glad thanks to God my friend's New Year
He welcomes, and we with him, looking up
And looking forward in the light of faith.

* Noyes.

We know who giveth unto each the cup
Of joy or grief, long life or early death;
And knowing Him, through Christ no ill we fear,
While we are true to God and Truth and Right.
Safe through the evening shadows, through the night,
His servants to their harbor He will steer.

—[W. NEWELL.

JAMAICA PLAIN, November 26, 1878.

DEAR DR. HOSMER: Do you remember when you arrived at Louisville on your way to Mobile, more than forty years ago? We could hardly have looked forward then to be able to work all these years down to this time. I think that God has been very good to you and to me to let us keep at our happy tasks till now. And you are a great encouragement to us all, for if you can be as useful, active, and happy as ever at seventy-five, we will all work on in hope of a like blessing. I often say that Heaven here and hereafter consists in having plenty to know, to do, and to love. You have had, and have this heaven, and I can offer no better prayer for you than that you shall have it always. Ever and sincerely yours, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Perhaps there is no severer test of the serenity of a spirit than a manifest decline in one's power which clearly betokens the necessity of retirement, and the succession of one more able to fill one's place. This has often been the hardest thing for an old man to see. From any such feeling our father was happily relieved. Indeed, so far absent was any desire to continue for a moment after his natural forces had abated, that he constantly warned the people at Newton that they must be looking out for his successor.

His parish were not inclined to hasten in the matter. They were loath to disturb the happy relations existing, and so six years wore on. At length, however, of necessity a successor was chosen, and no one exceeded Dr. Hosmer in the warmth of his welcome.

On a pleasant Sunday evening in October, 1879, before a church thronged with people, an impressive part of the installation exercises of Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke were the words of Dr. Hosmer, where in fervent speech he took off his own crown and put it upon the head of the young man who was to follow him, in the magnanimous spirit of the Baptist before Jesus: "He must increase but I must decrease."

Of his ministry at Newton his successor, Rev. Mr. Hornbrooke, in his memorial discourse after Dr. Hosmer's death, spoke as follows: —

Certainly he had won the right to rest. But it is those who have won that right whom the world needs most. It did not appear that his natural force was abated. Indeed, it sometimes seemed as if the promise to those "who wait upon the Lord" had been verified in him, and that he had renewed his strength. I need not speak of the success of that ministry. It is part of your parish history to-day. You know his success by the blessed influence he has left upon your hearts, by the homage he won from this community. The esteem in which he was held by all was one of the first things that impressed me upon coming among you, so that I often felt a welcome was given me for his sake. To many it seemed as if the last days of Dr. Hosmer were

his best days. No doubt there was great truth in this; and it was so largely true because his life was one of steady, persistent, moral, and spiritual growth. The full culmination of his higher nature more than compensated for the more external attractions of earlier years. This strength and vigor had gone, and the intellectual power which belonged to them may have diminished; but the moral supremacy which he had attained lent a charm to his old age, irradiated his thought, and gave him a mastery over his great themes, and a clearness of vision which imparted increased value and impressiveness to his utterances. The truly successful man is he who has grown richer in those qualities which go to the formation of the highest form of Christian manhood, whose words are only public symbols of what he is, who has gained the victory over his lower nature, who has left a sanctifying influence wherever his presence has been felt, who leaves behind him hearts that mourn his departure, and revere him as the agency by which they have been helped to a closer knowledge of God and a tenderer and more helpful service to man. Who, in the contemplation of such a life, does not feel it has been crowned with the only success worth having? As I sat only day before yesterday at his funeral, and thought of the hearts he had consoled, of the wise words of counsel that had dropped from his lips during the fifty years of his ministry, and had brought forth in the hearts of many who were still working, incited to generous effort by his example — as I thought of the unseen, yet none the less real, influences of that stainless life, all other forms of success dwindled to nothingness in comparison. In the still presence of one who has striven and thus attained, we can understand that noble character and a life's work well done are the things that partake of eternity, while all else is —

> Lightning that mocks the night,
> Brief even as bright.

Hon. Robert C. Pitman, of Newton, writes:—

Dr. Hosmer was nearly seventy-three years old when I first knew him. He had been the pastor of the church at Newton for three years when I began to reside there, and his pastorate continued only three years longer. It is evidence of the vitality of his character that at this advanced age and in so short a time he made so indelible and strong an impression upon me.

As I think of him he recalls to my mind Margaret Fuller's fine phrase, "A spiritual man of the world," for he was companionable, sagacious, practical, wise, and at the same time so childlike and pure that you felt he had already the open vision of God. You felt that there was in him every year more and more of the eternal life. He added something to the argument for immortality.

But full as were all his ways, among his people, of wholesome influence and of the benediction which came from his "sweet reasonableness," the pulpit was his throne, and the service of the sanctuary his special gift. I suppose almost every discourse of the fifty years of his ministry might have been aptly characterized by the words once used by John Quincy Adams of one of his pulpit efforts: "An excellent and eminently practical sermon." If you went to church to hear a sort of *concio ad clerum*, a hash of "new views" as to the relation of science and religion, or a florid oration, you would be disappointed if the good Doctor was in the desk. But if you came wearied with controversies and theories, hungry for the "plain bread of life," longing for the rest of the beatitudes, and content with the doctrines of the Great Teacher, you would go away satisfied, refreshed, and strengthened. But above all, he made you feel you had been to the "house of worship."

The most careless could not fail to be impressed with the opening sentences of Scripture given from memory and

from the heart. Nothing savored of formality or routine. The old words were wonderfully freshened with the living spirit. And the prayer, simple, fervent, tender, individual, and yet freighted with the consecrated phrases of the Bible, used as aptly as in venerated liturgies! All was so like himself, so reverent and yet so natural!

I heard an educated Episcopalian say the other day that he did not see the use of the clergyman's reading the hymns, as the congregation had the printed page before them, and they were just about to be sung. That depends, I thought, on who reads them. To hear Dr. Hosmer read his favorite hymns was to catch an impression of their meaning, and to feel the inspiration of their spirit beyond what the printed page or the ordinary choir rendering could give. There are lines in the hymn-book which will ever be surcharged for me with his personality.

But the grace of the Sunday service came from its being but the natural expression of the silent worship of the life. It was not the poetry but the religion of his nature, that made the whole world instinct with the Divine Presence. Dr. Arnold used to say that if a man loved a profession, it was a sign that he was either fit for it or would make himself so. Dr. Hosmer always loved the ministry and always adorned it. He would have asked no higher eulogy than that it should be said of him, his life had been a blessing to others. That is but simple justice.

CHAPTER X.

LAST DAYS.

IT would be wrong to pass over too hastily the period of two years intervening between his retirement from Newton and his death. They were closing years, but not inactive years — marked with an earnest desire to use the strength which still remained, in helpful ministry. He took temporary charge of the parish at West Dedham while his residence was alternately at Canton and Salem. In the roughest weather he would go to his post of duty on the high hill which caught the fury of the gales. When in Salem he would set out on a Saturday afternoon satchel in hand, making the trip to Boston by rail, and thence to Dedham, where he met the stage which brought him to the waiting flock; or if residing in Canton, he would enlist the services of his grandson, whom he laughingly called his colleague, and alike in storm or sunshine they would drive to the church on the hill-top. The earnest faces which met him there stirred his soul, and he gladly spent his strength for them. Often he preached at Canton and Salem, with scarcely any perceptible loss of power.

The scene at the installation of his son over the East Church in Salem, was one never to be forgotten. His part was to preach. He prepared a sermon with great care, and delivered it on that occasion with the true unction of the spirit: at the close he turned and invoked a fervent benediction upon his son. The glowing countenance softened by the mellow light, the tones of voice pathetic with the emotion of the hour — the father about closing his work addressing a son entering upon a new field in the prime of manhood; it was to many like Paul charging Timothy "to give diligence to present himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Be thou sober in all things: suffer hardships, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry; for I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the course. I have kept the faith."

We recall him as he stood one evening in Salem at a union meeting of the five Liberal churches, where he was speaking on a subject of his own choice, "Jesus, the Christ of the Father, the light of the world." He had been reading Arnold's "Light of Asia" during the week, and it roused within him an enthusiasm to set forth the character of Jesus. He was seldom heard to speak with such power. It was

the old man eloquent; the noble form rose to its full height, the face glowed with an almost etherial light, the voice rang out full and sweet, and the whole man was full of that "action" which has been described as the secret of eloquence. The great church was silent, and the audience hung upon the speaker's lips — so catholic toward other religious leaders — so desiring to do them full justice — so true and loyal and broadly appreciative of Jesus's life and work. We have still the little piece of crumpled paper he held in his hand and crushed in the heat of his enthusiasm, which we cherish as a souvenir of what we regard as one of the best efforts of his life.

Another occasion of great interest in Salem, and where he made a marked impression, was on the day of public Thanksgiving, November 27, 1879, which was also his seventy-sixth birthday. A union meeting of the five Liberal churches was held at the East Meeting-House.

The pulpit was beautifully adorned with the fruits of the harvest, so abundant that year. Rich bunches of grapes were pendent from the desk over a mound of garden products rising to meet them — an object-lesson of the bounty of the great Giver. The patriarch arose and spoke from the text in 1 Chronicles xi: 15–20, a passage which describes David pouring water out which was brought to him at the risk of life, as

a sacrifice too holy to drink. The sermon was a reverent and grateful recognition of signal gifts through the toil, sacrifice, and suffering of well-doers — a striking thought, and presented in a way that made a deep impression.

The happy gathering afterward in the Salem home where, with children and grandchildren around him, he bound them together in loving words of devout thanksgiving — those on earth and those in heaven — was one of the occasions never to be forgotten.

Here is a souvenir from that pleasant festivity: —

THE CHILDREN'S SONG FOR GRANDPA ON HIS SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Our Grandpa is a famous man;
He's seventy-six to-day;
He's tall and straight, of glorious weight,
And high-toned every way!

We children of Apollo read,
Of Hercules and Mars;
Of Neptune riding on his steed,
And Jove among the stars.

Fie, on a Greek and Roman god!
Some men are giants *now!*
As long as Grandpa treads the sod
Greek gods can make a bow.

They stout and heavy armor wore,
And strode with helmets on;
Our Grandpa steps the parlor floor
To give us children fun.

And if he stops the children's sport,
To hold us for a space,

'Tis all too mighty to report
His wisdom and his grace!

He's bigger 'n any Atlas old,
And twice as good as Pan!
Our Grandpa's worth his weight in gold:
Great heavens! what a man!

He lifts us up, and swings us high;
We hug his mighty back!
And when our foreheads touch the sky
You better clear the track!

He once was little Washington:
Great George to-day is he,
And Hosmer, too, at Concord born
In eighteen hundred three. — [W. H. S.

Our father had a happy way with children; he encouraged the imaginations of childhood by his own vivid conceptions. He has whiled away many a weary hour of invalidism by entering into the plays of his grandchildren. He watched over the building of many elaborate block villages, and helped people them with imaginary characters. With him no child was without an appreciative listener and companion. With the grandson at Salem he took much comfort in the last months of his life. Sometimes he would be resting upon the lounge when he would summon the little fellow and his tin men to lift him up. There would be a great apparent effort, which made the Liliputians feel they were doing great things. Once upon his feet, most cordial expressions of thanks would be

made, as if the work had been done by them. Sometimes when a walk was in order, the little fellow and his imaginary assistants would be called upon to help in putting on cloak and hat and gloves; then when all was ready, out the party would go. Many times the company and help of older ones were declined, and the grandson's companionship preferred.

He loved to talk with children. It interested him to see their bright eyes intently fixed upon him; his face would radiate good cheer. He was gifted in addressing children. He could hold their attention, and never failed by vivid illustrations to fix good ideas in their minds. There was one story he particularly delighted to relate. One of his parishioners in Buffalo had told him, that when a boy he always felt he was particularly favored because his father's home was directly under the centre of the sky. But one day his father took him on a journey, and what was his surprise on stopping, to see that his uncle's house, twenty miles distant, was as much under the centre as his home; and as they went on, other houses seemed to be equally favored. So he came to the conclusion they were *all under the centre*, and God had cared for all alike. Taking this as a basis he would enlarge upon the thought of the Father's care for each and all, till every child received an impression not soon to be forgotten.

In the home at Buffalo were many pictures illustrating Scripture scenes; he had a fondness for them, and a very happy way in talking about them. Sometimes it would be "Christ Blessing Little Children," or "Ruth Gleaning in the Field before the Admiring Eyes of Boaz," or "The Dispersion of the Apostles," or "The Last Supper," or "The Face of Christ." His vivid imagination would throw such a charm upon the picture as to fasten the eyes of the little ones upon it, and to this day they cherish the memory of those talks.

The same geniality was preserved to the last. He made the children feel he was their friend and loved them, and their tender hearts gave him a quick response. One of the happiest occasions in the life at Newton was a children's day; the morning service was given up to them. Many were presented for baptism; the church was handsomely arrayed with flowers, the font particularly beautiful, around which the little groups gathered to be touched by the water emblematic of purity. Those who were present have described the scene of the patriarch in the midst calling the little ones to him and blessing them, as most impressive. An address followed the baptism, where he spoke of "Reflections and Echoes." We see ourselves reflected, — we hear ourselves echoed in our children, and so children in their parents.

Several baptisms at the Buffalo, Ellsworth, and Canton homes are remembered as occasions where our father manifested his peculiar love. While his large heart had room for all, and none were turned away, he was everything to his own, and he was ever glad to put his hands in benediction upon his grandchildren. It was our custom to call as many of the family together as we could, and the memory of these little groups clustered around the grandparents rise like fair visions before our eyes.

The reverence awakened in the breasts of the children sometimes found very naive utterance. At the close of one of these services one of the grandchildren took the bowl, and carrying it around soberly said: "Don't you want to touch this holy water?" While another, a knurly little chap, who had just undergone the ceremony, planting himself squarely on his pins, and extracting from his pocket the bounty bestowed on him shortly before by an uncle, exclaimed: "Here, gran'pa, here's a nickel; I ain't goin' to have you baptize me for nothin'."

In 1880 Dr. Hosmer undertook his last expeditions. In April he took part in the services of the Channing Centenary celebration, at Newport, Rhode Island, preaching the sermon before the Conference the evening before the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Church, and

taking part in the exercises of the latter occasion. Starting westward in June, he met the Meadville students for the last time. Again, in the fall he took part in the dedication of new churches in Buffalo and Cleveland, and reached St. Louis at the end of October. His ministrations were probably never richer in all the finer graces than in these closing months of his life. In St. Louis, though much oppressed with illness, he preached several times. At length, December 19, 1880, he gave his last sermon in the church of the Unity, to the congregation of the Rev. J. C. Learned. On that day he felt strong and buoyant, uttering himself with an eloquence that moved his hearers deeply. It was a sermon upon immortality, and closed appropriately his fifty years of work as a preacher. The sermon is given at the end of the book, but the words need the noble action and the inspiration of the countenance, which, as some one declared in the words of Jesus, the son of Sirach, "was as the shining of the sun upon the temple of the Most High."

On the Sunday following, December 26, 1880, Dr. Hosmer stood for the last time in a pulpit. The occasion was the first service in the beautiful Church of the Messiah, just completed. Though weak and suffering, he stood with venerable presence in the dim religious light

before the congregation, and in tones full of emotion, repeated a few verses of Scripture: —

The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Honor and majesty are before Him: strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they are still praising Thee.

A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

The voice, so deep and reverent, swelled through the temple as he stood with his silver hair. The courts of the Lord knew him not from that day forward.

By a painful midwinter journey he returned to the home of his son in Salem, Massachusetts, where it soon became plain to him and to all that the end was not far.

To this period belong the following letters:—

December 25, 1879. — You advise me to keep still in cold weather. You don't think what it is to one who has stood in the pulpit half a century, to lose the uplifting excitement of leading worship and preaching. It is taking away one's life. And the dropping down, the impoverishment is a serious matter. But I shall be as careful as I can. Not to

write after long use in writing lets down the mind; not to preach, lets down the soul.

The speech to which allusion is made in the following letter is described by those who heard it as having been inimitable in its genial playfulness and delightful spirit of Christian love: —

JUNE 14, 1880. — Frederick Hosmer and I had a good meeting at Meadville. He read a beautifully written paper on "Radicalism." I made a speech after it, in which I introduced his great-grandfather and mine as coming to me to know what it meant that his two boys so differed. One a Radical and one a Conservative. I said I had tried to tell the old man how it was, and make him see that after all the names he need not be much troubled, that the boys meant all right. The boy Frederick leaned a little to riddling things, and the boy Washington, to holding things together, but both meant right. And the old grandfather said he thought the boys would do well, if they said and worked out the Lord's prayer reverently. The little speech brought the house down, and Wendte, who was in the chair, said: "We had better stop right here."

To Dr. Jarvis, who had broken his hip: —

NOVEMBER 15, 1880, AT ST. LOUIS. — My dear good fellow and life-long friend, how sorry I am that the Jehu drove so fast around that corner, and that you had that sad fall. The wonder is that you were not hurt still worse. This must have come to you because you have the patience and courage to bear it. I am afraid I should not behave in your circumstances so that my wife could write about me such an account as your wife writes about you. "Not even a murmur of weariness." I hope the fractured limb may knit and

heal, but there must be doubt of it, I suppose; and if you are no longer to walk and travel we must all come to you, my dear fellow, and try to fill your house with sympathy and joy. You are above legs, and can be happy without them. Memories and hopes, good angels, will be round about you, and Heaven open above you, and the gracious Father close by! Only a little while, and our bodies, however broken or rheumatic (and I have been lame lately) will be near together in "Sleepy Hollow," and our spirits up there, whither, thanks to God's mercy, we are not afraid to look. Like John Anderson and his wife, so we and our wives (and how we have been favored in this) have climbed the hill together, and now are nearly down to sleep together there at the "Sleepy Hollow." Who cares much for cracked bones? For nearly eighty years they have not cracked, and now we shall not want them much longer.

DECEMBER 6, 1880. — I can see you there in your chamber, so patient and cheerful! Do you remember how, sixty years ago, we used to stop studying our Latin lesson and try to look forward? I yield the palm to you. Life has come about me and *made* me do what I have done. You have won your way; you have done a more difficult and honorable service than you ever thought of doing when you began. Providence and free will stand together; we are free in our spheres, but every point in the circuit of our spheres is touched by the goodness of our Father. And so we have come along, both of us with life behind us, and waiting for the scenes to be shifted. I learn that the early winter has prevented the preparation of my "Sleepy Hollow" lot, but I can wait and have the bed made while the spring birds are singing songs of hope.

DECEMBER 18, 1880. — Could anybody have believed that at your age you could have a sound healing and knitting and get upon your feet again? But here you are dancing, for aught I know, and may start in the spring to climb

that new mountain in New Guinea to see, indeed, if it be higher, as they claim, than the highest before known. I tried to do too much last Sunday, and have been a "poor critter" ever since; so while you are rising, pray have a pitiful thought of me, going down while you go up. "And ladies coming to read to you!" no lady reads to me. "And a man to hold up your lame leg!" I have no man to help my lame leg, or lame arm either; and as for this coughing, if I get a grain of cold, nothing can do the coughing for me, except possibly the hippopotamus, — my cough is thought to resemble the cough of that animal.

December 29, 1880. — Yes, indeed, we see the pageant as it moves in its majesty of loving kindness! the invalid on his crutches, Ann with a cord holding up the disabled leg, the nurse ready to catch him in his arms if he should need to be caught, and Almira the admiring crowd filling every inch of room, as the invalid moves on with his six feet, four more than any king ever had! *Io Triumphe!* My case admits no such dramatic showing off; rheumatic lameness and a deep, racking cough, and here to-day the thermometer is 14° below zero. Last Sunday the new church was opened, and I broke jail and went and read Scriptures. The church is beautiful, and so largely commodious — fine memorial windows, graceful arches, artistic emblems; but it is simple, rather severely plain in many parts. I was glad I could go and say a word, so that my plan in coming out to assist in opening the new churches in Buffalo, Cleveland, and St. Louis has been carried out.

What a wonder is this Santa Claus! such a profusion of gifts! Our mail Christmas morning brought to the breakfast-table such a pile of letters and pictured cards, larger and smaller, from far and near. The widespread prosperity is shown in all this. The stores have been a brilliant fair for weeks past. I fear for the nerves of the young folk; they look tired. What a change from the

days when you and I used to go and wish old Deacon White "Happy New Year!" and get one of his little picture-books! But it was really a good ministry of the kindly old man. I am the better for it to-day.

FEBRUARY 11, 1881, AT SALEM. — I have been drooping badly for several days — a powerful poorly feeling. Your kind letters have come to assure me that you are thoughtful of me. As I sit here at the window I look right over the Common to George Peabody's house, and how those college glories of the Harvard Washington Corps in 1822 come back to me!

Hannah wonders whether your getting up top of the stage was because you were so glad to get to Concord, and you would see it all as you went along. I suppose I never again shall be permitted to ride with the driver. How much enjoyment I shall lose! What grand sightly rides in the old stage days! And once, in Pennsylvania, the stage was upset, and I was thrown over the fence out of the road into water and mud, and fared better than those inside, whom I helped to extricate.

I suppose that my cemetery lot is in order; it often makes my furthest earthly boundary of thought. I am glad to have it settled, and am very happy to think of all the neighbors in "Sleepy Hollow." It is just what I have sought for years, to get a lot among the graves of my old friends. The grave is not much, but it is something, though the immortal life is so vastly more.

The spring of 1881 at Salem, was marked by a steady decline of vital force. The old spirit was manifested in animating the wearied frame to make exertion, but each day the walks abroad were shortened. The rides were never invigor-

ating, and the stiffening of the limbs made all locomotion wearisome.

Still the conscientious spirit to do all that was possible kept the frame in motion. Each day's duties were performed with kindly appreciation of little acts of attention. Weary hours were often lightened by the dropping in of friends. Sometimes the conversation would become animated, and a portion of the old fire would return as he would recall some scene or incident in early life. His favorite seat was by the genial fireside, where he would stay for hours content with its fellowship and the companionship of his own thoughts. He loved the season of morning devotion, and would make a great effort to be present, taking part in the responses when he felt too feeble to conduct the service. The singing of the hymn would move his soul; especially on Sunday mornings he was wont to say, "This is the only religious service accorded to me now on this day, which has been so uplifting to me in the past." And so the weeks wore on, and the spring came without bringing any favorable change.

An interesting anniversary was approaching, not less than the golden wedding-day; and the eyes would brighten perceptibly as a fitting celebration of the day was spoken of. Great hopes at first were entertained that his strength might

be equal to a joyful celebration when the doors could be opened, and all friends might be welcomed; but it was evident as the time drew near this could not be. This was the third grievous disappointment of these last months. He had hoped to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new church at Newton; also it had been the special request of a fair bride in Boston that he should conduct the service at her wedding. Both of these interesting occasions he was forced to decline, and now it was hard indeed to say "No" for the third time to the legion of friends who only waited the welcome words to throng the house with their presence. This great pleasure must be denied, but yet the day must be observed; and as the note of preparation sounded for the family meeting, his spirit gathered itself to meet the occasion.

The golden wedding came on the 25th of April. The house was converted into a bower by tasteful hands, and the hours sped on full of joy and gladness. At the table a most fervent prayer went up from lips trembling with emotion, seeming to us now as we think of it, as if it were the last outpouring of this reverent soul in grateful tenderness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. There was a peculiar pathos in it which made it seem it might be the last he would offer for those nearest to him. It car-

ried us all close to the dear Father's love which he had so fittingly typified for us on earth, and in the light of which it was easy to feel the presence of a God over all and blessed forever.

In the afternoon an hour was given to the fellowship of friends expressed in numerous letters; and as the evening shades came on, with tender words and loving congratulations the little circle separated — a golden wedding, indeed!

Acknowledging flowers sent to the golden wedding: —

April 27, 1881. — I cannot tell you what a time we have had, so much joy in our children, only James not here, and such expressions of love and honor from all around! Your package came. "Our hearts are in the flowers" — the fresh rosebuds, and Julia knew how to wrap them in dampness and lay them away for the two days; and when opened the golden morning, the buds were all full-blown, so fragrant and beautiful! Your hearts were still in the flowers and gave us sweet benediction. I have no strength to tell you what it was. We were compelled to shut the doors. William and wife and the beautiful little Louise, the Canton home, Herbert and family, only these. All Newton were coming but we begged them not, and messengers came with rich gifts. Such a god-send of letters and gifts from far and near — from an old friend ninety-one years old to our little grandson three months old at St. Louis. Hannah is the glory, bright and beaming; the bridegroom is a sad blot upon what would have been.

From the last letter to Dr. Jarvis: —

May 21, 1881. — Do you read about the Greek tragedy

presented so grandly at Cambridge, and all the distinguished scholars there and greatly delighted? Perhaps they have forgotten that Julian, Kennedy, and I presented all Greece on the stage almost sixty years ago, in the old chapel.

And here at length is the last note, written to his kinsman, Mrs. L. P. Cheney, of Concord, May 27, 1881: —

I dreamed of work done and quiet evening twilight, with love of all you friends and assured expectations; but rheumatism, lumbago, and other ills are giving me hard work, intimating possible helplessness. Certainly, I need strengthening. These trials are lifting me, I hope. It is a comfort to think how the pain of the body may give strength and beauty to the soul.

On the 31st of May, having revived a little, he made his last journey on earth, from Salem to Canton. The suffering of the short passage revealed how weak the strong man had become, but upon arriving at the home of his daughter he revived greatly. Once or twice during the month of June he was taken to drive, but the benefit he derived scarcely compensated for the pain he underwent. His son Herbert, who had made a pleasant visit to the West, came at the end of the month, upon his return, to tell his story. Our father brightened greatly upon his son's arrival, and heard his account with delight. But the end was close at hand. He grew rapidly weaker, and at the beginning of the week follow-

ing it was plain that death was near. One by one the lights were extinguished, the gloom and numbness deepening about his senses little by little through day and night. As the hearing had grown dull, so sight failed at last; but those watching at his side felt that light from higher sources was breaking upon the departing spirit. Once he spread abroad his arms as if for a welcoming clasp, and uttered the name "Cyrus," a smile of recognition breaking forth upon his face. Perhaps a reminiscence of the beloved brother, dead almost fifty years, passed through the chambers of the mind upon which the shadows were fast settling; perhaps the cry was the response to the greeting of a loving spirit, that came to receive him as far as the threshold of the life to which he was passing. At midnight of Tuesday, July 5th, without struggle, all was over.

He lay in death stalwart and vigorous, his body little emaciated, his face with few traces of suffering. The description of the dead Goethe might be applied to him with scarcely a word of change: "On the morning after his death, stretched on his back, he rested like one sleeping; a deep peace and fixedness ruled upon the features of the lofty countenance, the brow seemed yet to entertain thoughts. The body lay wrapped in a white cloth, the breast powerful, broad, and arched, the arms and limbs muscular. The man lay in great beauty."

The following Friday he was laid to rest. A soft summer rain filled the morning hours, yielding later to a sunshine, bright, but of a tempered fervor. His friend and successor at Buffalo, Rev. Frederick Frothingham, conducted a brief service in the parsonage at Canton. A company of friends carried the body to Concord, the number swelling upon the way until at length, in the church at Concord, representatives from almost all his homes met with those who had known him in childhood, in the house of worship where, as a boy, his reverence was first awakened. The timbers that vibrated when the sound of the organ and the voices of the singers rose in the hymns of mourning, were the same enduring beams and rafters of oak that had closed in the generations of his line, far back in the years, as they gathered to worship in their old-fashioned, God-fearing way. A beloved friend of many years, Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D. D., spoke from his heart through his tears the words which the hour suggested. Another friend to whom he had felt closely bound, Rev. G. W. Briggs, D. D., offered the prayer. Rev. G. Reynolds, Secretary of the Unitarian Association, and our father's successor at Newton, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, also took part in the service. When the voices, reverent and friendly, were silent, his sons and nephews bore him in their arms down the

aisle. At length, in the bosom of the curving hill that rims "Sleepy Hollow," while his tried associate in his pioneer and missionary work, another long-cherished friend, Rev. J. H. Heywood, spoke solemn words, we lowered him to his rest.

There through the shadowed peace goes the ceaseless whisper of the tall oracular pines; close at hand sleep his kindred, the friends of his youth, the generations of his fathers. The soil from which he sprung, for which he always yearned, has folded him to its breast!

Says Dr. Bellows: —

He was loved and honored by a large body of people in all the various communities in which he had served, and held in tender confidence and trust by the denomination which he had served so faithfully; above all, he had no enemies. Nothing in him challenged envy or criticism. Pure and generous, wise and gentle, disinterested and satisfied with his lot, just self-complacent enough to be genial and agreeable, humble enough to claim and exact nothing beyond what all could accord, he was rarely felicitous in constitution and lot. He had a humor which softened the severity of every trial. He was companionable, conversable, and sympathetic to a rare degree. No one recognized the merits of others with more heartiness and generosity. And his conversation was as free with the *heavenly* Powers. His heart was unaffectedly pious; his faith confiding instead of over-confident, and his soul equally prepared for life or death. Indeed, he had found heaven in his own lovely temper, his happy domestic ties, his devoted children, and

in the profession and fellowship and views he loved and honored. He had nothing but a brief experience of bodily infirmity to weary him of life here, and he used to say that his last years had been his happiest. He has left his peculiar smile, full of happiness and benignity, upon the memory of all his brethren. We should expect to find his grave smiling with flowers, even in winter. His beloved wife, trusted companion of his whole ministry, survives to receive the reverent honor her husband won, not without her aid, for them both, and to hear the cordial testimony to his worth and sanctity, which he does not need. Just the *like* of him who is now so recently departed, we shall not see again! His sweetness, benignity, and fraternal fondness, his wisdom, so free from any taint of self-seeking, his habitual cheerfulness, his substantial happiness embodied in his gracious person and his urbane manners, — how they will be missed East and West in our assemblies and homes! and when and where can we hope to see their likeness?

SERMONS AND LECTURES.

I.

IMMORTALITY.*

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. They desire a better country. — [*Heb.* ii: 13.

WE are moved with restless discontent. When keenly vigorous and thoughtful we reach beyond the present, long for unattained good, desire a pleasanter home, hope that to-morrow will be brighter than to-day, and see, all around us, how this longing hope moves the world, what struggles for more knowledge, wealth, freedom, influence! And what sacrifice of present ease and actual possession to grasp prospective good!

The best two pictures in our Capitol at Washington are pictures of emigration: Wier's fine presentment of the Pilgrim Fathers leaving Delft Haven for America, and the more recent work of Leutze, a large picture representing a great company of emigrants just rising to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on their way to Eldorado. An Indian guide has led the train of covered wagons, drawn by panting teams, along a trail up the mountain side and through a gorge, and he has reached the point where the West breaks upon the sight, and the golden light of a summer evening's sun comes streaming through the gorges. Their better country is before them — they behold the light of it, inspiring as Palestine to Moses on Pisgah! The whole company shows delighted excitement. Some of the younger men

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* This sermon was delivered December 19, 1880, in the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Missouri, the last time Dr. Hosmer preached.

and women and the keen-eyed boys have climbed the neighboring cliffs and peaks, and are looking earnestly to the western prospect, while the fathers, mothers, and little children are still with the wagons, struggling up the mountain, with eager look to the light that soon will make their faces shine. The picture is full of life, movement, aspiration. The company have felt the restless discontent, and seek a better country. It is not strange that the genius of our artists should be kindled by the thought of emigration. One of the great roots of our national life is emigration. Along the chief lines of travel from East to West the tide flows — as it has been flowing thirty, forty centuries, perhaps more — from that swarming home of races in Central Asia, the vast multitudes seeking a better country. Standing by the paths in our Middle States, we see them coming from New England, Ireland, Germany. Think of all these moving millions. How discontent must have wrought in them to make them willing to break up old associations, and leave homes of childhood and graves of ancestors. As we have seen the passing multitude, how little have we thought of what regrets for the past and hopes for the future were struggling in those emigrant hearts! They all seek a better country.

Now this is to be thought of: These pilgrim emigrants, in large degree, walk by faith and not by sight. In a hamlet of Norway, perhaps, see a band of men, women, and children taking leave of their hard, frigid home, and turning their faces, wet with tears, to the Iowa of America. Not one of them has seen what they seek, nor can see just how they are to make a better home for themselves and children; and some would tell them to stay there under the glimmer of the northern light and snatch a bare living as all their fathers have done. But no! the testimony of friends, who have gone before, and the consciousness of ability to find their way and make a better home, open the eyes of faith, and their land of promise six thousand miles away

seems almost as distinct to them as the old homes they are leaving. But what means this uneasiness, and the moving, changing it inspires? Man alone, of all the creatures upon our globe, has this imperative discontent that plucks up the roots of old life, and drives him to seek a better country. Naturalists tell us that the brute animals have their appointed place and ranges more limited than is usually supposed, and if not disturbed, they stay content with their surroundings. What means this difference in man? why so restless and discontented?

It is because man was not made merely for this world. God intends that we should outgrow its scenes and interests, leave them behind us, and always be moving to the better country — to higher good — to nobler communion — pilgrim emigrants forever — the promised land before us — and we climbing every pinnacle along our way, looking for its glory. This emigration, then, with its longings, removals, fatigues, and accomplishments, is full of emblem and prophecy.

When that grand artist and benefactor, Albrecht Dürer, died as the world calls it, at Nuremberg in Germany, three hundred years ago, there was carved upon his gravestone, *Emigravit*,— he has emigrated. What volumes of meaning in that one Latin word! Our own Longfellow saw it, and finely wrote: —

> *Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.
> Dead he is not, but departed, for the good man never dies;
> Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
> Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.

Through Leutze's picture in the Capitol I look to that grander, solemn emigration out of time into eternity, to the better country. But in this great removal, we must walk by faith: and here is the strait gate. Many stop, hesitate, doubt. Keen-sighted sense says, "This faith without eyes, conducting life upon such huge uncertainties, is not

common sense; use your eyes, live to-day, make yourself comfortable; be contented; cure your soul of this trick it has of forelooking and longing; subdue restlessness." All this will not do; it fails to meet the soul's want. I would not undervalue this present being; we might make to-day's life a wonderful wealth. Heaven cumulates blessings at every stage of our pilgrimage. But it is foolish to try to cure the soul of its forelooking, and lull it into contentment with anything or everything in this world. God in our nature makes us look forward; the human race always, everywhere, when wrought up to its higher moods, has been looking forward with eloquent longing. You might as well bid the tide cease, or Niagara stop its fall and roar, as command this spirit in us, while imperfection, suffering, and death are about us, to rest content with to-day's life. We must accept our lot — be emigrants. Happy for us, if we are climbing the hill-tops for gleams of heavenly light!

Why shrink from going a step by faith? In all business enterprise you risk property in hope of gain. In summer, by faith we provide for winter; in spring, by faith we sow seed forelooking the harvest. Every emigrant walks by faith; leaving what his senses have touched, he goes in pursuit of what he has not seen. Hard we know it is to begin to venture upon faith, and some grope feebly enough without eyesight. They would cling to what they see, live where they were born, with little adventure and no enterprise. Into every day's life of common experience faith must come, or the life is miserably meagre and small.

But now think of the longer range of faith. An immortal emigrant, I hear of a heavenly home, and of an incorruptible inheritance. I hear of them — can I believe, and move by faith to the better country? Not unless I have evidence for faith to rest upon, corner-stone proofs: then have I that evidence, those proofs? I have tried to lay my hand on these foundations, and they seem substantial. Not touch-

ing abstruse speculation, nor attempting the higher ranges of thought, in the common-sense way let me tell you how this great matter lies in my mind. First that great change, at what we call death, confronts us. It seems the end of life: the dead body is before us, and to the senses nothing more. But we look around us in nature, and we see wonderful changes. Every spring life seems to come out of the death of winter, — a resurrection.

Closer to our thought, and more interesting still, there is the silk-worm: it lives its busy life, enshrouds itself, and seems to be dead; but a live creature comes out of the dead body; it was a worm that died, but out of the shroud comes a higher life upon wings, with a larger range in air and sunlight.

Through the suggestion of such analogies, we look upon the appearance of death, and may still hope there are changes in nature about us, something like the human soul rising from death unto life.

Then I find in me a shrinking from falling into naught through death, and a longing for continued life; and I find I am not peculiar in this. History shows that the vast majority in all ages have expected some kind of future life. The metempsychosis of India, the embalming and preserving the body in Egypt that the soul might have it again after a thousand years, the burial of our Indians with food and implements in the grave, — all are significant. The human soul seems to have been created with an instinctive forelooking and longing expectation of continued being. And if it be so, if God has made us to expect and long for continued being, the legitimate inference is that there is to be such being. We cannot think that he has deceived us — given us a longing desire, an expectation, and nothing to satisfy it. O, no; our good Father has not wrought a lie into the foundations of our being!

Now I am prepared to go to the feet of Jesus. I open the

New Testament, and find declaration and promise that disclose prospects to my forelooking soul, and answer its yearning desire: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also;" "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Words of Jesus, so conscious of immortality, so full of deathless life, with miracle and authority from God! And the Christ, standing in the life after the resurrection, renewed the promise of immortality, and went up to His Father and our Father. His disciples, in the light of His teachings and life, left all and went through toil, suffering martyrdom, to meet their Master in the heavenly mansions.

I cannot but believe in nature. About me are changes somewhat like the changes we suppose in passing through death into life; and then these intuitions and longings in my soul I take to be prophesy and partial proof. And the words, and that deathless life of Jesus turn my longings to conscious conviction; and my reason commands me to walk by faith, an emigrant to the better country,— emigrating out of the old, immigrating into the new, onward, upward forever!

One thing is very certain: we are not to stay here; passing away to something or nothing, is the order. Think of the bud of infancy, the bloom of youth, the prime of maturity, so often suddenly smitten and laid low in the dust. And even though we reach the three score and ten, still how we fleet away, — generations coming, generations departing, the young crowding forward, the old passing out of sight; and before we think of it we find ourselves in the foremost ranks, the hair whitening, the step faltering, and memory losing hold of its treasures.

It is certain we are not to stay here, and I have no fear that the grave is to be the end of us. Nature strongly intimates immortality, and Jesus makes it sure. As I listen to

His calm, strong words, and taking the offered hand of His brotherhood, draw near Him into quickening, spiritual sympathy, I cannot doubt; strong conviction seems to make me conscious of life that death cannot destroy.

And now, finally, assuming that we are to live beyond death, in such state as we have fitted ourselves for, with such character as we have formed; reaping harvests which are to grow from seed which now we are sowing, how momentous our emigration from time to eternity! We seek a better country; but how much is to be thought of what preparation must be made before we start and as we go!

Much that belongs to us must be given up — left behind. Our folly, our besetting sin — we must make a deep grave for that. And then, how much must be acquired which we shall need on our journey, and after we reach our land of promise; need for outfit, for sustenance, and for investment — not goods of earth, but imperishable riches of spirit.

In making up our company for this solemn emigration, whom shall we persuade to go with us? Indeed, what child, friend, neighbor, can we be parted from? How can we go without our loved ones; how bear the thought that they are not to share with us, or we with them, in the incidents of the pilgrimage, and in the glorious welfare of the better country?

And on the journey, though "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace," we shall be travel-worn. We must expect it; emigration is never without hardship, and sometimes our hearts will be sore with trouble and discouragement, and our sight of faith so dim, blurred with our tears, it may be, that the vision of the better country at times may be almost lost. The great Lord of the pilgrimage has not made all the way a flowery path. There are bloody foot-prints of preceding pilgrims, and Sloughs of Despond, the Hill of Difficulty, the Doubting Castle of Despair, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, before we

come to the land of Beulah and the Delectable Mountains — all in sight of the celestial home. Take courage, fellow pilgrims, strength will be born out of the patience of suffering; bravely meet your hardship and sorrow, and each day's journey will not only bring you one stage nearer the better country, but add something to fit you to live there when your emigration is accomplished.

But I must not use that word accomplished. No, it is not the word; our emigration will never be ended, never finished. Never will there come a time with nothing beyond, no more work to be done, no more achievement to be made, no more good to be sought for, no more excellence to be wrought out. Ah, said a weary pilgrim leaning on his staff, is there never to be an end of this struggle to get onward? Are we never to be at home, and rest there, only to bask in the sunshine in those green pastures, beside the still waters? How many long for that vacant resting! O, friends, to stop even in heaven, with nothing more to gain; to be in a home with nothing to do, weary with idleness, would not be rest. There is something better than staying at home and folding the hands in past achievement. Have you never been away from home for months or years, and known that heart-longing which we call homesickness; and when at last you came in sight of home, and as you drew near to dear ones — father, mother, wife, child — dearest friend came out and took you into the arms of love, — did you not find that just getting home — the being received — was better even than staying at home? Now, the good Father has so arranged it, that in obedience to the law of growth and progress, we may always be just getting home — being received — the Father coming out to meet us in every good endeavor, and taking us deeper and deeper into His peace. Oh, the depths of that peace and love of the Father's home! We may have touched the outer rim of it; but the unexplored ocean is beyond, and God has implanted in us an immortal want, to urge us onward — onward — to that better country.

II.

CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY.

The chambers of imagery. — [*Ezekiel* viii: 12.

ISRAEL in its day of sorrow lost confidence in its own Jehovah, — even the old men, the prophet says, after all their experience of providential care. Secretly every man, in the chambers of his imagery, turned his thoughts in worship towards the sun, the glorious idol of the Eastern nations. Banishment, captivity, suffering bore them down; they feared that their Jehovah had forsaken the earth, and they longed for some God to take care of them. The sun still poured forth light and warmth, and the cheering sunshine drew them away from their allegiance; and who that loves the sunshine in our cold winter is not ready to plead for their forgiveness? especially as their hearts were still partly loyal; for they would seem, the prophet says, not to have turned away from their father's God, and kept their worship secret, every man in the chambers of his imagery. This singular expression is full of meaning, "Every man in the chambers of his imagery." Let us follow where it leads.

It suggests an inner, hidden life; in every one are these secret chambers, — the sphere of thoughts, desires, purposes, — life within life. Do we consider what we are and what we do in these mysterious chambers? We stand before the world perhaps reputable, or, more than that, honored for truth and excellence; but could the world look into these secret chambers and see us there, would they still honor us, as now? At any time we can enter our inner chambers,

though we are apt to live chiefly in the outside life; and when we go in, as sometimes we are wellnigh compelled to do, and pass through these chambers and see what is there, — what thoughts that our tongues perhaps have never uttered, what desires and purposes that our hands have never wrought out, — say, should we be willing to let the world look in, and see what we know? Ah, we try to keep the doors shut and the windows closed. There are secret places of our inner life, the key to which we should hardly be willing to give to our most intimate friend; and who shall tell the anxieties and fears lest some of the guests, harbored in the secret chambers, should show their faces at the windows! But there is One who waits not for our permission to enter: God sees all, and remembers all; sees what we sometimes do not observe, and remembers what we would gladly forget.

But, dear friends, I would not fall into the common error of the pulpit, and use, as many have done, the most striking colors to depict our unworthiness and lost, miserable condition, as if there need be no fear of exaggeration in describing our hidden sinfulness, and the outward hell to which sinners will go. Alas! that any should seem to take a grim satisfaction in setting forth this tragedy, so largely of their own imagining, of a jealous God detecting sinners, and with burning wrath burying them in blistering torments! It is sad to think how both God and man have been misrepresented. God save us from trying by imagination and rhetoric to make the case of man before his Maker appalling! It is quite solemn enough to think of these chambers of our inner life and what they contain, and to know that the Father has seen all our weakness and all our sin. The Father, I say; our Father, not the pitiless judge, not the wrathful avenger. When, looking deep into our souls, we see what we are and what we have been, so wrong in much, so imperfect in all, we turn to Christ's picture of forgiveness in the parable of the prodigal: the father waiting to be gracious, mingling mercy with jus-

tice; strict to mark iniquity, but tenderly forbearing, and ready to come forth and meet the penitent, — the father and the prodigal meeting, embracing each other, what a gospel was there! How many poor, sinful souls have been saved from despair by that sight! God waits to be gracious, waits while retribution is working, to bring us to ourselves. The retributions of sin are various, and a Father's hand is in them all, chastening to save; and so long as there is chastening, it is always not for wrath, but for mercy.

Retribution is going on in our inner life; every one is beginning to come into judgment to-day for his evil or his good, in the chambers of his imagery. I knew a young man who did wrong, committed crime. No one suspected him, and he travelled far; but still he was wretched, could not bear his own company: his life was a burden, and he was driven by his own spirit to return to the place where his crime had been committed, confess all, and give back the wages of his sin, which he had not spent. What made the young man wretched? Could we have looked into the chambers of his imagery we should have seen the pictures which haunted his soul — such terrible pictures, painted in colors of hell, himself betraying a trust, robbing his best friend, fleeing away with his stolen money. By man he was not suspected, was safe and held in high regard; but O, that inner chamber of his imagery! Where he went, that went; where he dwelt, that stayed, — God's retribution.

The Herod, who beheaded John the Baptist, was smitten with terror when he heard of Jesus preaching and working wonders; he feared it was John risen from the dead. What smote down his manhood and filled him with superstitious dread? Pictures in the chambers of his imagery, himself murdering a good man. O these chambers of imagery, how terrible they may become! stained with the blood of innocents, glaring with pictures of cruelty or meanness! and sometimes there are pictures wrought by wickedness in desire

and purpose, which never were put forth into facts. Think what a retribution this is, to place the guilty in these chambers of imagery, to be haunted by reflections and echoes of themselves, and by sights of those they have injured! "Fools make a mock of sin;" when here, right before our eyes, it lights up the fires of passion in their faces and makes their bodies loathsome; worse still, it fills the chambers of their imagery with pictures of shame and remorse. O, the terrible retribution to the sinner, doomed to live, so long as he cleaves to sin, and consequently it cleaves to him in the awful picture-gallery of a guilty soul!

Doddridge once dreamed that he was dying, and then was dead; and the living spirit thought anxiously how it was to be released from the dead body, when lo! he, the living spirit, was already separated from the mortal form, looking upon the still clay, so long his instrument and tent-house; and then an angel was beside him, and they rose, passing through the air, over cities, towns, surrounding seas, and onward up to a beautiful temple. They ascended the grand avenue and entered the majestic doors; the angel led him to a room, saying before he left him, that for the present he was to remain there; and now alone, he began to look around him, and what was his astonishment to see the walls of his abiding-place all covered with the pictures of his past life, — deeds and intents, thoughts and feelings, wonderfully distinct and vivid. It was the chamber of his imagery. Truth, I am ready to believe, was strangely blended with the man's dream. Somehow so, it may be, we are to be brought to judgment, the good and the evil made manifest in the chambers of our imagery. Persons who, as they supposed, have been near to death, have told us that in those moments, thought to be their last of earth, a strange resurrection of past life has come up to them, — all they have ever done or intended pictured to their thought. What means it but the opening of the chambers of their imagery? What are these

glances and glimpses on the borders of time and eternity but the beginnings of coming retribution? Indeed, are not such questions answered by what we know now? Even to-day you and I have in us the chambers of our imagery. Outward engrossments may prevent introspection; but whether we observe or not, the pictures are made, of good or evil, and on a canvas more enduring than this world's art has ever prepared. We are often astonished at pictured scenes of long-past years revealed to our inward-looking thought. Hell and Heaven are nearer to us than most men think. Judgment is coming in the chambers of our imagery.

How interesting to think of that man in the beautiful temple of his dream! And friends, to-day every one of us may know something of what he dreamed. To-day, if I will let it be so, the Father will send the angel to lead me to the beautiful temple, and open pictured galleries in the chambers of my soul. Every good thought, every well-meant deed makes a pleasant picture; every tear of penitence, every act of reformation obliterates evil, and makes room for good. What a privilege is offered to every one of us in the chambers of imagery! It is a refined and noble enjoyment to have pictures and statuary about us, and perhaps a gallery of art, that we can visit occasionally and see portrayed the beauty and grandeur of nature, and the finer aspects and qualities of humanity. It does us good to go and take the children amidst such influences; it would be well if every house were furnished with significant pictures and statuary, illustrating integrity, benevolence, patriotism, devoutness. How much better such speaking art than the costly splendors of fresco, plate, and upholstery! The Father, in our very constitution, has made it sure that each one shall have a chamber of imagery. Happy they who are filling their galleries with pleasant pictures! These pictures in the spirit get wrought in a marvellous way. Sometimes the actors are quite unconscious of what is going on in the

chambers of their imagery. Here is one, active, faithful, beneficent, — she is among the best, — and yet she thinks her life is a failure; she has done so much less than she hoped; her life is so far below her standard in Christ, that she mourns, and her conscience grows morbid, and like Paul she says, "What I would I do not." Faithful soul, take courage! These clouds that darken your present hour will pass away, and you shall find that in the chambers of your imagery your fidelity has got itself recorded in pictured memories of all the good you have tried to do. Unexpected pictures will greet and bless such ones as say, "Lord, when saw we Thee hungry, and naked, and athirst, and ministered unto Thee?" Happy they who do good, and are surprised to find that God in judgment hath counted it to them for righteousness.

Yes, friends, think of it. We are filling these chambers in our souls with pictures of good or evil, wrought by our deeds and purposes. A life well spent gives everlasting possession of an art gallery of wondrous significance and richest satisfaction.

The dreams of some men are worth more than the wakeful thoughts of others. Dr. Doddridge dreamed that for a short time he was left in that room of the beautiful temple, the walls of which were covered with the pictures of his past life. Left we may be for a time amidst the pictured memories of what we have been, but not to stay long. The best soul that ever passed through this mortal life would not remain long in the beautiful temple rapt in the enjoyment of past achievement. The soul made for immortality and progress, in order to live, must work; Heaven is not to sit idly amidst the imagery of what has been done. After a time that angel, who left the good man to think and see what he had done, would come and say, "Now go on. New opportunity is given you; by new life new and diviner pictures will be wrought in the chambers of your imagery."

And so, if we be faithful as our periods of being pass away, the gallery will be larger and fuller; and there, all visible, will be the rising series of pictured achievement, from the smallest first, in the weakness and twilight of earth, to the glorious last, in heights of heaven, — we forever nearer and nearer to God, His light making more and more radiant the chambers of our imagery.

III.

THE POWER OF WEAK THINGS.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. — [*I Cor.* i: 27.

WHILE God reigns, the highest truth, the noblest right must prevail, sooner or later. He is wise, and knows truth; He is good, and approves it; He is omnipotent, and will establish it. God is truth and goodness, and He will defend and keep His own. In dark, bad times, when they come to us, let us do the best we can — work till the last moment, standing under this mighty shield of faith.

But the highest truth sometimes appears so weak that men despise it, pass it by with neglect, and even its friends despair of it. These weak things God uses to confound the mighty. If you doubt it, take your Bible, and read this lesson from Genesis to the Revelation — the highest truth in thought and life, in the end imperial. Noah lived in the highest truth then in the world. Weak and insignificant he seemed to the Babel builders of Shinar; but while they shrivelled away, he rose and became the patriarch of a new creation.

Very early we read of Abraham in Egypt — an humble shepherd-stranger, hungry from the famine of Palestine. We see him gazing with amazement at the magnificence of streets, squares, temples. He stands before the king, and seems to him so weak! But he has the highest truth in the world; he knows the living and true God, and does the best he can on the breaking twilight of his day. Behold the weak before the mighty!

Again, after many years Abram's great-grandson is sold in the slave-market of Egypt — a thing despised, a chattel

of Potiphar; and soon there stand suppliants before Pharaoh all the sons of Jacob — the weak amidst the mighty! Then Jacob and his family go down into Egypt, dependent upon the royal bounty; and when Joseph is forgotten, the Israelites are despised and ground down with cruel exactions — the weak under the hand of the mighty!

At last the salvation of Israel was with the infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes, amidst the monsters of the Nile — all so weak and exposed! The infant was sheltered in the palace — weakness in the arms of power! The child grew to manhood, and took into his soul the great truths of the living God and of His providence. Still in the eyes of the world he was foolish and weak, throwing away his privilege of royal indulgence, a fugitive to the wilderness. But at length the weak things confound the mighty: Pharaoh is humbled, and Moses, with his people, goes forth in the light of the highest truth that then was shining on the earth. God chose the weak things to proclaim himself and publish His dominion and care. See how the lots have changed — Israel's and Egypt's: the old glory has gone from the banks of the Nile; those mighty Pharaohs would hardly be known to us but for the name and history of the patriarchs and their descendants, who once stood in their palaces weak and dependent, and like slaves were kept delving in Goshen.

As I believe, a marvellous special providence was over Israel; but still their case illustrates the universal rule, — the highest truth prevails. Those Israelites, crushed and despised, had among them higher truth than all the learning and art of the Egyptians. They were rude, semi-barbarous; but their idea of the living and true God uplifted, civilized, and ennobled their souls from generation to generation. Moses, five hundred years before Homer, has sent down to us his song in Deuteronomy and his Ninetieth Psalm, which, for thought and expression, are beautiful and sublime — models still in literature. It was the highest truth that glowed and wrought such inspiration in that sensuous age. God revealed him-

self; Moses took the inspiring thought, and the weak became strong; he rose into noble manliness, and we still look up to him with admiration — the most inspired man, the great leader of the ancient world.

Open the New Testament: In the manger at Bethlehem lies a wailing infant; it is there because Joseph and Mary cannot pay for room in the inn; it is the symbol of weakness, the impersonation of want. The infant's life is sought by Herod, and Joseph and Mary, poor fugitives, hide it away among the swarming multitudes of Egypt. Wearily they go through the desert; and what could seem more weak and dependent than those parents and their infant, wayworn and travel-stained, to the great and rich Egyptians? From their curtained windows they looked out upon the wayfarers, and with mingled pity and contempt they said: "Only see these poor creatures, all the way from Judæa. What have they come for now?" Nearly two thousand years before, Abram and Sarah had appeared there, also weak and dependent; and fourteen hundred years before, Moses was taken by the king's daughter from his ark of bulrushes on the Nile. How the weak things have been shown in contrast with the mighty! Think of Joseph and Mary, with the infant, sitting upon the steps of some heathen temple, or gazing with wonder at the royal gardens and palaces! Behold the weak and the mighty, as the world saw them there!

That child increased in stature, and grew in favor with God and man; the highest truth made its home in His soul; the Father consecreated a temple for the indwelling of His spirit, but still that boy of Nazareth was to the Jews one of the weak things. The doctors of law and wisdom were astonished by his talk at twelve years of age; but then he came from Nazareth, and went back to Nazareth, a carpenter's son they said, and they soon forgot the boy with speaking face and deep spirit, and gloried in the traditions of the elders. In Nazareth, the weak and despised town, what a

growth is consummating! the highest truth, the very fulness of God is being incorporated with that lovely life! God chooses the weak things. And even when Jesus appears on the banks of the Jordan for His baptism, and on the Mount preaching as never man spake before, and working wonders of mercy and beneficence, the Jews were slow to see that the weak had become strong. Rome, mistress of the world, did hear of some little disturbance in her distant province; one Jesus was represented as a mischievous agitator; but she hardly gave a moment's thought to the matter; the Roman writers thought it worth while to allude to it. Ah, these weak things! the great world, in its pride and glory, building monuments of marble and pyramids to perpetuate itself, did not care for, or only despised them. But look, and see how the weak has confounded the mighty: Judaism, alas for her scattered children and ruined estate, was ploughed up from her foundations, as opposing truth, fighting against God. Buried Babylon is thought of now chiefly for the sake of those captive Jews whom she carried away to weep by her rivers. Egypt sitting in the dust of her greatness is thankful to be remembered in connection with Abram, Jacob, Joseph, the Pilgrim child, and the fugitive parents, who once so weak and dependent, wandered through her cities, and gazed upon her magnificence. And that Rome, which first neglected and then persecuted the followers of Jesus, behold! her capital has become her tomb. God has chosen weak things of the world to confound the mighty. All along through the ages it has been seen that the highest truth prevails. They who dwell nearest God, and have most of His spirit, are mightiest. God and His children must reign. The faint-hearted say: —

> True, power and pride and insolent thought,
> Our trust in Heaven severely try;
> The wicked rule the world, and naught
> Is left to virtue, but to die.

But let us reply: —

> Not so. In virtue's path who treads,
> Treads surely: all we feel and see
> Is a triumphant march that leads
> Truth, knowledge, to its victory.
> ——— Each day, each hour,
> Give power to truth, to virtue power.

Nor does my faith fail as I leave the path of Providence in the old time, disclosed by the Bible, and stand amidst the events of to-day. The fathers had not all of truth, nor all of God's care; this is His world still — not lost, not forsaken. We are apt to be discouraged because we forget that God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. We look upon organized evil, the thronged temples of false religion, the giant systems of error, the laws and institutions of wrong and oppression, the tenacious habits of sin, and we despair. But think how often weak things have confounded the mighty, as the little sapling that grows up from under a massive wall may, by its growth of root and stock, upheave and overthrow the wall. I see Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo; they have the truth of our solar system, and all the world stands in the old error. It is the weak against the mighty; and timid time-servers, as they saw the weak ones persecuted, imprisoned, said: "What but failure can come of it?"

Nothing seems to the world so weak as a principle without embodiment, — a naked principle, a mortal truth. It is spoken of slightingly as an abstraction, an impotency, and they who think much of such impotencies are called ideologists. Napoleon had a great contempt for the ideologists. They fed upon the wind. But a genuine principle, a high truth taken into the soul, is one of the mightiest forces: it seems weak — a Moses in his bulrush ark, the babe of Bethlehem in the manger; but when that principle gets organized,

it will overthrow temples, upheave institutions, explode systems, change customs, and make all things new.

There was an abstraction concerning the rights of man floating about in the minds of our English forefathers six hundred years ago; it got organized rudely enough in the old barons, and it wrenched Magna Charta from King John. That sapling has been upheaving the oppression of absolute monarchy ever since. Sometimes the principle gets a fiery organization, and is terribly spasmodic, as in France and Italy, shattering old oppressions with volcanic forces.

Principles are working here in our American life. You and I have seen very weak things become mighty. The principle of temperance sixty years ago seemed one of the weakest things — an abstraction from right living. What could it do against appetite, habit, selfishness? But the visionary idea got organized in a few faithful souls, and began to show force and spread its influence. Men laughed and ridiculed; the shrine-makers of Diana were angry, yet despite of all, the principle confounded the mighty. A great revolution has gone through society: intemperance is not yet outrooted, circles of fashion in the cities and the low groggeries everywhere resist the principle; but among the masses of the people, the country population, there has been a great reform. Alas for those who stand against it, and are glad to believe the false cry that the temperance reform is a failure!

And now, finally, this great matter of spiritual freedom, the right of every soul to read its own Father's will, to think for itself on religious as well as on all other subjects; each one to form his own opinions and hold his own faith; each one taking the earnest appeal of Jesus, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right!" Not to be controlled by pope of Rome, or by bishops or presbyteries at home; each soul not only at liberty to think and form opinions and hold faith, but solemnly bound to do so, or meet the judgment of that steward who was afraid to do anything with his

lord's money lest he should lose it, and so wrapped it in a napkin and buried it for safety. Spiritual freedom — the young soul's birthright — thank God the world is coming to a knowledge and feeling of it! But what a struggle there has been — suffering of martyrs — a battle of centuries!

For nearly three hundred years the iron hand of spiritual despotism held all Christendom in its grasp — that midnight of the dark ages. There were a few men live and wide-awake, but they were the weak against the mighty — heralds of freedom to be beaten down one after another — Scotus Erigena, Abelard, Wiclif, Huss, Jerome. It did seem a hopeless struggle. Even after Martin Luther appeared, it seemed impossible to hope much for religious liberty. See him at the Diet of Worms. The poor monk, alone; the dreaded sovereignty of Europe arrayed in scornful magnificence against him; but the lone monk had reason, truth, and God on his side, and behold the day of spiritual liberty rose upon the night of despotic enslavement.

Let these lessons out of the history of ages make you courageous for truth and right, though it may seem to be weak things against the mighty, and base-born policy may cunningly advise to be with the strongest party, in the most numerous sect. Beware of such temptation!

Our Puritan stock, from the beginning, has been full of principles. The weak things of this world, ideologists, all of them. Those Round Heads of England! and the courtiers of Charles and James made themselves merry with what they called dreams and visions; but the principles took embodiment; the dreams astonished the cavaliers; Cromwell became very real to them at Naseby and Marston Moor.

The Pilgrim Fathers, on board the little "Mayflower," on the wintry coast of Massachusetts, looked too weak to live; but they had a cargo of principles, which have made the backbone of our civilization from that day to this. Equal rights as God's children, and liberty with law, were their

principles, so deep, so wide, so high! We have not always kept sight of those principles; the Pilgrim Fathers themselves did not. They forgot when they dealt with heresy and witchcraft, and we forgot when we dealt with slavery. That cancerous wrong got rooted in our infant national life. The principles of liberty were not faithfully organized into life. The greed of power and gain prevailed. Slavery was mighty, and grasped at dominion. The principle against it, though a giant, was asleep! A few knightly souls were on watch and guard; they seemed weak, but they saved our free institutions. The principle of liberty got organized in a million strong arms. The weak things were clothed in the might of God. Millions spoke slavery's doom, and it lies, an unsightly carcass, hardly yet buried out of sight.

So it has been, so it must be. The highest truth, the noblest right, in the long run must prevail. The just God reigns. All life, business, politics, religion, must feel His sway. To resist is to be ground to powder; to work together with His spirit is victory!

A little child in bulrush ark
  Came floating on the Nile's broad water;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
  And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought
  In Israel's temple, of its sages;
That child the world's religion brought,
  And crushed the temples of past ages.

'Midst worst oppressions, if remain
  Young hearts to freedom yet aspiring;
If nursed in superstition's chain,
  The human heart be still inquiring,

Then let not priest or tyrant dote
  On dreams of long the world commanding;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
  And Christ is in the temple standing.

IV.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

Build thee a sure house. — [*I Kings* ii: 38.
As a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, which is Jesus Christ. — [*I Cor.* iii: 10, 11.

ALL life is the building up of character. Everyone builds the house he lives in. What sort of house have you or I been building; what for situation, durability, style of architecture, every-day convenience? Some of us must know; and does our character-house satisfy us so far as we have gone? Even does it look well; does it answer the purposes of to-day; can it endure wind, rain, and winter storm? A sorry sight are many of these moral edifices about us, with no corner-stones, on the shifting sand of expediency or in the slough of sensualism, with flimsiest materials loosely put together, and ridiculous for ostentations of veneering and fresco. What a thing it would be to go through a city, not looking at the dwellings of wood, brick, and stone, but seeing the people in their character-houses. We all do this more or less. A vile man may build a grand house, but despite the show, who does not see him a creeping reptile or fierce brute in the den of his character? We live in the characters we build in a much deeper sense than in the houses of wood, brick, or stone that we rear.

I think of beginners in life, who have not yet made great mistakes: Here is the young man — the young woman; do they think what opportunity is given? do they dream of the significance of living? In every life character is built. As the life of the coral insect ultimates in the reef that fills

the depths of ocean and makes islands, so human life ultimates in character, and these human builders have the wondrous liberty to make their spiritual dwelling pleasant, sublime, holy; or they may make it low, mean, and wretched.

Here is the soul, a builder of its own house, surrounded by the building materials, circumstances and relations of life, the checkered experience of joy and sorrow, — all that touches the soul are the materials of its character-building. What shall the structure be?

But here this thought arrests us: How strange it is that in such a momentous concern so many are building just as it happens, without foundation, proportion, or durability, with no settled plan! If a house to shelter us for a few years is to be built, there is long and patient thought of it. What shall be the material, what the style, what the position, what the internal arrangements; a plan must be made that we can see how it will look. And though there be much expense, sacrifices are willingly made to meet it, because, we say, this house is to be our home for a lifetime, and we will have it durable and convenient, or beautiful, artistic.

The good architect never rears a building nor lays the corner-stone until with careful thought he has designed the whole structure, and suited it to its place and uses. Think of Michael Angelo laboring upon his ideal of St. Peter's at Rome; it was to be the house of God, suitable to His worship, worthy to be dedicated to the Supreme Majesty of Heaven and earth; it must be vast in proportions, towering above the dwellings of men as the throne and power of God overshadow mortal greatness; and in durability, an emblem of Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. We can see the great artist pondering his grand conception. He appreciates the importance of his work, and feels his responsibility; even his confident genius was not superior to anxiety about his work. Day and night his conception engrossed him, and his thoughts, like thousands of workmen, built up

the ideal structure until he saw the magnificent temple that was to be. And when the cathedral was built in the builder's mind, then the outward work began and went forward toward completion.

All great works are preceded by their ideals — must be so preceded. Great achievements do not come by chance. The statuary ponders upon the thought that is in his heart. Greenough thought of exalted patriotism; he pondered upon it until the thought grew into a conception of Washington, and then he wrought out that conception into marble. Raphael thought of pure maternal love; he pondered the thought until he portrayed the Madonna and the child Jesus. Alston was awestruck by thought of the law of retribution; he saw it illustrated in the ruin of Belshazzar. That handwriting on the wall seized his imagination, and he tried to tell on the canvas what he saw in it, but died leaving his great picture unfinished. So it is always; great achievements do not come by chance. Whether men paint pictures, carve statues, rear buildings, success is not obtained without thoughts, — ideals, longings in the soul, going before the execution. Would you build a noble character, rear a building not made with hands, erect a temple in your soul in which the spirit of God may dwell? Be assured your work will be a failure if you go into it with careless negligence. Think what you would do; what kind of character-building you would rear; ponder the thought till the ideal rises before you, an inspiring vision. Would that the conception may be worthy of you. Does it seem a great thing that Michael Angelo did — building St. Peter's? But all that is of small moment; all the cathedrals in the world are as fleeting bubbles compared to the character-building which you and I can rear. A good life is the noblest building.

How interesting to go into some of these character buildings! Here is one reared by a saintly father lately gone home. I go in, and there I see him with sweetest reverence,

peaceful memories, and blessed hopes; and prophets, apostles are with him, and all at the Master's feet. I go into another, and the walls and niches are covered and filled with beauty — Madonnas, angelic forms, gleamings of heaven all around. I go into another, and find a brother struggling in stern duties, but the duties all blossom into love and bear fruit of useful service, and the house is filled with the anthem, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I go into still another, and I find the poor inhabitant in darkness, and echoing from every wall the terrible words: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We must live in the houses we build.

What, then, would you have your character-house? Ponder the thought of it. But here a practical question comes up sharply: Do we really believe that we can build up just such character as we please? Many would say no. Some think we are creatures of circumstances, and the house we build may chance to be a palace or may turn out to be a hovel. The world of things is mightier than the world of ideas, and we are moved, controlled, shaped by outward forces, so that one can hardly help doing right, another scarcely escape doing wrong. Then others say, "God is sovereign, and makes some to honor and some to dishonor: ordains some to sin and misery, others to righteousness and salvation;" and men excuse themselves on the ground that circumstances were too strong for them, or that God was adverse. O, away with such deadening beliefs! We are made free, capable of doing all that God requires in order to obtain blessed immortality. We can and must work out our salvation, build our houses to live in; and at the same time God works in us to will and to do, and the obedient soul rejoices in its work, delights in the rising edifice of character all the more for this very reason, that God does work in us to will and to do. As one has finely said, "The Christian view reconciles Providence and free will, destiny and character, represent-

ing God and man in spiritual unity; man free in God, and God willing in man; man paramount in his sphere, but that sphere touched at every point of its circumference by a higher and controlling power." Away with thoughts of fatalism, or of such foreordination as would bind a soul to evil. We build as we please.

But though I speak confidently, I do not forget how some are overborne by circumstances, driven by maddening passions, and build for themselves houses of infamy, dens of wretchedness. Many a one when he sees what he has done, pleads in excuse, pleads with shame and tears, that he could not do otherwise. But this plea comes after vicious indulgences have been permitted and evil habits formed. The frail swimmer cannot breast the rapids at Niagara, nor live in them five minutes, but why is he there? why put himself in such peril? If I run beneath an avalanche, no doubt I shall be crushed; and so, if I give myself to sin, sin will vanquish and despoil me, and make mockery of my shame and misery.

We can build as we please, to honor or dishonor, and here we stand amidst our building materials. They are various in kind: here are hope, success, joy; could we build entirely of these, our work would be pleasant and easy, but these alone would make a loose, frail structure; and so, here are formidable materials, labor, disappointment, sorrow, — granite and marble.

Then, could we work on our character-building always in fair weather and temperate atmosphere, it might be pleasant; but there are storms, winter blasts, sweltering heat, to be encountered. Indeed, when I look around upon all this spiritual building and see how hard life is, how sorrow and care write their marks in the faces and weigh down the heart; when I see what watching, what sacrifice of ease, what persistent struggle are requisite to work all the various materials, and raise them to their places in this building of char-

acter, I am not surprised that many are troubled, and ask with sharp earnestness, "Why, if God be good, why so much hardship, pain, and sorrow?" No doubt we make our building work harder than it need be; but God seems to ordain that much of the hard materials of disappointment and sorrow shall go into our building. Many of the noblest characters come out of much tribulation. "Strength is born in the silence of long-suffering hearts, not amidst joy." Christ was made perfect through suffering.

I would not affright young builders; but really, as I move among business men and see their trials, as I think of the griefs of families and consider failing health, blighted hope, and unrequited love, I am constrained to think this character-building is heavy work. And if we try to make it easy; if we play when we should toil; if we put sloth and frivolity into our building as sills and beams, we shall come to grief and shame. We have hard work to do; but the Father, in all these heavens of goodness, is near to help us.

And now, where shall be the site of our building? Will we place it in the marsh of sensualism, or upon the drift of expediency? How much better to build higher up, on the solid ground of principle, or on the cliffs of heavenly aspiration — above the fogs and freshets of the world — high enough for faith and hope to look out of the windows upon wide, opening prospects, and have the grand scenery of the heavens for every-day enjoyment.

And now, Paul tells us that the chief corner-stone of our house must be Jesus Christ; that is, we must begin with Him. He will lead us to the best position — to the very spot where we can most clearly see the Father; right in sight of the heavenly mansions He will teach us to mark out and lay our foundations. And then He will suggest the order of architecture — the style of our building. It will not be according to Plato the idealist, nor Zeno the stoic, nor Epicurus the lover of pleasure, but according to Christ; and the whole

building, from corner-stone to turret, will show the harmonies of love and worship; and on pillar and pediment, in letters of light, "Good will to man; glory to God in the highest." What privilege to build, and all the materials at our hand — the joy or the sorrow, the success or adversity, each in its time! Look to God for blessing and do your best, and inspiration to build nobly will be given. We may build for eternity, and renew every particle of our building day by day. The cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, the great globe itself will grow old, crumble, and pass away; but this character-house which we can rear may always be our dwelling — ever new, eternal in the heavens.

To build this spiritual house of love and worship, to form this Christian character, is what we are here for. This is the chief end of man; in this his joy, peace, and hope; in this he glorifies his creator; in this honors Christ.

No matter in what we fail, if we but build our house, and build it so that the Father will come into it and dwell with us. We may fail in gathering wealth, fail in health, fail in domestic happiness, fail in every worldly ambition, and yet attain the grandest success; and the very failures, it may be, are the steps up to the success. May God help us to turn even our darkest adversities into strength and beauty of character — out of the granite, to make ornament and support for our house to live in!

V.

THE PATTERN IN THE MOUNT.

Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the Mount. — [*Exodus* xxv: 40.

THE Israelites, a mighty host, were out of Egypt, the Red Sea between them and the land of their bondage, and Pharaoh engulfed in the waters. They were safe; and Miriam led the people in their song of deliverance: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, working wonders?"

This picturesque, impressive scene passed by, and in a few weeks the liberated people are gathered in the valleys at the foot of Sinai. The solemn scenery, the naked, rocky mountain, in such contrast with the flat meadows of Goshen where they had lived, must have impressed them deeply; and especially when the mountain became terrible with lightning and thunder, and out of the awful Mount Jehovah spake to them. They were on the lower plane of life, in the senses, walking by sight, and the Father bowed His heavens to meet them. They were now to have a law — a mode of worship, a form of government. They were to be educated to intellectual, moral, religious perception; to civil and social well-being. It was a stupendous work to raise their life. It is interesting to consider the means that were adopted, the commandments that were given, and the whole system of worship and polity that was enjoined upon them. Moses was called up into the mountain alone to meet

Jehovah, and there, in communion with divinity, receive into his soul the suggestions, patterns, ideas of what he was to do. In all this account I do not cleave very exactly to the letter — it is to be construed freely. I fully believe that God helped Moses; there are sublime truths and wise methods in that Jewish economy such as the world before Moses knew nothing of. I am ready to say, God must have helped him, or he could not have done what he did. Compared with Zoroaster, with Confucius, with Plato, Moses stands pre-eminent. His theology is higher than theirs as the heavens are higher than earth, and his morals are holier and truer.

But I wish especially to bring your thoughts to Moses in the Mount, alone with God, there being inspired, I suppose, — receiving into his soul the suggestions and patterns of what he was to do. I do not attempt to define to myself precisely how much was of God and how much was of Moses. I rest in the conclusion that God did give him especial help in his work — extraordinary, out of the common ways, yet no more help, I am ready to think, in proportion to the work he had to do, than is given to you and me in our work to-day. And Moses is charged: "Look that thou do each thing according to the pattern which was shown thee in the Mount." I look at Moses in his great and difficult work, instituting forms of worship, a code of morals, statute laws for civil and domestic life, — looking at the pattern showed in the Mount, and trying in each case to make the form, the commandment, the statute according to it; and I seem to see a symbol of what we all should do. Moses should be an example to interpret inspiration and duty to us. To every soul it may be said, Look that thou do every duty according to the pattern which was shown thee in the Mount. No one of us, perhaps, ever has, or will, climb those rocky heights of Sinai where Moses, far up above the world, and all alone, held communion with God, and beheld the patterns of what

he was to do. But there is a Mount in every soul, which, by lonely meditation and prayer, each one of us may climb and hold council with God, and have shown the patterns of duty and hear the solemn commandments.

This Sinai in the spirit, my friends, have you known anything about it? Have you never stood anxiously at the foot of it, solemnly feeling the presence of the Lord in the Mount, and hearing the voice calling you to come up for counsel? And have you never in any better moment obeyed the call and climbed up the way of aspiration until you saw the patterns of holy virtue, so glorious that, in sorrow for your past unworthiness, your eyes have filled with tears? In some souls the Mount is familiar by frequent visits, and by high, ennobling communion with God in the cloud-covered heights; in others it is well-nigh undiscovered. Thousands, like those sensuous Israelites, stay below in the valley, making and worshipping their golden calves.

The ideals, the patterns, are all in the Mount, and God is there to show them to us. We must climb into the heights to see them. The pure reason must discern the possibilities of truth and duty. Where no vision is the people perish; and the practical understanding, when the open way is seen, may attempt the pilgrimage through the wilderness to reach the land of promise.

We expect aspiration in youth; it is a natural instinct. In the morning when the air is clear, before the smoke of the world's fires have darkened the heavens, we can see far and high. Youth is apt to have noble and generous purposes. It goes up into the Mount, and there are shown to it the patterns of what life should be. It beholds them, and rejoices in the thought of the goodness and worth it means to work out. The young person who has been religiously educated lives up in the Mount, in high contemplation and holy purpose, dwelling with enthusiasm upon the heavenly patterns. O, nothing in this world is so beautiful and hope-

inspiring as a young spirit up in the Mount of thought and feeling, conscious of God's presence, with solemn joy contemplating the patterns of a true life, and earnestly resolving that every one of them shall be followed, each ideal wrought out! Happy those parents who go with their children up into the Mount, helping them to get to the right points of view, so as best to see the patterns. There is a joy in going with an intelligent stranger who has never seen Niagara, leading him to the best views, and witnessing the deep emotions in the stranger's heart, created by the wondrous scene. It is a holier joy to go with a young soul up into the Mount of spiritual aspiration, and help it to see the pictures and patterns of truth and duty; and when that young soul is our own child, and we see in the beaming face the hope and purpose to work out each pattern into life, it is about as far into heaven as we can get in the world.

But that well-trained youth goes on into the crowded thoroughfares, engrossing worldly interests. Will he go up into the Mount less frequently? Will the young man be held by his pleasures and his business, and the young woman by her accomplishments and fashions, and kept from those heights of the ideal where the commandments are given and the patterns of duty shown? Will the pure reason get clouded, and the practical understanding captivated and imprisoned by worldliness, like Samson grinding in the mills of the Philistines? We will hope not. The young feel confident they never can be prevented going up into the Mount. But oh, it is sad to see how the world engrosses and holds the spirit down. Less and less frequent are the ascents into the Mount, and the vision of patterns grows indistinct, fades more and more, until they are not seen at all. God shows them still; the Mount as ever is full of glory; but the world prevents the spirit going up to see, and gradually the memory, even of the Mount and its patterns, fails, and the soul that in youth was so clear-sighted and high-minded, full of moral

enthusiasm, quite at home up in the Mount, may come to be contented amidst the excitements of a worldly life. Very sad it is to see a young person losing spiritual vision, ceasing from upward striving, and sinking down into immoralities and low sensuousness. Sometimes the very one who in youth was familiar with the Mount of aspiration, and all aglow with the glorious patterns shown there, jeers at the ideals of virtue, calls them dreams of Quixotism, and says we must take the world as it is, and float and conform.

I honor those who rise above the ordinary level of life around them, go up into the Mount and look upon the patterns, and in daily life try to conform to them! Alas for that man or woman who ventures out into the perils of the world, where "pleasures kill and glories cheat," with no thought of the Mount and God there showing patterns! And when the world comes, as it often does, to the nursery, in the person of a low-minded father or mother, or both, and takes the children, blinding them to things high and suggestive of duty and heaven, and shuts them up in its low range of interests, O how small is the hope that they will ever get out of their prison and find their upward way!

We do, the most of us, sometimes get up into the Mount, and see the ideal patterns, and some by education and great privilege are borne up thither frequently. Happy for us if we are prayerfully earnest to rise. O, there is a deep joy in standing uplifted, the world with all its clouds and storms beneath, wide prospects open on every side, sun and stars overhead, while the soul in communion with God feels all its powers, and sees its capabilities and duties,— such room for growth and progress! such heights still to be climbed! such glories and bliss to be attained! The lower life has no satisfaction like these. Friends, let me say to you, when graciously favored, we go up into the Mount of high thoughts and wondrous fellowship with the spiritual world, and see the patterns of virtue, the ideals of liberty, holiness, love; when

in better moments we have come near to God, and caught glimpses of His attributes, each one of them a pattern, we are not to stay up in the Mount, in selfish enjoyment of our visions of truth and excellence, entranced by our ideals, admiring the patterns of true life. Favored persons often do this, — sit gazing upon their ideals of what life should be made, — and never come down from their high thinking to patient, useful work in the world that so needs the mountain-thoughts. Alas for them! while they selfishly enjoy their fine prospects the light fades, the patterns disappear, high ideals vanish.

That coming down of Moses out of the Mount, his soul all aglow with what he had seen pass before him, to labor in earthly ways to educate and enlighten those tribes given to his charge, is full of suggestion to us.

Ideal visions are the forerunners of our actions and character. Where no vision is the people perish. Patterns in the Mount are our inspiration and hope. The attributes of God in the mountain of his holiness are the highest springs of human conduct. We must look up to get quickening and guidance: we come to our churches to look in and look up.

We need not go back to the old Sinai; we have not come to the Mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, and to blackness, and darkness, and tempest. Our Sinai is clothed with benignities; our Moses need not say, I exceedingly fear and quake: our Father is in those solemn heights of the spirit; none need fear to go up to Him, and gaze upon the patterns He may show. Those heavenly patterns, how wondrously fair; love to God and man inscribed upon them all, devout reverence, helpful beneficence, personal purity, loyalty to truth, readiness to lay down life for right, and the welfare of the Father's children, our fellowmen! Behold such patterns in the Mount! Jesus has wrought them all out in saving power. In the Mount he saw the beautiful vision, and hastened down to bring it to the

world. We know the touching story from Bethlehem to Calvary, and from the cross of this world's contempt to the right hand of the Father — in all, the heavenly patterns radiant with glory! O this world right here about us, with its unexampled prosperity heaping up wealth, wielding mighty power, how it needs the vision of those heavenly patterns!

May this church be a Mount of vision, the air always clear, and the light full, without cloud of prejudice or sultry heat of passion, and the whole heaven wide open above it. May the gathered worshippers, from generation to generation, childhood and youth, maturity and age, in purity of heart and out of the depths of humility, see all the stars and keep the path of immortal destiny, despite the world's drifting currents and blinding mists.

Henceforth may this temple, dedicated to the worship of the one only living God, our Father, the infinite holy spirit of wisdom, power, and goodness, and to the devout study and loving imitation of Jesus the way, the truth, the life, — dedicated to truth, right, Christian helpfulness, to all justmorals, and fervent piety, — O henceforth may this temple, offered in love to God and man, be indeed the house of God, the home of your souls, the Mount of vision, where you may come to see the patterns which are in the week to be wrought into life, then come again to see, week after week, constant as the sun, — until vision shall lead to transfiguration, and you go to work in higher spheres, live in the upper mansions, all the windows of which Christ fills with light, and to worship in the temple not made with hands!

VI.

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP.*

All my springs are in Thee. — [*Ps.* lxxxvii.
Deep calleth unto deep. — [*Ps.* xlii.

THE deep want in us calls for the deep, full supply in God. I would speak, as best I can, of the soul's deepest want, and of the church, and its symbols and services, as a way to supply.

The soul's deepest want is the want of God, — the mysterious power, the befriending providence, the present, living inspiration.

Dean Stanley says that Voltaire wrote on the fly-leaf of a book, advocating atheism: "If God did not exist, we should have to invent Him." The keen-sighted critic, who had read the history of man and found so much to sneer and laugh at, did believe, it seems, that humanity wanted a God, and must have one; and how many reverent souls have come, in ways so different, to a similar result. God has made us to look up to Him. It is natural; and in our great hours if at no other time, our nature promptly asserts itself, and we do so. Generally, it is true, men in their straits cry out, reach up, really pray to the Power above them. An Indian mother seeing her child drowning and beyond her reach, cried out:

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* Dr. Hosmer preached this sermon at the installation of his son at Salem, and afterwards, with some changes, at Newport, before a conference of ministers the evening before the Channing Centenary, April 7, 1880.

"O thou Great Everywhere, save my child!" It was nature crying to nature's God.

History abounds with like instances. Christian, Jew, and Heathen, have done the same in great emergencies; the soul, feeling its insufficiency, longing for aid, cries out to powers above it. With the lights of history about us, let us think how this is.

In nothing have men been more earnest than in war; and so in the awful crises, when liberty, home, life itself, have been at stake, they have been heard uttering their supplicating cries. The Indian warwhoop would not ring through forest glades until the Prophet announced the will of the Great Spirit. "God is great," was the shout that went up from those fierce armies of conquering Mussel-men. The Roman legions would not willingly go into battle until the priests had consulted the auspices, and reported the gods to be favorable. Many a time the armies of Christendom have been seen on their knees, at prayer, before joining in the terrible carnage; and even in the heat of battle, as soldiers have told me, there is a swearing prayerfulness. Men and women with great burdens to bear, of responsibility, pain, bereavement, look up to powers above them for help. They may have no just ideas of God — prayer a strange work, irreverent profaneness perhaps their usual habit; but now in their extremity, the weight of a momentous enterprise settling down upon them, an agony of pain to be endured, a child dying, they long for God to help them. In their straits they have faith in unseen powers all a surprise to themselves, — a faith mingled often with error, superstition, unreasonable expectation; a blind, groping, hungry faith, but nevertheless having its roots in the nature of things.

It must be considered that this uprising of man's instinctive religiousness through crusts of worldly life often creates strange confusion. Selfishness gets mixed up with the relig-

ious impulse, and seeing such inconsistency, some have hastily inferred that the whole matter of religion is unreal — a delusion, or a mask of hypocrisies. Not so. Man's religiousness is the most real thing in him, the most deeply natural. In this is the hiding of his power. Wherever humanity has risen to grand accomplishment, showing power, generosity, self-sacrifice, we are quite sure to find that religious feeling mingled with the motives that gave inspiration. Let men feel that God is on their side, that their cause is His will, and they become heroes and martyrs. When Bonaparte in Egypt told his soldiers that forty centuries were looking down upon them from the tops of the pyramids, there was a certain sublimity in his appeal; but it would have been much more sublime and telling had he told them how a universal Father in Egypt, as everywhere else, held in His hand all their destinies. The great leaders of men have known this, and spared no pains to enlist the religious feeling of the masses. No cause, no party can stand long that is opposed to the religious instincts of the people. Appetite, lust, ambition, wrath, may drive men fiercely, and give terrible efficiency for short periods; but for long service and dangerous emergencies, no motives are so reliable as those that take hold on God, conscience, and immortality. Of course it is so, for God made us to lean upon His power, be guided by His wisdom, live with Him. He has made us to feel that our springs are all in Him — deep calling unto deep; and we do best, ministers and laymen, in our churches and in our secular affairs, when we live as we were created to live.

But in our poor ways of living we lose sight of all this till some great hour opens our eyes. Then we look to God, and it is as natural for us to do so as for the little child, in trouble or danger, to run into its mother's arms.

Seventeen years ago — who can ever forget it? — when the South was overwhelming our armies, and we were made to

feel that we were not invincible, as many had thought, a thrill of religious feeling, a sense of dependence on a stronger arm than ours, pervaded the North. Men became convinced of God's agency in human affairs, and in their deeper soul they prayed. The soldiers, the officers, the President, — we all were in prayerful mood. We were in trouble. Thousands, and some of our dearest among them, were in bloody graves, and liberty, right, and even civilization were in peril, and our human hearts cried out, In Thee are all our springs! The deep want called for the deep, full supply, and power was given. It was power from God, coming through our nature and resources — coming up, it might seem, from the earth below, not right down from Heaven, but all His gift. We looked up for help, fulfilling the conditions of its being given as best we could under the terrible circumstances, and help was ours. It is always so; we do best looking up, thinking of Him in whom we live, while with the sharpest good sense we fulfil the conditions of life and welfare.

And here, friends, a momentous question arises: how far this neglecting and forgetting our deeper religious instincts till some great hour or terrible straits bring us to ourselves and to our God, may go. We tremble to think of it. We long to know. Can our sense of God be so benumbed and overlaid that even no straits can bring us to ourselves and to our Father? Can our enjoyments, accumulation, physical inquiries, so engross and hold us in this lower world that we shall utterly lose the aspiration, hope, faith, that would keep us in fellowship with presences above, and God become to us really the unknowable, immortality only a vast uncertainty, and providential care only a dream of weakness? Could we (is it possible?) so change our nature by wrong use? Might not the sky-lark, kept in a parlor cage, lose and forget its natural power to cleave the air and meet the morning's dawn? Might not the tamed

eagle be so broken down as not to know the power of his wings, and not to long for the heights and mountain crags for which he was created?

The terrible possibilities suggested, of losing, forgetting our birthright-power of the soul, should make us anxious to clear and strengthen our religious instincts, and protect them from being checked, overlaid, benumbed, and forgotten. We must try to keep our sense of God clear and strong; more and more think how all our springs are in Him, — the earth His, each subject of every science His, the scientist himself His, and we all His children. We must come up to this; and as we reverently, gratefully think of it all, deep will call to deep, the soul will find what it wants, and our life will grow to be sublime, — we in the Father and the Father in us.

And now, to make sure of so much, we have the church, with its services, symbols, and worship. All in it — the songs of praise, prayer, preaching — are to open the way of life and lead us up to open vision of God. Everything in the church should favor deep thought, devout feeling, God-ward aspiration. I would have a cheerful light, a genial fellowship, a natural reasonableness in our churches, none of the dim religious light, not a bit of monastic gloom and sour asceticism; but we must keep the wordly spirit out of our churches. I am afraid of invasions of secularism. Mammon finds his benefit in keeping in with the churches; sometimes he steals the church keys, or gets complimentary tickets and says to his votaries: Come to fair, festival, lottery, and have a good time in helping these religious people pay the expenses of their worship; or with deeper guile, he says, Let us be very wise and æsthetic, and persuade these ministers to have lectures on my wisdom, and artistic concerts, and so we will do away with much prayer, psalm-singing and preaching. May God save us from this! The sanctuary is a place chiefly and primarily to come to our

higher self, — to get the nearer to our Father, to Jesus, and to immortal realities. All need it — if doing right, you need it to do better — and none need it more than those who neglect it.

If material interests have overborne your life, and made you unmindful that all your springs are in God, so much the more in earnest must you be here in thought, prayer, praise, to change the emphasis, to readjust the balance. A workday week needs a Sunday of thoughtful worship, to prevent a one-sided growth. The more of business a man takes upon himself, the nearer he needs to come to God to be able to bear it. So I say that first and chiefly, the sanctuary is for thoughtful worship and praise.

I do not forget that we are social: friend with friend we come to worship; through human love we may rise to the divine; but there is danger if we love each other's commendation, fear each other's censure, and sometimes are taken off our feet by social sympathies. There is danger that our social nature will overlie and check the religious intuitions, so that while we talk to each other, among ourselves and of ourselves, no strong thought reaches up to God, into rapt communion with His spirit.

I love to think of that first silent meeting of the Friends, wherever it was. It was a new departure. George Fox, perhaps, or William Penn, or Barclay was there. They met together, the time of service past, and not a word was said; and why? because profound meditation held their souls waiting upon God in the innermost sanctuary; they were so absorbed in the deep communing, that they could not send forth thought upon the tongue. They were real worshippers, and all so impressed with the presence of God, each in such close communion, as to have no desire to speak a word. There is much utterance in conferences and in churches that is very poor compared with such silence — the chattering of conceit, light anecdote, sensational appeal, dreadful cant.

The pulpit sometimes, often in our day, is expected to do what it ought never attempt — to be a proclaimer of general intelligence, a vehicle of easy social talk about everything in a certain religious way: the preachers who draw the multitude are generally of this sort. Some seem to expect the pulpit to be all three — lyceum, theatre, and pulpit. The pulpit is never to amuse, hardly should it stoop to entertain; it should be possessed by a holy reverence: a sense of God should pervade its utterances. The preacher should not come to his people in the sanctuary with secular knowledge, merely a lecturer on the literatures or sciences; he should come with the richest fruits he can gather from the calm depths of contemplation, with the message which through prayer and thought has been given him. He must give himself to the highest influence, and try to speak only what the Spirit moves him to utter.

There must be study — wise, deep; the more, the better acquaintance with human life in all time, and with the world's present thought, activities, and tendencies. Alas for an ignorant ministry! But let me say, strongly as I can, the preacher's office is not so much to enlarge the boundaries of secular knowledge as to quicken the spirit and impress it with a sense of God and divine things. A sermon — how shall I speak of it? What ought it to be? It should not be an easy, superficial talk, light and gossipy; it should not be a popular lecture, nor a hard argument, dry, knotty, hair splitting. What should it be? It should be the utterance of a soul that feels the presence of God, and in the depths of life has sought for quickening thoughts to be the bread of heaven to waiting auditors. A sermon is a teaching, an address, an appeal; but prayerful meditation should go before it, and underneath it, and all through it. The true preacher will be so moved by the higher influence, and so filled with reverence as to feel the presence of God not less than that of his hearers; he is a mediator between the Father and His chil-

dren, giving voice to the divine will, and in his best utterances he comes to know the meaning of the Master's words: It shall be given you in that hour, what ye shall speak; for it is not you that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you. Oh, how it humbles one, whose vocation it has been to preach, to think of the ideal of preaching!

Hearers must consider that to enjoy and be quickened by a true preacher, they must be prepared to hear. All must be prepared before they can be taught. It is so in everything — the eye must be suited to the light before it can see, the mind must be brought to the right focus before it can appreciate fine things. I take up Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" it seems prolix, disconnected; but I think of the poet sorrowing for his lost friend, and writing his heart into his poem, and I find myself weeping with the mourner. We must be prepared in order to understand or enjoy, whether it be a statue, picture, poem, or sermon. Indeed, who expects to do anything without preparation: to solve a problem in mathematics, to lay out a business enterprise, and much more, to reach high truth, lay hold of exalted excellence?

There must be preparation to hear the true preacher; he will, indeed, seem afar off, unworldly, shadowy, unless his hearers try to empty their minds of the news and excitements of outside life, and coming to church, climb through prayerful meditation into heights of the spirit. What lack of common sense, to carry the world on our backs to church, Mammon arm in arm in the slip, and yet think to be interested in heavenly things! Religion so deep, the soul so mysterious, and the services at church to bring those deep things to the soul's deep want, and the preparation piling into the mind anxious cares of the outside world, which prevent spiritual impression, or soon obliterate it!

Finally, the sanctuary, with its worship, praise, symbols, and preaching, is your Mount of spiritual vision; here you

are to come, minister and people, to meet God, in whom are all our springs. Come with meditation and prayer, with reverence in all your thought; come listening to hear what the will of the Lord is, come trying to apprehend. The Father loves to reveal Himself to those who want to learn. Brothers of the Channing Conference, and all we ministers, what words can I use to tell how we need a better preparation and a higher spirit? Did we do our part better, our people would do theirs better. It is good for us to be here. Mighty influences are hanging over us, like rain-clouds in a drought. We are here to-night waiting for inspiration and guidance, as the children of Israel waited at the foot of Sinai for the patterns, ideals of duty and life, there to be shown them.

That revered brother, the prophet of liberal thought, the Moses of our exodus, whose centennial birthday comes to-morrow, thirty-seven years ago went up out of our sight. He has not been forgotten; his word has gone out through the English-speaking world. But we who knew him need to have our memories quickened; and younger men will gladly open their minds and hearts to his influence. Indeed, how great that influence has been! To-morrow its story will be told! Who, like him, has gone up into the mount of aspiration, — the strong thinker, prayerful and tender-hearted as a little child, and so hungering and thirsting after righteousness? And who with such consecrated purpose has hastened his mountain thoughts to uplift the world? O, come! Let us sanctify ourselves for the morrow, that the spirit of Channing, which has been as air, and light, and warmth to us, — a greater blessing than we know how to appreciate — may more deeply inspire us, and bless our children's children!

VII.

THE VALUE OF HARDSHIP.

Endure hardness. — [*II Tim.* ii: 3.

HARDSHIP makes heroes; easy indolence spoils them. Children of sunshine sometimes bear themselves bravely, but we never feel so sure of them as of those born out of storm and darkness. Hardship is God's training to strength and courage; and he seems to have made it sure, that hardship shall never cease from the earth. So hardship is everywhere.

There is hardship in our climate; our winters give us a tonic without which we should soon grow vapid. There is hardship in wrestling with the ocean; the old Norse vigor of our ancestors came largely from the stormy waves and snowy mountains. There is hardship in felling the forests and subduing nature. Indeed, there is hardship in living in this world of want, work, and anxiety; but very few get fully up to what they desire of food, clothing, shelter, and a safety-fund against a rainy day. Nature's stern word is — struggle, or do worse. Sad enough it is to see how many go under, failing in the wise, hard work. Work or die, is the sharp condition of outward welfare.

And then, the hardship of inner life, never to be known till tried. The independent thinker, the honest reformer, the lover of truth, the advocate of right — who needs be told that all such have to bear a cross? The world has stoned prophets, killed benefactors, and suffered virtue and consecrated genius to go begging in its streets. No age will be-

lieve this of itself; but if we look back, we see it has been so; and future times, looking back to us, will see how we have abused well-doers. But still I hold, virtue's ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace; they are such despite the world's prejudice and passion — pleasantness and peace, because approved by reason and conscience, and in harmony with the divine order. But to the earthward view virtue is sure to seem loaded with hardship. How many have been seen struggling up their Calvaries?

I have an admiration for Paul, who is saying to us, "Endure hardness." Sublime old man; he struggled up through the world into heaven. I cannot speak of virtue and its hardship without having him rising before me all the while. When he was old, worn out in the hard service of his Master, imprisoned at Rome, and daily expecting martrydom, he wrote to a young man who was preparing to take up the burden of work and peril which he was soon to lay down. We have two letters to this young man, wonderful letters when read in the light of all the circumstances: words there are in these letters to Timothy, that ring like a clarion. In view of all, Paul exhorts him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He would give heroic tone to his young friend's spirit, and he takes the common ideals of heroism, and through them points to a martyr life. The popular heroes of that day were hardy warriors and successful competitors in the Grecian games; and the aged apostle tells what these heroes were willing to do and to endure in order to achieve their glory. No hardship of preparation, no fatigue of campaigning, no peril of arena or battle-field was accounted too much; and he would have his young friend at least as ready as they to bear hardship and do valiantly, for, said the old hero, they struggle for corruptible crowns, — laurels that fade and wither in a day, — we for a crown incorruptible and full of glory.

I long to move the young to a willingness to endure hardship, or encounter danger to reputation, or even life — in the way of duty; and I speak with hope, knowing, as I do, that generous youth longs to accomplish something grand, excellent, really heroic. You would not rest in what others have done for you, to be known merely as children of your parents, bearing their name, standing upon their reputation, living upon wealth which they have earned. You would do something, be somebody. You have ambitious aspirations. Cherish them, and make your ambition high and pure.

I speak earnestly, because I have seen so often the high ideals of generous youth sink to the level of the common worldliness. It is sad to think how, in the experience of life, the tone of heroic spirit flats down, and even the visions of youth's high enthusiasm are laughed at by the finished man of the world.

I sometimes fear that the tendency of city life and manners is to weakness of body and soul. To live in overheated houses, to turn life into diversions, to prize the binding of the book more than its thought and meaning, to think more of delicacy than strength, more of grace than efficiency, is not the way to heroism. Dapper, modish refinement, that spends all in niceties and is discouraged with hardships and faints at danger, is the way to moral imbecility. Heroism can only be wrought in the solid substance of the earnest soul. Is there not around us an alarming moral debility, often lapsing into pusillanimity? Some are picking their way through life trying to shirk heavy burdens, hard work, all conflict and trouble; young men and women who seem to expect life to be an easy pastime, and the thought is put away of vigorous, useful service; young gentlemen looking around for some occupation that is entirely agreeable or sufficiently lucrative to give them a fortune in very short time so that they can live daintily doing nothing. Many are waiting for easy places, or are quitting their places, or want-

ing to, because they are hard. Any hardship — rather do wrong, or do nothing.

We who have passed along into life and have our lot, how apt we are to think that we have an insufferable burden, — constant work, straits and perplexities, annoyances in housekeeping, stricture or break-up in business. Such wear and tear of body and spirit has wrung from many of us faint-hearted complaining.

Then, we are ready to think we have a harder time than others. The professional man, whose mind is tasked with thought, imagines he should be happy in the more outward activities of the merchant or mechanic; and the merchant, racked by his anxieties, thinks that to sit and read and write and think, in an office or study, is nothing but recreation. Each one feels the trials of his own lot, but cannot see those of his neighbors. And so we all are apt to think we have the hardest places; and how many would like to change, and not able to do that, they complain.

All this murmuring at care and labor, and attempts to shirk them and skulk through life without burdens, are quite unheroic.

But again, it is far easier to do what is difficult, or even perilous, than patiently suffer when nothing outward can be done. The invalid who through years of weakness maintains cheerfulness and courage, shows true heroism. How many of us fail here, where to be courageous is indeed valiant achievement. This shrinking from the ordinary lot of life, giving up if care, labor, suffering, be hard; faltering in emergencies; choosing to do wrong rather than take hardness; to steal rather than work; to make cowardly retreat, giving the field to evil rather than breast danger; seeking ease in doing nothing rather than struggle for truth, right, human welfare, or even an honest living, — all this is not the stuff out of which heroes are made. Endure hardness; be willing to work hard, to bear burdens, and suffer what must

be borne; resolutely carry through each duty. It is best for us. Examples teach us. There is Paul, the grand old man, waiting for his martyrdom. He calls out from his dungeon, Endure hardness! There is cheer in the hero's voice. And there are quickening voices here in our own time, heroes enough to show that heroism is one of our possibilities. Some gallantly lead off in the heroism of hardship, putting to rout the loafing rabble of indolent desires, and doing large service with small reward or no reward. Whoever pushes out the boundaries of our life to make it larger and give us ampler space to work in, is doing good service. I revere those sturdy heroes who wrestled so hard, long ago, to circumnavigate our world, and see what we could make of it. Twenty years ago, how our hearts were thrilled with the narrative of Dr. Kane, who, with his men, endured hardness to find out whether anything but ice, and what, was to be found in the Arctic Circle. And we are glad that Dr. Livingston, after his heroic work and suffering in Central Africa to open earth's darkest place to the light, finds his resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Such heroes of discovery endure hardness. Then, the quiet students of nature's laws have given, are giving, their lives to enlarge the boundaries of our life, and often with heroic endurance; heroes of scientific investigation who put into our hands the clue-threads that lead us to central truth, to the one God, the universal Father. Science is bound to be religious and make us religious.

Then we have seen heroes for liberty and Christian civilization. They rose up and went out of our own homes. From every part of our Northern States they came. And with what admiration we saw them encountering hardship, suffering death, showing once and forever that God has put into humanity the stuff that heroes are made of, and that if we ignore or fail, it is our fault.

In the ordinary paths and quiet nooks of life there can

be heroism, and there is. Here was a man, whose business was giving him $10,000 a year; but he concluded it was injurious to the community, and he abandoned it; he was hero enough to stand against his love of gain, — hero against his own selfishness; and we have no more terrible enemy to fight. There was a man greatly enjoying the regard and favor of the community in which he lived, but he deemed it right to stand up manfully against a common practice, a vice so familiar that its viciousness and danger were scarcely thought of. The cry of scorn was raised, but our hero urged his protest, and met cold looks, bitter opposition, angry abuse. He and those who have followed in his steps have indeed endured hardness, and not in vain, though still the vicious, destructive custom pours its flood of ruin through the world. More heroes are needed to stand against the wasting vice of drunkenness. Again, there is some hardship and heroism in a free, timely beneficence, in giving means to help along good causes. Generally, men who have accumulated wealth cling to it; in acquiring they get the habit of holding tight, and as they grow old it is hard for them to open their hands; they could face a wolf in his den, they could go into battle, more willingly; so it seems, sometimes, to those whose hard duty it is to ask for means to carry on the benevolent agencies of life. How much better it is to administer upon estate, to distribute while we live, and before the nobler sympathies are benumbed and killed by repression, — rather than hold till death, and have no joy in the giving and doing good. It takes something of a hero to give in season, wisely and well. None but a moral hero can face lifelong acquisitiveness, intrenched in its habits.

Now, I come to the common lot of labor — every-day work. We must endure the hardness, or fare worse. The world tries to avoid it. There may be heroism in the commonest toil, in the hardest drudgery; heroes of willing, faithful work, despite the cry of selfishness, indolence, or dangerous communism.

And lastly, the heroes of patient suffering, what hardness they endure. Think of a meek woman, smitten with life-long disease. The end is death, and it is in sight, but days and nights of suffering, years of weakness, must be endured; opportunities of usefulness in sight, but no strength to touch them; nothing to be done, but wait God's time; to bear this, and not murmur; to feel life wasting, and keep the heart strong; to see death, and eternity beyond, and be prepared: and more, while all this is being done, from the great triumph in the soul to give inspiration to others to make like triumph; to turn the sick-room into a mount of transfiguration; and when dying, to lift the living into life, such as they have not dreamed of, — this is sublime achievement; and oh, this heroism of suffering brings its own blessed reward!

One word more. Listen to Paul in his prison, with martyrdom in sight. "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus." Listen to Jesus Himself, from the heights of His divine life: "If any man would follow Me, let him take up his cross and come after Me; he that saveth his life shall lose it." From Paul, from Christ, and from our own experience as well, we have the same lesson. We must endure hardness; to shrink and repine is to fail. It takes the loftiest heroism to approach the heights of life.

VIII.

THE PROPHECY OF SIMEON.

And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary His mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, * * * that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. — [*Luke* ii: 34, 35.

IN the old time, legend and fact often were blended together; so it seems to have been in regard to the birth and childhood of Jesus. In the woods we sometimes see a large tree covered with leafy vines and flowers. So the rugged stock of ancient historic fact was apt to get decorated with heart-born traditions. We must discriminate, but not with a cold, heartless criticism, insensible to poetic feeling. Sometimes the heart is a better interpreter than the head; they must work together. A reverent, sweet devoutness hangs around this old man, waiting to see the expected consolation of Israel before he is gathered to his fathers. He meets the parents of Jesus in the temple; and taking the child in his arms, exclaims: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." And then, as it would seem, with a glimpse of prophetic sight, he said: "This child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." There is rich suggestion here — help for us to-day. That fall and rising again, that revealing of thoughts, what is the meaning? It means that Jesus throws light into the human soul; He brings men to themselves, and makes them see what they are, and whither

tending. He brings them down from their vain, sinful conceits, and then helps them to rise with wiser, purer intention.

To illustrate: Suppose a man for our day, somewhat like Alexander Hamilton for his, should stand up in our House of Representatives at Washington and talk to them about finance — the standard of value, the keeping of pledged honor — as Hamilton talked to the Congress of a hundred years ago, telling them that honesty required that every dollar of the old continental script should be redeemed, what a fall there would be from the selfish conceits of cheap, inflated currency; and what a rising again there might be upon a sound, trustworthy basis!

Or, suppose that when some men think to get up so high in science as to look down on religion, and know no personal God and no intelligent Providence, — one like Agassiz, so full of knowledge and not smitten with chronic unbelief, should reverently unveil the thoughts of God in the mysteries of nature, — what a fall and rising again there would be!

And so, when we take up a biography like that of Charles Kingsley, how it reveals the thoughts in many hearts! How it humbles, and then inspires us, — helping us to interpret instincts, wants, hopes, fears in the chaos of our spirit!

Now, open the Gospel narratives and see Jesus revealing the thoughts of many hearts, causing a fall and rising again.

John the Baptist, when he saw Jesus coming to him to be baptized, shrank back. It was more fit, he said, that he himself should be baptized by Jesus. He was humiliated, felt unworthy even to loose His sandals.

Peter once was so affected by the power and goodness of Jesus that he exclaimed, Depart from me, Master, for I am a sinful man. The centurion felt the superiority of Jesus, and deemed himself unworthy to receive Him under his roof. Poor Judas, when he saw what he had done, could

not bear to live, and through suicide vainly sought to annihilate those terrible thoughts of his heart. And that ruffian band he led the night of the betrayal, what smote them that they shrunk back and fell to the earth, — what but thoughts in their hearts revealed by just seeing Jesus? The priests and rulers hated Jesus because He revealed in their hearts thoughts, convictions of fearful doom. His excellence brought to light their worthlessness. It is a terrible judgment upon wicked men to have goodness come among them. Indeed, the very record and memory of Christ's goodness, even centuries after His death, created such a sense of unworthiness and sin that the Confessional was early set up in the Christian church. That confessional, as we see it in Romish churches, touches my heart. Now it is often perverted, I fear, to indecency and shame; a priest intrudes his greedy ear to the poor penitent's lips, which might better speak at once to God. But that confessional reminds me of the deep sorrow for sin out of which it first arose — a sorrow too great to be borne. So it is fulfilled: This child is set for the fall of many as the ages roll on.

Now, think of the rising again, rising from the vale of humiliation toward the mountain-top of aspiration. Peter's lowest fall was in that early morning in the hall of the high priest. Thrice he denied his Master: and Jesus looked on him. Ah, that look! it is easy to think how hard it was for poor Peter to meet it; and he went out and wept bitterly. He came to himself, and began to rise. That look went through him like lightning; it was death to the old sin, and brought to life the new man; and then Jesus encouraged him; let him say how much He loved him, as often as He had denied him, and so revealed the bitter thoughts of His heart, and helped him to rise.

Mary of Bethany, with her deep soul, sat at Jesus's feet, awed and delighted by their wonderful visitor. She must have been weary with the clumsy formalism of Jewish

worship, troubled with the arrogant bigotry that infested the sacred offices of the ancient faith; and now she has found One who opens the heavens and throws light in upon the unspoken, mysterious thoughts of her heart. Now she has a Teacher who interprets the profoundest intuitions of her soul, and leads her upward in the way of life.

The years roll on: Jesus and His first disciples are all gone from the earth, and we look into the early church struggling with superstition and sin in high places. Think how Jesus helps individuals in the great warfare. Here is one who has turned from idols and sensualism; he has the Gospel before him, and the grand, holy life of Jesus throws a light into his heart; he sees how wrong he is now, and what he may become, so Jesus is set for his fall, and rising again to better life.

Another has been a scholar in the old philosophies; has dreamed with the mystics, tasked his faculties with the deep subtleties of Plato; he has tried to sound man's being, and is drifting upon the unfathomed abyss with wonder and fear. What am I, and whence, and whither? And Jesus comes, by word and life, and reveals the thoughts of his heart. He looks up for the first Cause — the all-wise and almighty Author of Nature; and his head ached with his unanswered questions, and now he studies the Gospels, and Christ shows him the Father.

Then he ponders upon life. How long? Do three score and ten years here make the whole of it? Is our existence rounded into this span of time? Is the grave to be the end of us? And he, like all the nations, vaguely expects continued life beyond the body's death: and Jesus reveals the thoughts of many hearts, bringing immortality distinctly to light.

But enough of history. Generations have come, looked upon the vision of Christ's truth and excellence, and one after another gone away, with how much benefit, God only

knows. Now the privilege is ours. Now Jesus speaks, lives, dies for us, happy if His ministry prove to be for our fall and rising again. We need a fall. We are self-complacent; measure ourselves by low standards; listen to the intimations of self-love; accept the flatteries of partial friends, and ride in the bubble chariots of vanity. We need a fall — not till we are brought to the vale of humiliation, where the garish lights of this world do not dazzle us, shall we be able to see the stars of faith take shape. O look unto Jesus, think of those heavens of His excellence, and He will become, as it were, a diviner conscience to you, causing you to feel your deficiencies! We talk of growth, progress, healthful life: there can be no healthy growth till the disease of sin is arrested. Every sinner must fall before he can rise. Let us open our hearts, that Jesus may reveal to us those restless, dark thoughts of our unworthiness; nor will we shrink, though He lead us down into the vale of humiliation, remembering that Pilgrim in his Progress found the beautiful mountains beyond the deep vale.

Then, again, if we have come to ourselves, touched bottom, found foothold, how Jesus helps us to rise! This human heart is a mystery. An abyss of wickedness, some call it, and others a foundation of life. Some say its instincts, longings, hopes, purposes, are marks of innate sin-struggles of the devil; while others gaze with silent awe into the heart's deeper experience, not knowing what it all means, but quite sure there is profound significance and immense possibility. What unuttered things are in our hearts! Thoughts, aspirations, questionings, dimly defined, confused together, — light with darkness! We know not what manner of person we are. We want Jesus to reveal the thoughts of our heart. We neither know how bad we are, nor how good we might be, till Jesus stands before us. My friends, have you not some one near you whose superior life quickens, encourages, and makes you feel that you have something good

in you — at least some desire to be good? O there are such ones, and their coming is like angel visits; heaven in them comes near us, and if we will, they lift and draw us into their strength and peace. They bring us to that fall and rising again, which the aged Simeon foresaw. I have stood by heavenly minded ones, and their influence has flowed into my heart, until their clearer reason seemed to become my reason, their quickened conscience my conscience, and their aspiration the lifting up of my own soul. O think of such revealing of the hidden things of the heart! And now I am prepared to say there is no such revealer of our hearts as Jesus; by the providential hand He is set for our fall and rising again, for revealing the thoughts of many hearts.

My friends, if you do not think so, if Jesus does not seem all this to you, if He has not been all this to you, may it not be because you have not done your part? Have you come to Him, have you looked towards Him, have you put yourselves in any possible way to be influenced by Him? If you doubt His loving sympathy and power to help, I ask you to take up the Gospels again and read them, as you would any biography, with due consideration for their antiquity and the circumstances of their time. Think of that rising of Jesus out of the home of Nazareth. Think of the sermon on the Mount. What strong, clear thoughts, what pure morals, what profound piety, what inviting of all in grandest spiritual superiority! Think of the pictured truths of His parables; of His great courage in confronting the false and the wrong; of His sweet human tenderness, at Nazareth, at Bethany, at Nain, at the Mount of Olives. O think of those last scenes, — the consummation of wisdom, strength, and love — in all, from Bethlehem to Calvary: He gave Himself that He might draw the world up to Him, and make it purer, brighter, better. Nor has it been in vain — all that He did and all that He was. His light, holiness, and love have moved the world, and are moving it now. Christendom

comprises the foremost nations of the earth; and the purest influence and clearest light of Jesus is with the best intelligence and culture. But still Christendom needs Christianizing. Could the spirit of the sermon on the Mount be more thoroughly wrought into the civilization of these United States, England, and Europe, there would be less to be ashamed of. This world's leading mind would be nearer heaven. Nevertheless, the life-power of Christ is largely in Christendom, and we are blessed by it more than we know; its deep current through these ages bears us along. O friends, think and appreciate what Jesus has done for society generally, in the widespread influences about us. And then, for ourselves, one and another may ask, And what has He done for me? When and how has His power touched me? My friend, Jesus says, "Come unto Me; abide in Me as the branch in the vine: the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine." Have you come and put yourself in such vital connection? In the memorial service, instituted just after that wonderful prayer for His disciples, who were to follow immediately in His blood-stained footsteps, He said, "Do this in memory of Me." And now to us He comes, and in this touching memorial offers us His hand — asks us to take it for His sake, and own, own the hand of His loving fellowship and help. The great Friend of human kind stands at the door of our heart and knocks. What should hinder, — indeed, should anything hinder us to let Him in?

IX.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn. — [*Isaiah* li: 1.

A CHILD of New England, and in early manhood, by residence here amidst kindling associations and memories, filled with reverence for the Plymouth Pilgrims, I have spent the most of my active years in the newer States of the West; and as often as the years have brought the anniversary of the landing of the Plymouth Fathers, I have tried to lift into light the ideals of life, and their inspiring examples. As Scott's Old Mortality travelled over the mountains and moors of Scotland, chiselling the moss from the covenanters' gravestones to save their names from oblivion, and to renew their spirit in the hearts of the people, so in a poor way have I sought to make known and keep fresh the memory of those nation-builders — our Pilgrim ancestors. As the anniversary season returns I am glad to open my heart to its quickening influences. I feel the power of revered names — Brewster, Carver, Bradford and Winslow, Winthrop and Higginson, Roger Williams and Davenport; as I think of their services and character, their sacrifices and triumphs, my soul is filled with devout gladness. It was a fine saying of Stoughton, that "God sifted a whole nation to get pure wheat to send over into this wilderness." More than this might be said of our Pilgrim ancestors. Their civilization and sterling worth were the result of more than fifty centuries of experiment and training. Every nation and school of thought, the wide kingdom and dreamy phi-

losophies of Asia, the mystic lore of Egypt, the reverential awe of the Hebrews, the culture of the Greeks, the municipal science of the Romans, and the sturdy manliness of the Gothic nations, — all were used by Providence to form the remarkable character of the New England Fathers. God took the best result of human society, and sent it over to be the seed of a new world.

To speak more definitely, English life two hundred and sixty years ago was chiefly the result of Roman and Gothic elements. The compound was not homogeneous. The Roman elements were forms and precedents, and regard for externals: these predominated in the Royal party, who almost worshipped the throne and its grand establishment of religious and civil interests. To them rank, title, dress, ceremony were essentials.

The Senators of old Rome, arrayed in their insignia and seated in their ivory chairs, thought by their very show of dignity to overawe the Gothic invaders. In like manner the Royalists rested upon externals; patents of nobility, stars, crosiers, and the crown they regarded as the pillars of church and state.

The Gothic elements in the English character were personal freedom, a clear sight of the first principles of truth and right, and a rugged integrity, and these elements predominated in those who longed for civil and religious liberty; and these were the men, many of whom left home and friends and came to New England. The gilded husks of formalism could not satisfy them; they would not sacrifice conscience and personal freedom to this world's fashions. Gothic honesty and manly independence were so largely in their hearts that one of the finest of our American scholars has written an oration, entitled the "Goths in New England," and we might say the Goths at Lexington and Concord.

We generally say Saxon rather than Gothic, but the

terms mean nearly the same thing; the Saxons descended from the Gothic stock, and a nobler stock the world has never seen. In their first irruption from the North the Goths were rude barbarians, and carried terror and havoc through the nations, when, with a manifest destiny, they grew rather than marched towards the sunny South. With all their rude energy, they were fearlessly honest, dear lovers of individual freedom, keen observers of inner reality, direful enemies to all shams; and when they came in contact with civilization, and at length with Christianity, they became an intelligent and magnanimous people. Those Northern barbarians at the gates of the eternal city, whom many have imagined to be hideous savages, like the wild Indians who fell upon the early New England towns with stunning yells and uplifted tomahawks, were really nobler men than the degenerate Romans. Rome had sunk through corruption to imbecility and death, and the Gothic nations were sent to administer upon her estate; and since there were no rightful heirs, they, as trustees for humanity, took what goods she had and built up a new civilization. Out of this Roman capital and Gothic character and service; out of Roman learning, laws, and forms of public and social life, and the love of liberty, good sense, and honest manliness of the Goth, sprang the new life of western Europe. In England especially the Roman and Gothic influences were sharply distinguished; and the free, truth-loving, God-fearing Saxon-Goth stood forth, large as life, in the Pilgrim Fathers.

Thus descended, our Fathers' character was all their own. Their traits stand out in bold relief. One trait especially distinguished them — a central principle, a main root out of which their life grew: it was religious faith. They believed in God with all their might. No veil of superficial philosophy, no atheistic theory of second causes concealed Deity from their sight. To them it was a fact of experience, no more to be doubted than their existence, that they lived

and moved in God's omnipotent providence, that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will. They stood under heavens all open to their believing souls; they walked with God, and felt themselves to be fellow-workers with Him.

With your thought upon this mighty principle of religious faith, now look at their character and deeds. In old England they did not fear man much because they feared God more. They did not quail at the ocean's terrors, because they trusted in Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand! Their hearts did not faint at the sight of a wintry coast, because they looked to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and when they stood around those fifty graves of the first winter at Plymouth, they did not bury their hopes with the bodies of their companions, because they trusted in Him who can make the dead live, and cause light to shine out of darkness. They entered upon their noble enterprise, and with a mighty resolve bore it through, because they believed they were in harmony with Heaven's will, and that Heaven's power would be sufficient for them. They believed in God, and removed mountains. Their self-denial, patience, courageous manliness, unquenchable hope, — all sprang from religious faith. Man never knows what he may be, nor how much he can do, until he comes into communion with the Father. You may see the little brook descending from its springs in the hill-side, and with modest mien through valley and plain making its way to the sea. Perceiving here and there its tributaries, it flows along refreshing the landscape, but yet of no great significance until, at length, by humbling itself, it comes near the ocean, feels the pulse of its tide, and receives the flood of its fulness. Now that little stream has become a broad, magnificent river, on which the riches of commerce are borne and navies ride. Behold how the small has become great! So man, when he comes nigh to God, receives the tides of the Divine fulness. He that

humbles himself shall be exalted. The Pilgrim Fathers bowed their heads in the dust before God, and they arose kings and prophets in His sight.

The New England Fathers were the founders of our civil liberty. Hume, whose sympathies were usually with the cavaliers, sets it down for history that England owes all the freedom of her constitution to the Puritans. And our Fathers in the cabin of the "Mayflower," while she lay in the harbor of Cape Cod, drew up a simple compact embodying the seminal principle of our republican institutions, that the people are the law-making power; and to it they affixed their signatures. The world never before had seen such a declaration of rights, such a charter of freedom. Those Fathers were not learned civilians, though they were intelligent, and several of them were learned for that day; but they were wiser than they knew. They acted upon the promptings of their religious ideas. They came to this outside of the world, as they said, that they might freely follow such promptings. Looking up to God, the Universal Father, they recognized each other as brethren, and why not equal in respect to rights? And these two religious ideas, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, were the basis of all their institutions. They did not look for precedents, nor care for them, but acted upon first principles. They did not ask history what others had done, but what was right for God's children to do. So were laid the corner-stones of our civil liberties. How much better than if the old monarchial forms of Europe had been lugged across the ocean and fastened to the granite mountains of New England.

Again, the New England Fathers were the founders of our religious liberty. The Congregational Church which they instituted is the freest upon earth. To guard the church against the encroachments of the civil power they kept church and state separate. So jealous were they in this

regard, that Brewster — their eldest man, and I suppose the wisest, and most conversant with political affairs — was not chosen Governor because he was a ruling elder in the church, and in the absence of their pastor, for the time, its head; and they would not have in one man the head of both church and state. And then, that the clergy should not override the freedom of the churches, they made it lawful for each congregation to ordain its own minister,— all in consonance with their religious ideas. Indeed, their fundamental institutions, both in church and state, grew out of their religious ideas, and clothed them as naturally as the bark and leaves and fruit grow upon the trees.

Our Fathers had an inveterate hatred of ignorance. They saw that it and freedom could never dwell together, and among their earliest enactments they established in every infant settlement its free school for the education of the whole people; and only six years after the settlement of Boston, that the ministers of religion might be burning and shining lights, Harvard College was founded at Cambridge. The church and the school-house side by side, are now, and have always been, the guardians of New England liberty, virtue, and happiness. What New England man with reverent gratitude does not remember them both?

But honest admiration of our Pilgrim ancestors shall not make us blind to their imperfections; they were fallible, indeed had glaring faults, yet we contend that their faults all leaned to virtue's side — were indeed the excesses of their virtues. Their hard sternness was the excess of their determined purpose, their presumption the excess of their confidence in the care of Providence. Superstition and fanaticism sometimes tinged their conduct, because their faith at times outwent the bounds of reason. Distrusting skepticism is never superstitious nor fanatical. Gladly would we draw the veil of charity over the conduct of our New England Fathers towards the Indians, the Friends and Baptists, and

most of all, the poor victims of alleged witchcraft. 'Tis true that after fifty years they were cruel to the Indians, and persecuted such as they deemed disorderly, and stained the soil of Salem with blood, but let it be remembered that in their day war was the business of nations, and toleration was not known; the best men deemed it right to burn heretics, and many of the wisest believed in witchcraft,— Lord Chief Justice Hale among them,— and in Europe and England multitudes fell victims to the superstition.

It is enough to say, and it is fair to say, the New England Fathers led the world; in first principles and corresponding institutions they were far in advance. Is it strange they did not at once cast aside every vestige of ancient error and wrong? Are we to gather up idle stories more witty than true of Puritan strictness? make merry over what are called Blue Laws of Connecticut, which really were lampoons from England? are we to hurl arrows tipped with ridicule at those sons of the morning, because with a single bound they did not spring from midnight to noonday? Let the root be judged by the tree and its fruits. Behold New England in every stage of its history! — see the children of the Pilgrims felling the forests, wrestling with want and danger, preparing the wilderness for dwellings, churches, school-houses! — behold the achievements of courage, industry, and virtue; and when a hundred and fifty years from the first settlement has passed, go into the House of Commons and hear the noble eulogy of Edmund Burke upon the colonists of New England; and when the time came that tried men's souls, when our Fathers' free principles were working up into the forms of a free government, and they were obliged to take up arms to defend their rights — behold New England in that hour! She led the movement! Here is the record history has made:—

The Pilgrim spirit is not dead. The brave old Goths are still in their sons. When Sumter was bombarded and the

stars and stripes stricken down, the old spirit was manifest — springing to arms and hastening from Massachusetts to Washington to save the Capitol; it stood on every battle-field with dauntless courage and lofty faith; it breathes in every northern and western State, and gives its wondrous vitality. I touch the Rock of Plymouth, and feel the electric force beating through centuries. The people of New England have been called cold and reserved; so a locomotive may keep dark and look cold, but it is only because the fire is shut up and the escape-valves closed, to create power for action. With the fires flaring out, and the steam hissing and smoking in the air, it could never draw its train forty miles an hour. In the New England character there is intense enthusiasm. It has been shown in wrenching wealth from rocks and ice, in whitening the seas with commerce, in filling the valleys with the rattle of manufactures, in spanning the States with railroads, in giving to the world mechanics, scholars, schoolmasters, and statesmen. Turn where you will to the centres of enterprise, to uprising villages and growing cities, and you will find that the children of New England, with the Pilgrims' blood in their veins, are there and making their mark. New England is small, and cold winds sweep over her snowy mountains. Westward the star of empire moves, and nothing can arrest it. But New England shall not be forgotten. Land of the Saxon-Gothic Fathers, and full of their influence, if I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee and speak of those who founded thy free churches and public schools, whose bones lie on the shore of the sea and in the shadow of thy mountains, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Long, long may the sacred memories of the Fathers rest as a blessing on their own dear New England.

But thoughts arise to chasten exultant feelings. Those Fathers' children, what obligations bind us! what responsi-

bilities rest upon us! Rejoice with trembling. We would honor our Fathers. How best can we do it? Shall we attempt to repeat their words, their creeds, to re-enact their deeds, to live over again their lives? Shall we play the mockery of being Pilgrim Fathers here in this nineteenth century? Shall we attempt to cast ourselves into a stereotype of their forms, manners, and results? Servile imitators are not the truest followers; dead pictures of ancestors, though never so exact in contour and complexion, are not living children. Let us be children, not pictures; spiritual followers, not formal imitators — each a live man, courageously working out the idea that dawns and brightens in his soul.

> New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth.
> Lo, before us gleam truth's camp-fires!
> We ourselves must pilgrims be;
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
> Through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the future's portal
> With the past's blood-rusted key.

We stand reverently looking back — looking back to the Fathers. To-day, at least, let it be lawful. We listen to Robinson's sage and saintly charge; we see the departure of those sturdy pioneers of civilization from the Old World; we behold them off there at Cape Cod in the cabin of the "Mayflower," laying the keel of our good ship of state; we sit with them in their hill-side huts two hundred and fifty years ago, and with their eyes we gaze on the wintry wilderness and the sea; we would see all: that first step of New England's settlement, Mary Chilton's leap from the boat upon the Rock, the first tree felled, the first seed sown, the first town planted, that first Thanksgiving in 1621 — a rude beginning in sacrifice and tears. But our work is not there. Why

seek we the living among the dead? Now let us turn from the past to the future, from memory to hope. If the Fathers, in all their wilderness of wants, hoped for life, for freedom, and for the kingdom of Heaven, surely we can hope to-day. No fluttering fear or strong despair shall shake down my trust and hope. Hope is our duty. Every one of us is bound to be an inveterate hoper — his face to the sunrise and expecting the risen day. I know there is weakness and wrong about us, sin deep and terrible, and there ought to be shame, for 'tis sin against light and wondrous privilege; licentiousness is sapping the foundations of our life, reckless extravagance has led to fraud and dishonor, and let it be proclaimed, let good men and women rally against the invasions of evil. But we need not despair; stand firm, summon common sense, see all the facts, take accurate measurement of the good as well as of the evil in our times, count up the names of those who stand glorious in their virtue as well as of those who fall in their dishonesty, and humbly looking up to the great Providence in which the good hopers are made strong, we will hold up our burden, labor on, expecting results such as our wisest prophets have foretold. Standing here between memory and hope, struggling to repress dark evil and get up to light, longing worthily to carry on what the Fathers so grandly began, is it presumption to think those Fathers bend over us with prayerful solicitude? Robinson, who gave the impulse, and Brewster and Winthrop, — my heart tells me they have been watching the throes and pangs of our nation, out of which new liberty and better life are to be born. And now, with their memory in our hearts, and our thoughts upon His just Providence, who raiseth up and putteth down nations, let us work and pray to be faithful.

THE QUARTER

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT BUFFALO.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hosmer's settlement in Buffalo took place October 16, 1861. Dr. Hosmer marked the time, by preaching, October 13th and October 20th, two sermons, "The Parish" and "The Pulpit," which are here given, with an account of the festivities of the occasion.

X.

THE PARISH.

I will remember the years. — [*Psalms* lxxvii : 10.

TWENTY-FIVE years of pastoral and pulpit service is our subject. A serious work I have found it to revolve these memories. They are not so large, and full, and cheering as they might be. The ideals and hopes that have gone before these years in my heart, and so I presume in yours, have by far outrun the facts.

But I have no lamentations to utter about failures in our work of life. I will take courage in the thought that no sincere word, or earnest deed, or true life, was ever fruitless. What living soul ever did feel satisfied with what it had done? And is it not true that souls that are most alive are most likely to mourn over the disparity — the great gulf between what they had hoped and what they have done?

First, let me carry you to that quiet agricultural town on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut River, where I began my ministry, and where I thought to have spent my days. The scenes of those six years rise before me with great distinctness; my first visit, when the pulpit and pastoral walks were all new and strange to me; my anxieties, my fears, my hopes; then the invitation to be settled, and there to do my life-work; the deliberation, the seeking counsel, the acceptance of the call, — it all comes up to me as though it were yesterday. My ordination day, thirty-one years ago, is imprinted on my soul. How many friends that stood around

me then have gone from the earth! The leading members of that parish, nearly all of them, have been gathered to their fathers. The warm right hand, given me that day as a symbol of Christian fellowship by a dear friend and classmate, is mouldering in the dust among the graves of my ancestors in my native town, where he filled a short ministry with fidelity and love. The charge was given me by one who had seen more than eighty years, the senior minister of my native town. Four generations of my family had shared in the influences of his ministry. He looked upon me as one of his children, and I loved and revered him. The patriarch rests with the generations of his people. He who made the prayer of consecration has gone home, — a venerable, loving father, — leaving us the best inheritance, inspiring memories of a good life and of a blessed old age. The preacher has lately retired from the Presidency of Harvard College, our oracle of wisdom and our tower of strength.

Then the departure of my brethren and fathers, my sense of loneliness, the weight of the burthen I had assumed, the first Sabbath's services after the ordination, the first funeral, the first marriage, the first celebration of the Lord's Supper, the first parish difficulties, the first assurances that I was doing any good, — all these interesting experiences came to me there; and you need not be told why I love to lead you back to them. In that first settlement I thought I had made my home for life. In the history of that town for nearly one hundred and fifty years, no minister had left that parish to go and labor elsewhere. My four predecessors all now lie buried in the rural cemetery. I had seen the benefits of a long settlement; in my youth we had not thought the hills any more a part of our town than our own minister. And so it seems to me now, as I look back, — that old minister's long life is a part of the moral significance of that town.

Pastors and people should strive to make the ministry permanent. I know novelty is something, but long settlements

are best for both; words need a tried and approved man behind them to make them effective. A half century of consistent Christian life in the midst of a people is better than sermons; and it makes sermons good, though no genius illumines them.

Your invitation, not sought by me and twice refused, finally drew me from a home that had become dear. It is sad to recall the breaking up of those early ties and associations. We had good friends who could not believe it right; but with many regrets we turned away from the pleasant valley, leaving in it the precious dust of our first-born son, as a pledge that we would not forget our first home.

A quarter of a century gives room for great changes. The acting generation has nearly all changed since I came here. Our city, by increase of population and enlargement of territory, has increased more than fourfold. The whole aspect of things is wondrously changed. If the town of eighteen hundred and thirty-six were brought back to us to-day, we should hardly recognize it. Those muddy streets and poor wooden structures would make a striking contrast to our paved avenues, skirted with shade trees and occupied by large, durable buildings.

It is especially encouraging to call some things to mind, connected with the intellectual and moral life of our people, and compare past with present. The common schools of the city I have regarded as one of the fields of my pastoral labor, and there is no work that I have done which has yielded larger results than my interest for the schools and frequent visits and addresses to the children, many of whom are already in the midst of our busy life. Again and again I have had opportunity to touch the forming spirit of childhood and youth, where sectarian fences were not thought of, and sometimes pleasant echoes of the influence have come to encourage further endeavor. For years I made it a part of

my duty to visit all the city schools, and know the teachers; but the years bring multiplied duties at home and abroad, and my visits have grown less frequent.

Soon after my arrival here I inquired after the common schools. Indeed, there were none; but there were three or four that were partly free. Col. Blossom could not tell me where they were, but encouraged my looking for them. I found one of these schools in the alley, between Franklin and Delaware Streets, about midway between Mohawk and Huron Streets. The building was as humble and contracted as its place; but it was filled with children, and there a good old man labored year after year, as faithfully as any teacher ever did. Mr. Bean — his name should be remembered — perished many years ago, in a fire on the corner of Main and Eagle Streets. Another public school was in a small one-story brick building on Goodell Street. Another was in a dark, damp basement room on Washington Street. There might have been one or two others, schools with a single room, with one or two teachers and a hundred or more children packed so closely as to ruin health and make good order impossible. Such were the schools here, when a man was thought poor if he could not be called worth a hundred thousand dollars. It was not until the most of these visions of wealth vanished, that earnest attention was given to the education of the whole people, at the expense of the whole community. Our society led in the establishment of common schools. We obtained school documents from all quarters where good experiments had been made. The City Council were interested; Judge Hall labored wisely to mature a plan; James McKay helped in the work with eloquent speech, and Oliver G. Steele, with a singular union of enthusiasm and practical efficiency, devoted years of time in organizing our present system and giving it successful progress. And now, in comparison with the little one-story school-houses, three or four of them, and good Father Bean

at the head of our educational system, look at our thirty-four school-houses, most of them large, and several of them noble buildings, and giving ample accommodation to eight thousand scholars, instructed by one hundred and eighty-eight teachers, entirely at public expense — common schools, as common as this common air we breathe.

I look at another class of enlightening agencies — popular lectures, and libraries for the people. Our Young Men's Association has been the benefactor here. It began its beneficence twenty-five years ago. Its first course of lectures, indeed its lectures for several years, were given in a desolate, barn-like garret-room on Main Street, below Seneca. We can remember looking up to those naked rafters. Then came the removal to what we all thought the very fine and commodious rooms on South Division Street. In those early days the library was small; but it was magnified by the intelligence of our old friend, Dr. Raymond, the librarian, who, in view of opposition and evil speech against us, said, "it was so fortunate that our little church had a stone face." Our citizens freely gave their services as lecturers, and small rooms were large enough for our audiences. And now St. James Hall is not too large to hold the multitudes who throng to hear the most gifted men in the country. The Young Men's Library is greatly increased; and this, with the Grosvenor Library, that is soon to be opened, will furnish our city with the aliment of spiritual growth. As a religious society we claim nothing in the Young Men's Association. It is truly an independent body. Sectarianism has not marred its action. We only claim that we have done what we could to sustain the Association — and especially when it has been assailed for its liberal administration — and to increase its usefulness. Many of our men have been among its more active members, and four of its presidents were of our society; and in its day of small things, some of us, who had no silver nor gold to give, gave

lectures. The Association has earned an honest claim for money enough from our citizens to erect for itself a suitable building.

The Orphan Asylum was commenced twenty-five years ago. Several of our members were among its first friends and projectors. When I came here the question was raised whether we should work by ourselves, in our care for the needy and wretched, and begin our own institutions of charity, or work with other denominations; and we agreed that it was best to avoid sectarian divisions in charitable action, as far as possible; and this has been our policy always.

There is one lady whose name and fine face, noble manners, and generous soul come up to me in connection with the Orphan Asylum. She was one of its founders, and had the purpose to make it a large endowment; but though she failed in this, she was always its fast friend; and she was our friend, loved and honored by us all; and her memory is one of the priceless treasures in our hearts. So sympathetic and so strong, so wise and so gentle, she was a ruler among us without making us think of it, or seeming to think of it herself. By her loving will she drew us in the way of her wisdom.

These twenty-five years have brought great changes in the inner life of our people. Eighteen hundred and thirty-six was the year of extravagant expectation. The high waves swelled and combed their foam. In eighteen hundred and thirty-eight came the crashing collapse; then gradually a sounder basis was established, and a more healthful growth began. These twenty-five years have tried principle and character; they have thoroughly sifted and separated the wheat and chaff. Should our city continue for centuries no other like period will have such significance.

It would be easy to find fault with what has been; but on the whole I see most to approve and to encourage. Our

whole life is on a better foundation than twenty-five years ago — truer and more reliable; they who begin life to-day have a better opportunity to do well than those who began then; the moral tone is purer, the standard higher, and the means of superior culture are more abundant and better appreciated. But when I say this I am thinking more of the coarse, loose, random life of an ambitious young town twenty-five years ago than of our moral state to-day.

In some respects the tendency of things is not encouraging. Extravagance in living, in building, in dress, and in the whole structure of life, was never greater than six months ago. The moral aspects of this expensiveness are very grave and alarming. It tempts young people to live beyond their means, betrays multitudes into embarrassments, and, in the end, wellnigh compels many to be no better than robbers and thieves. These last twenty-five years have given us many striking lessons; but there is need of more; and well will it be for us if the times upon which we have fallen shall compel economy in expenditure, and simplicity in our modes of living.

When I came here I entered upon the field of other men's labors. The day of the smallest things of our society was past — the meetings at the old Court-House, at one of which only three gentlemen appeared, then the meetings in attic rooms, up so many narrow stairs, on Main Street. What but conscientious convictions could have moved that little band of confessors? The large sects held them to be dangerous; but they were so few that a shrewd minister said, "Let them alone, and they will soon come back to our congregations."

Rev. William Steill Brown was the first minister. He was an Englishman, a class-mate of James Martineau, and had been first settled in Bridgewater, England. He was a man of ability and fine scholarship. His wife was a granddaughter of Dr. Priestley. They were romantic persons —

came to this country expecting to find a Garden of Eden, or, better still, the New Jerusalem. They were sadly disappointed. In a few months Mrs. Brown's delicate health failed, and she went to relatives in the southwest and died there. Mr. Brown, with their three little children, went from here to her friends in Kentucky, and thence to Texas, among its first settlers, still seeking the land of promise. In Texas he and his little son died, and the two little girls, left orphans in the wild life of such a country, were adopted by a New Orleans gentleman and taken to that city.

Mr. Brown was greatly respected for his power, purity, and uprightness. He studied theology with the distinguished Thomas Belsham. While here he went to hear Mr. Burchard, during one of his great revivals. The preacher undertook to pitch the Unitarians altogether into the pit, and spoke insultingly of "old Tom Belsham," as he chose to call him. Mr. Brown's high spirit could not bear the scoffing falsehood; he rose to the full height of his commanding person, in the midst of the great congregation, and arrested the preacher, charging him with falsehood; but upon the instant, recovering his tranquillity, he turned to the people, begged their forbearance for having trespassed upon the proprieties of the place, told them how hard it was to hear his old friend so maligned, and gave notice that in his own church he would preach upon this matter. I have seen, in manuscript, the masterly sermon which he did preach to a great audience.

The Rev. Albert C. Patterson was the second minister, and retired in ill heath, after about two years.

The day of my installation was dark and stormy. It was Sunday, and Dr. Dewey, then of New York, preached morning and evening. Our prospects were not brighter than the day. The enthusiasm of a new enterprise was gone. We were but few, and the community at large had no God-speed for us: but the few were determined; they had put their

hand to the plow, and they would not look back. Those early founders of our society, many of them, were persons of superior worth and large influence. Some of them are here with us still, others have removed from us, and some have gone into the spiritual world; but in these twenty-five years, many who were with us in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, men and women, have been conspicuous actors, filling important spheres and offices, and doing faithful service to humanity.

A pastor's pride, which is something like a parent's, urges me to portray some of those whose memories are sacred in our hearts. We had but one couple who had passed the meridian of life, and could lay any claim to the honors of age; singularly pure and beneficent in their lives, doing us all good by their wise experience, they gently descended the hill, hopefully looking over the valley to heaven beyond; and like a shock of corn fully ripe, they one after the other were gathered into the garner of their Father — gathered as safely as if they had been taken from the ocean-side, where their early home had been.

Then there comes before me the Senior Deacon of our infant church,— a sterling man, honest, faithful, persistent, one of the working builders of our city, always earnestly engaged; and his strength and influence were sure to go for what he believed the right. His moral weight was very great; his principles were all pervaded by a religious spirit; he showed what he was by what he did rather than by what he said. I never had a firmer friend; and when he passed away, worn out by a painful malady, which he endured with a Christian heroism, our society lost one of its strongest pillars. His wife, hardly less distinguished for strength, decision, firmness of character, and Christian devotedness, comes up to our minds, crowned now with the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

There came here a venerable man, worthily bearing an

honored name, made wise by a various experience and thoughtful study; for a few years he was with us, and held in high respect. He died at Rochester, and his dust rests on Mount Hope.

Then comes the thought of one who was with us in those early days, always with us, and so generous, chivalric, and knightly in his bearing, and we were not a little proud of his company. Greatly did we all regret the causes, which we could not control, that took him from us, before he passed on into deeper life.

And now I see many true and good, who have passed away; a lady who in spirit was a disciple of Fox and Penn, sustained in her sufferings by the inner light, made bright by her Savior; a good friend, suddenly snatched away from us by cholera, in the midst of his days and usefulness.

And there is one, who went out from us to the most distinguished position; not dazzled by honors, she bore herself in the eye of the nation with quiet dignity and Christian humility, anxious most of all to aid her husband in the discharge of his great office, and to return to their old home which she loved the best. Their work was faithfully done, but she sank and died while leaving the scenes of public life. Her obsequies were here in the midst of us, and her memory, dearest to those who knew her best, is affectionately cherished.

And now there comes the image of one who was with us from the first, and most happily constituted to work in a forlorn hope. No discouragement, I believe, ever touched him, and his generosity was large and free; he would have his wife among the foremost workers and givers; and she had the heart to do every good thing, and with such geniality and grace that we can never forget the benefactions. They left us and made a beautiful home in the West, where troops of friends were entertained with a princely hospitality, and where the beginning of a Liberal church was made. But

alas! the life of our friend was suddenly quenched amidst fire and flood, and Lake Michigan became his sepulchre.

Judge the tree by its fruits, and our society justifies its establishment. It has had no great outward prosperity; in its struggle up stream it has breasted a powerful current; it has encountered ignorant prejudice and wilful misrepresentation, as well as intelligent and honorable dissent; it has been a minority amidst increasing majorities, and that we have maintained our position and made progress, is something to encourage us. We have lived honestly, a self-sustaining society always, and for many years doing something for missionary service in the West. We have not corrupted the motives of our people by trying to live and do good by fairs and lotteries; we have not made debts that could not be paid, nor rendered worship so expensive that none but the rich could afford to participate in it.

We have lived together in harmony. Few religious societies can show twenty-five years' life with so little disaffection and jarring. We have always had such a basis of true refinement and Christian excellence, men and women so just and true and noble, that pique, and jealousy, and passion, which will come sometimes, could not disturb the general harmony.

But I am borne by the influence of our anniversary to think how I have done my duty. That we have remained a society, that we have lived together in peace, that we have not disgraced Christianity by parochial broils and dishonesty, this is something; but still the question comes, "How have I fulfilled my ministry?" I might bring here the records of pastoral care, the statistics of Sunday-school, the number of baptisms, marriages, deaths, and funerals, and show you what a living, changing, dying, and yet abiding thing a parish is. In these twenty-five years childhood has grown to maturity; and they whom I found in active life have passed the summit, and are going down the hill, — many, indeed, have gone out of sight.

How many opportunities to do good in twenty-five years! If the results fall short, let me plead how various and difficult are the duties; how in the same day sympathy is required in the most various circumstances. This hour comes the joyous scene of the bridal; the next, anxious, solemn words at the death-bed or the affecting service of the burial. After twenty-five years each of your homes, at the sight of it, brings up interesting, thrilling memories. Oh how they come, thronging the brain! sad memories, unless we stand in the light of Christian hope!

There was the brilliant bridal feast, and the joyous departure for a pleasure journey. In a few days the bride was borne in funeral array to be laid in the sepulchre, and all our hopes of the beautiful home that was to be with us were blasted. There was an only son, — his parents' life was bound up in the lad's life, — and when he was preparing to do well, putting on the glory of young manhood, his life was quenched, and his poor body was brought to an early grave. There was an only daughter standing in her mother's place, with a fine efficiency and grace, her father's joy and hope; and oh, so suddenly she was taken away! Trying scenes, seasons of anxiety and anguish; I need not speak of them; they come up out of the years, painfully vivid. I see a venerable mother and daughter lying in their coffins, side by side; five children taken from one family in scarcely twice that number of years; and what numbers of the young, the beautiful, and promising, — daughters in their morning loveliness, one and another! Ah, how many of them? Three adult sons from one family and two from another — in each case all the sons — and with such clouding of fair prospects, and such failure of high expectation!

If I have been anything to you in such seasons; if I have succeeded in giving the right voice to God's dealings; if I have ever brought you to visions of spiritual life through your joys — for really, friends, we have had far more joy

than sorrow; — if I have been of any service to your children in Sunday-school, in my own house these many charming Sunday evenings, in your homes, or in the schools, — if in any way of pastoral activity I have made your lives purer, nobler, more truly Christian, I would thank God with all my heart.

O friends, let us study the ideal of this relation of pastor and people. It should be a sacred, quickening relation! It lies in the midst of us, connected with opportunity and privilege, and may be a mutual blessing and joy. But there is danger of slumbering upon its great significance.

May God be with us in the coming years, that my work may be better done and your spiritual benefit more largely secured!

XI.

THE PULPIT.

I will remember the years. — [*Psalms* lxxvii: 10.

THE pulpit of this country, and especially of our Northern and Western States, has greatly changed in these last twenty-five years. It has grown less passionate, and more thoughtful: the machinery for producing religious convulsions has been pushed into dark places for old rubbish, and preaching has been brought nearer to the facts of life; it is more reasonable, more tender and humane; it has far less of dogma from worn-out creeds, and more of the vital spirit of practical religion. Calvinism grows oblivious of its old asceticism, denies that it ever did consign little children to hell, or frown sourly upon all graceful amenities and innocent amusements, and is really trying to smile and be genial. The whole spirit of sectarianism is changing, and the sects are becoming only different families of Christendom, all in the one fold. The most influential pulpits, in whatever denomination they be found, are in a large degree unshackled by their creeds, and speak out of love to God and man.

Much has been said about the power of the pulpit waning and passing away. Popular lectures, multiplied books and libraries, newspapers seeking every neighborhood and sought by everybody, — all these means of enlightenment, we have been told, were to supersede the pulpit. Facts bring us to a different conclusion. The position of the pulpit and the nature of its influence have greatly changed; but we have

pulpits in our great cities to-day, that are exerting influences as deep and wide as any pulpits have ever done; and I do not forget the golden-mouthed Chrysostom at Constantinople, Ambrose at Milan, Augustine in Africa, Bernard of Clairvaux, who in the dark ages was called the honied teacher, or John Wesley and Whitefield.

The pulpit cannot pass away. Religion is a mighty concern in the human consciousness, and there must be a human personality addressing that consciousness by love, sympathy, thoughtfulness, to awaken the deep forces of the soul, and bring man to man, and all, with adoring worship, to God. No scientific lecturer can do this; no book, nor all the Astor Library, can do it. The preacher is wanted. Think of standing in the audience of Whitefield, or Robert Hall, or Chalmers! What is it that so heaves the ocean-soul of the multitude around you? The mere words, if they were printed, might not seem at all remarkable; and yet there is a power there, and directed by that preacher, that reaches all the depths and heights of the soul.

Said one who had been listening to Dr. Channing, in one of his fine efforts, "As we came out of the church strangers grasped hands, and looked into each other's souls, through tearful eyes, with a silent, solemn joy, that all could stand in such a fellowship of grace!" No doubt the discourse was admirable, but there was a human personality there behind the sermon, devout, sympathetic, loving, without which the true words would have been cold and abstract.

Effectual preaching is a mysterious thing. I said once to an eloquent friend from the other side of the Atlantic: "What of the late George Harris, Unitarian minister of Glasgow?" "Well," said he, "in some respects not much can be said of superiority. Not much scholarship, and rather an ordinary mind; his intellect is like a clumsy, rusty lightning-rod, awkwardly put in place upon a house; but when Mr. Harris stands in the pulpit, his devout feel-

ings in activity, his great human heart on fire with zeal and sympathy, an electric glory invests the rusty lightning-rod, and the man is transfigured!"

Paul tells us that God is pleased, through the foolishness of preaching, that the souls of His children should be quickened. This divine purpose is likely to stand as long as men and women live. We are so made that the living preacher has a power not to pass away.

But not all preachers are living ones, and I ask forbearance of judgment while I climb down from my thought of what preaching may be to what it has been here these twenty-five years.

A preacher's work is not just what it seems. The congregation see him come into the pulpit, easy, collected, and after an hour and a half's various exercises he retires, and many have no idea of what has been done. Could they have been in the spirit of the preacher during the previous week, and seen him studying the condition of his people, watching for tendencies and perils, beholding this sin working into that soul, and another sin into this; observing his people passionately awake to fleeting interests, and so asleep to the everlasting verities of truth and righteousness; and could they see him sharply reconnoitering the approaches of vice, anxiously engineering to reach and remedy evils and encourage good; selecting the topic, deciding upon the treatment, making the discourse just graze here and hit there; avoiding offensive personalities, and striving all the time to unearth the roots of sin, and wither them to death; could they see him writing his sermon, feeling the presence of his congregation in the writing almost as much as in the delivery, writing out of his heart, and sometimes half blinded with tears, — then they would know what it is, in writing sermons and preaching them, that so exhausts spirit and body.

To preach away from home is easy; but to prepare, and

come and stand among one's own people, with love, conscience, and thought of results, and speak of duties which must be done, wrongs and sins that must be avoided, sorrows and trials that must be met, and feel the vital forces of spirit wasting in the action of sympathy — O, it is a strain upon nature, and hardest to those who work deepest!

My friends, I could bring memories here of anxious thought, prayerful preparation, and earnest effort, at times of special moment, when I have felt the burden of duty on my soul, or when my love and sympathy for you in your calamities have compelled my utmost exertion. Those memories come up out of the years, pertaining to labor and anxieties, which now lie under my life, all out of sight, as the foundation on which the house stands. Would that the foundations were broader and deeper, and the house, so long in building, were better worth speaking about.

My preaching here, and especially in the earlier years, was somewhat modified by my position. If I was ever a polemic, it was because I must be, not because I chose. This pulpit arose out of protest against the doctrines and inhumanities of Calvinism and the excesses of fanatical zeal. It was a matter of duty with that little company of men and women who began this church. They had grieved to hear Christianity misrepresented, and wild excitement called the work of the Holy Spirit. Some of them had been proscribed, and they all were treated as heretics doomed to perdition; and they came here at much expense and large sacrifice of social comfort, in hope to enjoy themselves and publish to others the true gospel.

This gospel for twenty-five years I have endeavored to preach to you. Its beautiful simplicity makes it easy to give its outlines and main features.

First of all, I have sought to set forth in open light, God, the one, only living, and true God,— that infinite personality who is with us to-day, as full of grace as at Sinai or Zion,

waiting to pour tides of light and love into receptive souls,— our Heavenly Father.

I have sought light from nature and revelation, and by each the strict Unity of God has been shown. All admit that Old Testament and New teaches this. The doctrine of the Trinity cannot stand consistently with the strict Unity. Trinity, if it really means anything, divides, separates, destroys Unity, and confuses our conception of Deity. Against such dangerous error I have striven to make manifest the ONE GOD, the Gracious Father, who by His holy spirit quickens and sanctifies us. I have earnestly proclaimed what I so deeply feel, how dependent we all are upon the quickening of this holy spirit of the Father, — an influence as sure to come to the co-operative spirit as the vital air to the moving lungs.

In the second place, I have preached — as I have been taught by His own words in the sacred narratives, and by the preaching of Peter and Paul — Christ, whom the Father raised up and sanctified, and sent to save men from sin and misery. I have proclaimed Him as the wisdom of God and the power of God; that in Him the word or manifestation of God was made flesh, and that inasmuch as the spirit of God was given to Him without measure, so God was said to be in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself. I have not preached that Christ is very Deity, of one substance with the Father, and of like attributes, equal in power and glory. Christ disclaims all this. "My Father is greater than I." "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge, and my judgment is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." But I have sought to glorify the Savior. I believe he is to be honored most truly by being accepted as he declared himself, not as an equal with the Father, but as one created, miraculously endowed with the holy spirit, and sent to teach truth and open the way of life. With a grateful reverence, and an

interest that has grown deeper and livelier with each year of my ministry, I have tried to open and illustrate the saving revelation in Jesus Christ. He shows the moral image of the invisible God. In Him the Father comes near to us. Christ's words and life show His Father's truth and will. Christ is God's messenger and embassador — He comes on a divine mission. But at the same time He calls Himself our brother, and we may be touched by His holy sympathies, and drawn so near as to feel the beating of His human heart.

I have not preached the doctrine of two natures in Christ, because He did not speak of it; the New Testament nowhere speaks of it; it is man's invention, and would confound the testimony of Christ. But I believe that Christ is peculiarly near to Deity, in the Father's bosom, at the same time that He is near to us. He was raised up to be a mediator between God and man — to take the things of God and show them unto us. Behold Him, His face beaming with light and love! He says, "Come unto Me: this is the way, I am the Way; this is the truth, I am the Truth; this is the life, I am the Life!" and He would take our hand in His, and lead us to the Father and to the fellowship of heaven.

In the third place, I have preached concerning the nature, condition, and destiny of man. I have set forth the Gospel, that God created man in His own image and made him capable of doing his duty. I have not given a shelter for sin, by teaching that through Adam's fall we have all become totally depraved, born under a curse, and morally incapable of being anything but sinners, unless by absolute, partial election, which would impeach divine justice. I have taught that God is not a hard master, that He does not hold us accountable for the deeds of a remote ancestor, nor bring us into the world incapable of doing the duty required of us.

We can do right; but we are free agents, and we all

come short; and by wrong-doing, evil has grown strong in the world. This power of sin has been accumulating ever since man was created; and it besieges the child in the cradle, the youth in his sports, maturity in its business: so man has yielded, and taken this plague of sin into his soul; and eighteen hundred years ago the world so needed a Savior that God sent Christ. But for what precisely did Christ come? and how was He to save men? Some say by suffering the penalty of sin — that is death — by dying on the cross, and literally by His blood and sufferings buying off sinful men from the wrathful judgments of God! We hear of divine justice that could not forgive penitent children! We hear of God, in the second person of the Trinity, coming, and suffering, and dying, that God in the first person of the Trinity might exercise the attributes of mercy! I have preached nothing so hard as this.

It is a simple story; any child may read it in the Gospels. The children of God had become sinful; they had abused their liberty and privileges, turned their light to darkness; they had wandered from God into a far country, and were miserable. Instead of the one God, their Father, they had their idols; instead of immortality and righteous retribution they had shadowy dreams and puerile theories, and were sunk in selfishness and sensualism. And God so loved the world that He sent Christ to show men the Father; to bring to light a spiritual immortality, a righteous judgment, and an everlasting growth in liberty, holiness, and love. To do all this, Christ lived and taught; and to carry the lesson into the heart of the world, to impress us all with an idea of the horror of sin, to show us that he would do anything to win us from it, He gave himself in suffering and death; and all this to touch our hearts, impress our moral nature, and so draw us away from sin and reconcile us to God. I have preached Christ as the moral image of God, as the witness of truth, as the life and power of glorious goodness,

as suffering for rightousness' sake, and dying that we might live.

I have striven to hold up immortality all radiant with the light that comes streaming through the riven sepulchre of Jesus, and out of the living, longing soul. We are to live, we must live, and reap what we have sown. Our life here passes on into the life hereafter. What the Bible calls heaven is the result of goodness; it is a state of the soul. We shall have just as much heaven as we have goodness, and no more. What the Bible calls hell is the result of wickedness. This, too, is a state of the soul; and hell, with its moral miseries, sharp as fire, will touch us just so much as we are wicked. Mere death of the body makes no change, only as beyond it the retribution will be more searching and thorough.

And now, with all these considerations, so full of hopes and fears; standing by Christ on the mount, in the garden, and on the cross, to see how He shows the truth, the way, the life, I have sought to come to you from Sabbath to Sabbath with something of the Gospel fulness. I have spoken of the soul, of God, of Christ, of immortality. I have said, Behold the ways of life and death: see the consequences of good and evil! O friends! have I not spoken plainly, that we must turn back from sinning, be born into spiritual life, and become new creatures? Have I cried, "Peace! Peace!" when there could be no peace, because no acceptance with God?

To those who repent and take the hand of Christ, and go to the Father with loving obedience, Jesus verily brings good tidings; He leads children to their blessed home, to their heavenly rest: but to the unthankful and evil, to mere worldlings, whose hearts have been shut against all this grace of God offering salvation, the message of Jesus must be terrible. And I have preached the terrors of sin: its dreadful doom is certain; but thanks be to God, the door of

hope stands open, and returned prodigals may find their Father. Christ is seeking for them all through the world, — seeking all of us, — for who does not feel that he needs fuller salvation, more of that holy spirit in Jesus, to make us heavenly?

I have tried to bring Christianity and life together, — home, business, amusements, politics, reforms, all to Christ, — to make heaven and earth meet. In this endeavor I have considered proprieties of time and place. I have never believed that judiciousness was a crime, nor that prudence was pusillanimity; but I aver that this pulpit has not been muffled: on all the great moral questions that have been before us for these twenty-five years its utterances have been distinct, earnest, and consistent, and I am confident that you will bear me witness that whenever I have spoken upon topics of great moral significance — proper subjects for the pulpit, of course, but in some way mixed with politics — I have stood on Christian ground, avoiding party aspects, and clearing myself of all partisan spirit. Indeed, such is my feeling about the office of the pulpit, that I could never come to it to discuss the fleeting issues of our outer life, or to treat any subject in a secular way. I could not make the pulpit a lecturer's stand or an election platform. I would come here with awe upon my spirit; and with such a sense of God, and Christ, and the spiritual life, as would make smart discussion of subjects of temporary excitement an intolerable impertinence.

Let the pulpit preserve its sanctity. Fear of being too staid and dull and remote from every-day life has sometimes brought in profane familiarities, miserable witticisms, gossiping stories, busybody intermeddling with everything beneath the sun, to the sad neglect of the great things that are above the sun. Alas for the pulpit that is silent, or mumbles vaguely; or worse, is trivial, weaving dainty rhetoric, when God's truth and right are overborne and trampled down!

The pulpit is set up in this world, a part of its furniture, and for this world and its immortal actors it is to minister; but it must never be forgotten that the great power of the pulpit depends upon its closeness to divine things, — divine persons, divine principles, divine aspirations and endeavors. If the pulpit trifles, the power leaves it; the multitude still may throng about it, but it cannot touch the deep soul. While the pulpit speaks to man it must look up to God, like Moses coming down out of the awful glory of Sinai to the people of Israel, his face all aglow with divine light. I tremble to say it, but this is the true ideal of the pulpit, — every preacher must be a prophet, sent with a message from God, each with the burden of his great office on his soul. O my God, mercifully bear with the dullness of Thy prophets, and let Thy strength be perfected in their weakness!

Finally, friends, — for I must cease to speak, though nothing be fitly spoken, words failing to express what I would say, as in all my life among you acts have failed to do what I would have accomplished, — as I review my ministry, though memories of trying scenes and sorrowful hours rise in my heart and I feel a deep sense of imperfect life, still I will magnify this office of the Christian minister; as it lies in my conception, it is the most momentous employment to which a man can give himself. He is to speak and live the highest truths; in Christ's stead an ambassador, he is to bear the glorious Gospel of the blessed God into every waiting heart, — a work which, if truly done, must be a blessing to humanity and an acceptable service with the Father.

Dear friends! you have made me your minister. Twenty-five years we have lived together; in what loving harmony, our anniversary festival shall be the witness. The results of this ministry, whatever they be, are in your souls and written in the book of everlasting remembrance! How sol-

emnly interesting to turn the leaves of that record! Though the results are less than we had hoped, they shall not prevent just expectations from coming years. We have begun to know and feel the power of Christianity, to strengthen principle, to comfort sorrow, to ennoble life, and open the way to blessed immortality. Let us work together, and pray for ourselves and each other, that we may do more good and get more grace!

XII.

AT THE PARSONAGE, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, 1861.*

EVERYONE who was present at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Dr. Hosmer as pastor of the First Unitarian Society in Buffalo, heard it spoken of as a "silver wedding." There was a peculiar fitness in the phrase; for the history of Dr. Hosmer's ministry resembles that of a well-ordered marriage, more than is perhaps usual in modern days.

The writer was a child when, on the sixteenth day of October, 1836, the wedding took place. But he was present at the ceremony, and remembers that although it was performed with due solemnity it was of that sort usual at a happy marriage which lasts, at farthest, while the minister is present, and is speedily forgotten in the joy of the occasion. It was remarked at the time, that in age the married couple were well suited to each other. Both were young, the pastor having been in the ministry about six years, and the society having been organized about four. Their friends were liberal, and, like most of the community at that time, supposed that they were rich. Never did a couple start in life with fairer prospects of temporal prosperity; and their more sanguine friends prognosticated that they would have a family whose size would astonish the staid people of New England, and would fill the Western world with its colonies.

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* This account was prepared by the Hon. E. C. Sprague.

As is quite common, however, in such cases, our married pair very soon experienced some disappointments of their hopes. So far as their temporal prosperity was concerned, they met with severe reverses soon after their wedding; and they have never since been quite as rich or fashionable as their friends expected. A few of their calling acquaintances, consequently, deserted them at an early day; and it must be confessed, that although they have had a constantly increasing family, many of whose members are scattered through various States, they have by no means peopled the Western world, but on the contrary have been able, by sundry alterations and additions, to accommodate the household in the old family mansion in which they were married.

But, as in the case of a sensible and Christian couple, the chastening of their worldly ambition is apt to lead them to cultivate more sedulously each other's virtues and affections, and to devote themselves more assiduously to the education of their children, so, in the case of the pastor and people of this society, it was observed that although they did not build them an elegant new house, nor exhibit any other signs of an extravagant prosperity, they nevertheless preserved, during the varying fortunes of twenty-five years, a constantly increasing affection for each other, and the old house was always the abode of harmony and peace. Not but what there have been little troubles, such as will occasionally occur in the best regulated families; and our good pastor has been sorely grieved at times at the shortcomings of his flock. But wise parents soon cease to expect that their children will be prodigies; and if they are reasonably good while they will strive to make them better, will be thankful that they are no worse. The landlord who for twenty-five years has exhausted the market and his own invention to supply his table, may wonder that at the expiration of so long a period his guests are no bigger or

fatter than they are, and may despairingly ask for the results of so many toils and so much provisions. And doubtless our respected minister, when he considers the labor he has undergone during twenty-five years, to furnish his people with spiritual food, and reflects how far they fall below his ideal of what, as Christians, they should be, sometimes feels that his cares have been almost in vain. He must console himself with the reflection that during all this time the hungry souls of his parish have been fed; and that, if they have not grown as fast as he could wish, they are still alive, and might have utterly perished but for the nourishment which they received at his hands.

As is usual in family anniversaries, our celebration was mostly planned by the ladies of the society, and took the good man of the house somewhat by surprise. Whether the proposition for the festival emanated from one or from many minds at once, will probably, like the mystery of the "Iliad," remain forever unsolved. The first symptom of the coming event occurred about a week before the 16th of October, and consisted of the appearance at the houses and places of business of the gentlemen of the parish, of one of those self-constituted "Ladies' Committees" which spring, as it were, out of an ambuscade and demand one's money, without any apparent authority, or giving any security for its application. Committees of this description are apt, in hard times, to be met with a civilly cool reception and an unusual rigidity of countenance; but on this occasion, as soon as their errand was explained, all faces, hearts, and purse-strings were at once relaxed. Every one asked, not how small, but how large a share he might have in the contemplated gift; and although the views of the committee expanded as they went on, they soon found that they had more than means sufficient to enable them to present to our minister and his family a testimonial not entirely unworthy of the affection of his people.

To our respected parishioner, Mr. Thomas Stephenson, was confided the duty of procuring from New York City a silver service. The patterns were submitted to various ladies and gentlemen, and their selection met with universal approbation. The articles were not seen by the writer until the evening of the festival, and his unaccustomed pen is quite incompetent to describe them; but the unanimous sentiment of those who saw them was that, in genuine worth and simple beauty, they were fit emblems of the daily lives of those for whose use they were procured.

The following is a list of the articles composing the service: —

1. Salver.
2. Sugar Bowl.
3. Coffee Urn.
4. Half dozen Spoons.
5. Tea Pot.
6. Cream Pitcher.
7. One dozen Forks.
8. One pair Salts.
9. One dozen Tea Spoons.

Each article was engraved with the surname of the family, and upon the "salver" was the following inscription: "*The Congregation of the First Unitarian Church, to Rev. G. W. Hosmer, D. D., on the 25th Anniversary of his Pastorate. Buffalo, Oct. 16th, 1861.*"

The first notice which our pastor's family received of the celebration, was the arrival at the parsonage of numerous boxes, baskets, bundles, and bales, containing a vast profusion of such provisions as, among civilized people, are esteemed most suitable to the agreeable prolongation of human life. These were followed by the arrival of a large force of the youth and beauty of the congregation, who took possession of the house, and prepared it for the reception of company. Ten good-sized rooms were opened and decorated for the purpose, and it was soon triumphantly demonstrated that October is not behind her sister months

in her adorning wealth. There were a few late and some green-house flowers; but the decorations consisted chiefly of wreaths of evergreen interspersed with bunches of snow-berries and the red berries of the mountain ash, variegated by the scarlet leaves of the woodbine. To thoughtful minds, there was something most expressive in these memorials of the autumn season, emblematic as they were of the years of our beloved minister and wife, the spring and summer of whose lives had been spent in our service.

In the meantime, various ladies had visited the house of every member of the society, and invited them to be present at the parsonage on the evening of the 16th, at seven o'clock. It was a clear, mild autumn night. The windows were thrown open, and by eight o'clock the rooms and halls of the parsonage, and its piazza, decorated with colored lanterns, were crowded with the families of the parish. There never was a silver wedding accompanied with more numerous or more sincere congratulations. Our good pastor could not behold without emotion the gray-haired men who first welcomed him to his post of duty, who had been his faithful friends through the vicissitudes of twenty-five years, and who now, with their children, whom he had married, and their grandchildren, whom he had baptized, had come to express to him their continued affection and respect. In a single hour was crowded the memory of the joys, the trials, and the sorrows of twenty-five years; and although the occasion was in many respects a merry one, still there were very few who did not feel more sensibly than they had ever done, the sacred significance of the relation which exists between a pastor and his people, and the solemn issues involved in the life of such a congregation as ours, for so long a period of time.

At eight o'clock the presentation of the service (accompanied by several other gifts, presented by various members of the congregation) was made, on behalf of the society, by

one of the pastor's earliest parishioners and most faithful friends, the Hon. Millard Fillmore.*

It was evident that the presentation was entirely unexpected by Dr. Hosmer; and he was too much affected by the beautiful and impressive address by which it was accompanied, to make any formal reply. He expressed, however, in a voice which betrayed how deeply he was moved, his grateful remembrance of the many evidences of affection which he and his had received from his parishioners during the past twenty-five years. He said he should not attempt to convince his people, at this late day, that he was not worthy of their good opinion. If it was an illusion it was one that did them good, for it made them affectionate and generous; and therefore all he would say was that he would do his best to deserve the kind things that had been said of him. He was unable to say more, except to express his assurances of continued affection for them all, and his heartfelt thanks for this beautiful testimonial of the love of his people.

After other speeches, the remainder of the evening was devoted to social conversation and to the interchange of the congratulations natural to the occasion, until about ten o'clock, when the elder members of the society were invited to the supper-room, where they found the table loaded with good things, conspicuous among which, at each end, was one of those huge wedding-cakes which from time immemorial have been consecrated to matrimony. From the chandelier, over the centre of the table, were suspended bunches of Hamburgh and Muscat grapes, looking down upon the more common Catawbas and Isabellas, which were heaped in profusion below. It was supposed that there were sufficient provisions on the table for a congregation of school-boys,

* The substance of Mr. Fillmore's speech is given on page 133.

but it was announced by a young gentleman of about twelve years of age, that various closets which he had explored were no less full than the table, and that therefore the boys need not be alarmed at the precedence given to the elders of the church. However, the children finally had their turn, and demonstrated their appreciation of the entertainment in that hearty way common to young people.

About eleven o'clock the company began to retire, leaving with their beloved minister and his family their blessings and best wishes. A little before twelve, and while several of the guests were still lingering, the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were sung by a serenading party, thus furnishing as beautiful a conclusion as could well be devised to the festivities of the evening. About one the guests had retired, and our silver wedding was over; a wedding not so bright, perhaps, with extravagant hopes as that of twenty-five years ago, but infinitely richer in its sense of duty done, of work accomplished, and of progress made in its pleasant and affecting memories, and in its rational expectations of future success and happiness.

XIII.

ADDRESS BY REV. DR. HOSMER AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, BUFFALO, N. Y., OCT. 13, 1880.

MY friends, I am glad to meet you here. I have come a long way to rejoice with you; and we all, with devout gladness, looking into each others' faces with so many dear old memories touching our hearts, will offer thanksgiving to God, that you have this appropriate place to worship. I rejoice in its beauty; it is honestly paid for, and will not, in the shape of a church debt, shut the door to all but the rich. Why should not the place of worship be beautiful? We respect and honor the Puritan, we glory in our Pilgrim ancestry; but why should we keep their bald, naked forms of worship? We love Whittier, and all the Quakers with the inner light and inner life; but why keep their square-box meeting-house? Beauty is of God. Let it come into His sanctuary to glorify it. So we rejoice with you, and as we come, the uppermost thought must be, "It is good for us to be here," "My Father's house," "The gate of Heaven." "Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy strength; let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and Thy faithful ones shout for joy!"

It is interesting in this beautiful temple, raised by the faith and art of our day, to look back to the early recognition of the true God and to His first temples. Jacob made his first journey from his father's house to the afar off land of his mother's kindred. At evening of the first day, wearied and homesick, he lay down upon the ground, a stone his pillow, the starry arch his shelter. He had learned that

Jehovah was round about the tents of his father, but now he was lonely, and like a tired child fell asleep; and a vision opened to him of ladder steps, and angels descending and ascending, and words of promise from on high, and he awoke exclaiming, Behold the Lord is in this place and I knew it not: this is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of Heaven. And there he built an altar, and dedicated the magnificent temple. All nature is the house of God! It was the first dedication service.

Centuries rolled on. David and Solomon with grateful reverence summoned the art of the world, and poured out their wealth to build a temple on Zion for all their tribes to worship God. And when it was completed, Solomon, with royal magnificence, dedicated it to its great uses. To every Jew it was the House of God, the very Gate of Heaven. The old Hebrew heart hung about Mount Zion with worshipful reverence — beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth!

Again centuries roll away. The human soul grown in grace can hear higher truth; and Jesus said, "Believe me, the hour is coming, and now is, when neither in Jerusalem alone, nor in Gerizim alone shall men worship the Father. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth." Any place is a temple in the prophetic sense; any hour the accepted time, and each soul its own priest to bear sacrifices of work, love, and worship to God's altar. And here to-day Paul's words are coming to you and me: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Jesus would show the soul and God in spiritual relation, possibly so close and intimate, nearer than dearest friends can be, God in it, and it in God; no temple nor priest necessary to come between, and, as sometimes, to keep apart God and His child. But Jesus was too wise to disparage the scaffoldings helpful for spiritual edification.

What more touching than His tender reverence for the temple of Zion? "My Father's House" He called it, and He kept attentive to the services of the ancient worship. "As his custom was," says the record, "He went up to the synagogue with His friends and neighbors of Nazareth." And we know what text he took to preach from one Sabbath morning. The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because "He hath annointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of our Lord." So in the old synagogue was the new light, spirit, and worship of Jesus. And now here, as the years fly on, we would follow Jesus into the heights and depths. I can wish nothing better for you, my friends, than that, as you shall come with your children into this beautiful church, you will never cease to think that you are coming to your Father's house, close home for inspiration and guidance; your church a place to think and pray, a mount of vision, the sanctuary of worship.

What words can I find to express your need of this sanctuary and its services? God has so made us that we must worship Him in order to be safe and do well. We are made to be dependent, to look up, to pray. A sense of God is the deepest thing in us, a divine instinct leading us to Him; and when we come to extremity of trial, if not before, we feel this instinctive sense of power above us, the Supreme Being, the Sovereign Disposer. The untutored Indian in his extremity prays in his way; and the hard, wicked man, when his last hope is thwarted, tries to lift up his soul to that Sovereign Something whom he dreads to think of. How the Belshazzars tremble when they see the mysterious handwriting on the wall! Yes, we are made to be religious; made to look up to God, to think about Him, to revere and adore Him; made to hold communion, to imitate, and grow

into His likeness. All our springs are in God. We never know what we can be, until in the clear reason we come close to the Father and take into our souls the power of His fulness. Like the little brooks from the hills, we are meagre and small until, flowing on over plains and through valleys, we come to the ocean-tide, and then the little streams become the broad, deep river on which navies ride and the riches of commerce are borne. So it is man is glorified by getting close to God in worship. We become like that we venerate and love. Friend grows into the likeness of friend, and the worshipper is transformed into the image of the God he adores. The worshipful spirit in its sublime waiting and longing for God and holiness, like the calm lake, takes all the heavens into its bosom, those heavens of God, in the devout spirit, built by a wonderful edification into substantial character. O friends, to worship God is the highest, grandest thing we can do; worship is preparation for the best living in service of God or man. Worship earnestly, intelligently, not in dead formalism, and you will deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God. True worship glorifies the humblest man or woman. Before it the world's riches, shows, titles shrivel to nothing. What a blessed dignity it is that we can worship, and what an obligation binds us in the call to worship! God invites it and our welfare demands it. Expect great things from God, do great things for God. But now think how we are moved away, shut off from worship. The little dollar close to the eye, the prestige of great business and social eminence, eclipse spiritual things; the little visible that we clutch close to us shuts off the sublimities of the unseen, and we neglect, poorly appreciate, forget worship. Not that by nature we hate God and won't worship. O no, no; but thoughtlessly we bury ourselves in graves of worldliness, and sun and stars shine upon those graves in vain. And so in bitter moments, catching glimpses of these spiritual possibilities, you do well to make provision for worship.

Those who in this city opened the way of liberal thought about God and Christ, retribution and immortality, built their temple for worship forty-seven years ago. It was humble compared to this, but it answered their need; they worshipped God in it, and strengthened their souls, and made their lives better. They were a goodly company, and they have gone, all but a few, who still linger in the sunset of their day! You have made ready a beautiful temple, so commodious, fitting, attractive. With your simple ritual it will draw you to worship. Its chaste beauty will lift your thoughts, and make prayer and hymn and sermon more impressive. I rejoice that you have it. O you will need all the help it can give you. May it be indeed a mount of vision, — the air clear, and light full; the heavens all open above it! May gathered worshippers with purity of heart, out of the depths of humanity, see all the stars and keep the path of immortal destiny, despite the world's drifting currents and blinding mists! And may your worship here prepare you for purer worship in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

XIV.

THE FULL LIFE.

WORLDS of meaning lie compacted in the word "life." In the life of a tree, like the old elm close to us, its germination so long ago, its growth and maturity, and ministry of shade and shelter to so many generations of our ancestors, there is an interesting biography. In the life of an animal, like the favorite horse, whose more intelligent and admirable service has been so much to us, there is higher interest and meaning. And our human life is still more significant, with deeper springs, richer results, and higher hopes.

Life, the human life, is our subject; life, the great reality, with its central and outlying kingdoms — the full life. There is a world of things, and a world of thoughts; and corresponding to these there is an objective and a subjective life. The life chiefly for things and the life chiefly for thoughts are very different states; the citizens of the one and the other are strangers, dwellers in separate worlds. The objective and subjective lives can be distinguished by several characteristics, and first by their changes. The objective life in the world of things has no variety but in change of objects and circumstances, no novelty without new things, scenes, incidents; and as we cannot always be making journeys, going to Europe, or round the world, the objective life is often haunted with *ennui.* It tires with the monotony of its worn-out environment: it would climb the pyramids; look down upon Asia from the peaks of the Himalayas; see old Japan waking up, learning our English

language, and making its breakfast of our whole civilization; or else it may stay at home and seek novelty in wearing new dresses, having new furniture, and acquiring new forms of wealth.

Turn, now, to the subjective life in the world of thought. Its changes are interior, and it has them constantly and in richest variety, — new heavens and new earth every day. Think of the change and novelty in the life of Shakespeare: one week he lived amidst the airy creations of the "Tempest," another amidst the fancy-wrought scenes of "Midsummer Night's Dream;" now he is in Venice moving in a gondola along the water streets, or with the merchants on the Rialto; and now at Rome, crowding with her plebeian multitude, or in chit-chat with tribunes, consuls, emperors. Think of Walter Scott, what a varied life he led: this month amidst the scenes and characters of his own dear Scotland; the next, in Palestine, with Saladin and Cœur de Lion; now surrounded by troops of little listeners to "Tales of a Grandfather;" and now he is the great Unknown, — the enchanter holding the world in his spell. Think of Hawthorne in the "Old Manse," in the "Province House," or under the "Seven Gables" with our ancestors; or in Italy, creating the "Marble Faun." Think of Dr. Holmes, now with his drugs and surgeon's terrible tools, and now the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Think of Mrs. Somerville, now in her nursery, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and now up among the stars. Think of artists dwelling apart with ideals to be wrought out in marble or upon canvas. Think of philosophers, Columbus-like, exploring the ocean of truth in search of new continents. This life in the world of thought is never monotonous; it is laborious, exhausting, but full of grandest variety.

Secondly, these two modes of life can be distinguished by the excitements of the one and of the other. Life in the world of things takes its excitements chiefly through the

senses, from the indulgence of appetite, the displays and rivalries of fashion, the competition of business, and the conflicts of strength and bravery. The objective life delights in excitement, craves it; but it cannot have what it wants, unless things, circumstances, are favorable. It is dependent on what it cannot always control: innocent causes of excitement from outside cannot always be had. Business is dull, perhaps, and amusements wear out or are not accessible, and the perceptive life is slumberous and heavy. Somehow it must be quickened or it cannot be endured; and we all know to what expedients the dwellers in the world of things are sometimes driven — anything to quicken the sluggish stream, and make it rush and foam a little while along its course. Some drink to madness; others find the gamester's delirium, and others would relieve the tedium of honest business by getting up corners in stocks and breadstuffs.

Turn now to the life of thought. This too wants excitement, but it is not dependent on things and circumstances. It need wait for no outward occasion, no press of business, no fashionable amusement, no clash of battle, no cup of fire; it has excitement in itself. And what more interesting than the struggles, triumphs, revolutions of thought!

There are Luther, Channing, Martineau, each in his own day, with his own methods, striking heavy blows at the old errors of religion and philosophy, clearing the way that truth may shine — the light of the world — God's gift to humanity. Theirs is a noble service, and it has a grand excitement. They are uplifted, inspired by what they do.

And there are the poets putting their souls into songs of beauty, truth, liberty, patriotism. Whittier, with all his Quaker soberness, has raptures of joy in writing his psalms and lyrics. And think of Bryant's satisfaction, the grand old man, reaching back to Homer in the fellowship of poetic brotherhood, and giving to us the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" all new!

The world thinks there are no excitements where there is no noise, no show; but there are ecstacies in the life of thought. It is said that when Newton had nearly completed the calculations that established his theory of gravitation, and foresaw that the desired result was likely to be obtained, so great was the transport of the calm man that he could not finish calculations as plain to him as A B C, and sent for a friend to do it for him. The eureka of joy has often broken from quiet, thoughtful lives.

In the third place, these two modes of life can be distinguished by the progress of the one and the other. No life can be happy that is not progressive. We were not made to stand still, and to attempt it is to outrage our nature. Life in the world of things has its progress, in years of course; and it has, too, its progress in riches obtained, in houses builded, in farms cleared and cultivated, in offices held, and in honors and titles enjoyed. To the objective life these visible results are mile-stones of progress. But it is easy to see the man may be stationary, or going backward, while his wealth is increasing, and titles and honors pouring in upon him. The subjective life has progress for the man himself. Goethe said that he never found Schiller where he had left him at the previous interview; he had always moved onward. Carlyle said beautifully of Schiller: "He had no rest and died early. But was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms of Schiller's conquest were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another. They were soiled by no patriots' blood, no orphans' tears. They are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of darkness, to increase the power, dignity, and happiness of all men. New forms of truth, new maxims of wisdom, new images and scenes of beauty, won from the void and formless infinite,— a possession forever to all the generations of the earth.

How it stirs the heart to think of such a toil-worn, devoted

soul striding on from realm to realm, through deserts, climbing heights, scaling rocky barriers, onward from strength to strength. Such progress is worth living for; such life has depth and fulness. It is the enlargement of our being; it is the flowering fruitage and growth of spirit that betokens immortality. Some are making this progress, here and there one, and leaving behind the dwellers in the world of things.

Painful comparisons sometimes force themselves upon our thought. I once knew a man of large natural capacity, one of those who can become what they please, who, having graduated at Harvard, went to an obscure village and spent his life unprofitably, content to amuse his neighbors with his wit, or to see them cringe under his keen satire, or to astonish them with some exhibition of his great ability. He became a worldling, eager to be rich, and dwelt chiefly in the world of things. I knew him when old age was gently coming upon his vigorous, manly form. He made a visit to the distant metropolis of New England. On his return, we talked of what he had seen and heard. At length I observed an unwonted sadness, and he soon revealed the cause: "During my absence," said he, "I called upon an old classmate; when we were at college, I sat near him in our recitations; and I know that then I was his equal in all exercises, and his superior in some. I was capable of as much as he. When I called, I found him in his library, surrounded with treasures of knowledge and inspirations of genius, full of learning — a noble scholar, a master of thought. For years I had not seen him; and when I became aware how he had left me behind, and passed into worlds of experience all so strange to me, I was filled with self-reproach. I could have done as much as he. Once we stood together; now he was almost out of my sight." One man dwells here, his brother in Australia; and they are not so far apart as was the true scholar in his old age from the rival of his youth.

Once more: life in the world of things can be distinguished from life in the world of thoughts, by the peace and the want of it in the one and the other. There is no permanent peace for dwellers in the outward life. Constitutional listlessness, an idle contentment, a brutish satisfaction with sensual indulgences there may be; or, for a time, an easy, gentle flow of prosperous circumstances; but lasting peace cannot be enjoyed in the world of things. This outer life, if moved at all, is hurried, anxious, feverish; it is superficial, feels every gust of wind, tumbles and foams before the tempests; it has no lower deep which the storms cannot reach. Nor indeed does peace always attend the subjective life in its world of thoughts. I look back to Byron, the blazing star of poetry in my young days. He was no stranger to the subjective life; he explored many of its fairest territories; but there was in him moral obliquity, that made him love darkness more than light. He would leave the fair heavens of love and goodness, and go down into the caverns of misanthropy and distrust of God, and there kindle the fires of his genius to illuminate the blackness of darkness. Many have lived wretched in the world of thought, driven and torn by vulture passions. But still peace belongs peculiarly to the inner life. None but the thoughtful, who know and feel what is in them, can ever enjoy peace, be calm in the midst of tumult, and serene amidst provocations.

Milton is a teacher to the world. He rises to our thought an old man, blind and poor, ejected from offices that he had honored, thwarted and disappointed in all his labors and hopes for English liberty, and yet how sublime is the peace of mind which he enjoys. He opened the world of his inner life, and we can hardly believe that this poet of Paradise has ever been amidst the din and conflict of the outside world, so serene is the spirit out of which his song flows.

I love to think of the old poet of the "Pilgrim's

Progress;" twelve long years of imprisonment for striving to do good could not disturb his peace. He lived a life his persecutors could not reach; they shut him from the world of things, but the world of thoughts was still his, and to his reconciled soul it was a world of music, beauty, and peace. What sharper contrast than this — Bunyan in the Bedford jail, and Bonaparte at St. Helena. The saint at home in his peaceful spirit; and the great captain, pining like a caged eagle, and fretting out his life.

Such are these two modes of life — or two lives we might say, they are so different. And now, which one prevails with us? We cannot doubt it is the life that is chiefly for things outward. Go into the streets, shops, homes, listen to the conversation, watch the tendencies; go to the Legislature, where the pulse of the public may be felt, and we see the multitude scheming, struggling chiefly for material interests. And it is not strange wonders have been accomplished and great expectation created. What a different thing is this outer life of ours from that of a century ago! Compare a dwelling-house having the convenience, comfort, and elegance of our day, with one in England in the twelfth century, when window-glass was not known, and in a winter's day no light could come into King Richard Cœur de Lion's palace, except so much as could force its way through oiled paper. The smoke, too, must find its own path through apertures above, the high way of the chimney not being invented till two centuries later. Even Queen Elizabeth had only carpets of straw under her royal feet. Compare the clothing now with that not long ago, when the most brilliant queen could not obtain what now servant girls call common. Compare the modes of locomotion now with those a century ago. Count over the inventions and discoveries of the last hundred years, which have transformed the outer life.

Man has done wonders. The world of matter has become his tributary, all the elements serve him. Nature's mightiest

forces take his yoke; his vessels go to and fro from continent to continent like things of life. Steam hastens to bear this lord of the world upon his journeys over mountains and oceans. The vision of the prophet is fulfilled: "His chariots rage in the streets, they jostle against one another in the broad highways, they seem like torches, they run like lightning." Electricity does his errands. The sun takes his likeness. All this outwardness is imposing. We love to move in a life so marked with what we can do. It indulges our love of power, it flatters our vanity; and so life in this world of things absorbs us, and the multitude have no time or enthusiasm left to seek a deeper life. We all are in jeopardy. They who lived in the earlier time, before the material elements were subdued to man's control, by the very want of outward interests, were thrown in upon themselves. Those profound thinkers, spiritual athletes, Xenophanes, Socrates, Plato, Descartes, were not disturbed in their deep abstraction by the whistle of the locomotive or the cry of telegraphic despatches, and they were not crazed with our swift schemes of money-making. We are in the hubbub of outward excitement, in danger of forgetting there is an inward life.

What then, — do we deprecate all these facilities of the outward life? If we could, would we stop the movement — reverse the order, bring back the old time, put a ban on the useful arts, and time and labor-saving inventions? No. We are glad to have them, and wish them to be multiplied; they may be steps of real progress, goods, if rightly used; but we must think of the danger, and not rest in outward activity and visible results.

You say business must be done for bread; and you would be good business men, practical, efficient women. But you would not be all action, business, and nothing else; you would not limit your life to the world of things. Some do this as nearly as they can, and they should be beacon-lights

of warning. It is sad enough to see what puny fragments of men they make themselves. They are incompetent to the higher range of business life; not much more than ingenious machines to buy and sell, tell money, and keep accounts. They have no compass of power, could not project a great enterprise; they can only float in the surface currents.

We must enlarge the boundaries of our life, and take in the world of thought; then we shall have room to live and grow, and depth for strong roots to give firm support when winds blow and floods come. It is easy to see that this enlargement of life can only come by well-directed, decisive effort. The power of circumstance would shut us up in matter. The general tendency, the popular current sets towards outer life. Would we go toward the world of thought we have to go up stream, and none but live creatures can do that. The dead fish and driftwood only go down. There is no hope of floating at random. Work must be done, and wise method pursued to enter the world of thought.

But enough generalities — and not very glittering either. You are impatient to ask precisely what shall we do? I will make one suggestion, and especially to young men and women who are out of school, and must be schooling themselves. Always have on hand some study, which every day shall have attention, though it be but for a single hour. This month the study may be some branch of science. Geology, the earth; Zoölogy, the creatures; Botany, the trees and plants; Chemistry, the analysis — taking the subjects in order, if possible. Obtain the best books you can that treat upon your study, and give what attention you can to it. Few persons need find any difficulty in giving to the study daily an hour or two. And then there are broken hours when the mind may be given to the study, instead of being frittered away. When one subject is understood, select another, and so go on through a course of biographical,

literary, historical, moral, scientific studies. Let them be studies, well digested. Is it a science? get the boundaries, the main features, the more striking illustrations and uses, and carry them about in your thought till they are fixed in your memory. Is it an epoch of history? study the scene, the characters, the action, and the result, till you see it all in life again. Is it a school of literature? catch its characteristic forms and spirit. Is it a man's life? seek the mainspring and chief traits, bring the person before you, and so by wide communion enlarge your life.

Let any one keep in hand such a series of useful studies, giving but a single hour a day, and turning in the fragments of time, and in five years a great work will have been done. Such continued study would greatly enrich the mind. The knowledge obtained, though very important, would be of less value than the incitement, discipline, and balance of thought acquired. Many of us are like ships without ballast upon a rough sea; every gust of wind moves us from our course; the surging waves roll us from side to side, toss us into the air, pitch us into the trough of the sea. A continued study would be ballast, give weight and steadiness. The soundness of every mind is endangered by the up and downs, the fever and ague of excessive hope and fear. Many a young man or woman, and every business man of sanguine temperament, will know what I mean; and continued study would do much to keep equilibrium, lead on into the world of thoughts, and give the student a home amidst its peaceful satisfactions.

Let every young person have a collection of choice books, a library larger or smaller, according to means and circumstances; and, if possible — and impossibilities are not half so many as we are apt to think — let each one have a place, every child a place, if you are so fortunate as to have a closet, for study without interruption. It was a fine saying of Heinsius, of Leyden: "I no sooner come into my library than I bolt the door after me, excluding ambition, avarice,

and all such vices, and in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, in their books, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness."

Why may not such joy be more common? For a few shillings, or from the free public library, the young man or woman can have the wise and good come and give the results of their labor and aspiration. Fine writers, historians, poets, scientists, every one of them will be glad to speak to the humblest student, and open the riches of thought and the mysteries of the universe.

It seems a settled conviction that mental culture must be confined to a few; that there must be men of thought and men of action; a few to dwell always in the world of thought, and the many in the world of action. There must be, 'tis thought, this division of labor. One can do best thinking, another acting; and so the few must be all head, the many all hand; these to study always, those never. Such division of labor is excellent in some applications. Each workman to have his own work — one to make the mould, another do the casting of the iron, and another finish the engine. Sleight of hand is acquired, and practice makes perfect; and if the chief end of life were to carry on business, then it would do to make everyone a specialist, to know and do one thing — this one always this, and no more. In this way business might go on like clock-work, with men and women for wheels, pivots, and springs. But in the large sense of culture men must not so be sacrificed; each should be educated in all his powers. Let it be that you are chiefly a man of action, with distinguished executive ability in the world of things, a king: but that is not enough; you are only the part of a man until you master the world of thought. A poor king in action you will be until you are king in thought as well.

It is difficult to unite these two modes of life; their habits and processes are dissimilar; he who has a genius for one is

quite likely to be averse to the other. But the union must take place in every man before he is a man, a whole man, with full strength.

Some have made the union. Here,* two months ago, we all saw the president of your old Middlesex Agricultural Society, tanner, farmer, merchant, bank president, a main pillar of the Boston Technological School, and successful in all this action, because he brings into it thought, science, wide information. I met him years ago in his library at Woburn, amidst his books and cabinets of geology, zoölogy, and botany, and taking down Hugh Miller's first book of geology, well worn, he said: "I read that book fourteen years ago, and that was the beginning of what you see here."

Josiah Quincy made the union. Lawyer, judge, statesman, mayor of Boston, president of Harvard, and in business operations, making a fortune after he was eighty years old. He lived about four lives, and was distinguished in all — thought and action in unison.

The senior Dr. Bowditch made the union most remarkably. He was the son of a cooper, born in Salem, 1773. He never went to school after he was ten years old, when he went into his father's shop to work. He soon was transferred to a ship chandler's store. At twenty-two he went to sea, and followed the sea nine years; at thirty-one became president of an insurance company in Salem, and was in that nineteen years; at fifty became actuary of the Massachusetts Life and Trust Company, at that time the largest money institution of the northeast, dealing in millions. He was the presiding and responsible officer in this till his death, in 1838, at sixty-five years of age. Such was his life in the world of things,— active, various, and full of responsibility, and so dis-

* This lecture was given at Concord, among other places.

tinguished because to this life of action he united a life of thought. He always had his studies, in the cooper's shop, in the ship chandlery, on the vessel's deck. He made himself master of several languages, had much knowledge of science, and was the greatest mathematician that our country had then produced. Indeed, at the time of his death 'tis said he had no equal in the world. "Bowditch's Navigator" for fifty years has guided our ships through the pathless waters. But his great work is his translation, with explanations and amplifications, of the "Mécanique Celeste of La Place," a work of four folio volumes, of a thousand pages each. And here again are his achievements in the world of thought. He lived two lives, uniting the two in one — a broad, deep, majestic stream, freighted with rich fruits. His pastor, with loving admiration, has told us of his early morning studies, in winter two hours before the dawn, and in summer with the earliest birds; and of his beautiful simplicity, and genial welcome to visitors in his library. He says: "I see him now, the venerable man, sitting there close by his old-fashioned blazing wood fire, bending over his favorite little desk, looking like one of the old philosophers with his silvery hair, noble forehead, beaming eye, and benign countenance, while all around him are arranged the depositories of the wisdom and science of departed sages, who look down upon him benignantly and from their quiet places, and spontaneously, silently, give to him their instructions."

He was a whole man, with a full life. He was extraordinary — few can equal him; but even if none could equal, many can follow in his steps. When Columbus had found the new world, common men, ordinary navigators, taking his reckoning, could sail upon his track.

Finally, for one moment before we part, consider where we stand, the relations we sustain to one another, and to our age and race, and the work we should do. Every one in full

life must act, not in the flurry of superficial movements, but in the calm intensity of grand purpose. Some one says: "Don't read the Times; read the Eternities." If we do read the times, and 'tis best, we must be looking also beyond and above the times. We are not of to-day, and should keep an eye on the cycle of ages. We go through many a storm; but the bow of promise spans the future.

XV.

THE LAW OF THE MEAN, AND OF THE EXTREMES.*

THE great providential force, out of God's sovereign will and man's free agency, that gives movement and progress to the world, does not work always in right onward lines. The improvement made has come largely through the counteraction of extremes. The stream of life, bearing human destiny, as it has flowed on through ages and generations, generally has taken an angular course, like a river through an alluvial valley. The current meets an obstacle in the right onward line; the flood is accumulated and sent off at an angle from its former course, and so flows on, until some obstacle again obstructs, and then it is turned toward its average straight line, perhaps passes it, and goes on till an obstacle is again encountered and its course turned back; it keeps onward down the valley, but seldom in a straight line, between its rocky barriers. Distance is multipled, much time is used. New Orleans may be four hundred miles from Cairo, but the Mississippi, prodigal of time and power, flows nearly twice that distance between those cities on its journey to the West Indian Gulf. So, in the progress of human society, the movement is angular.

Observation of these counteractions of thought and life has left its mark in the multitude of common-sense sayings, proverbs of the people, found in all languages, about the vicious extremes and the golden mean. "Extremes,"

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* This paper appeared in the *Unitarian Review* for February, 1875.

we hear, "are born out of violence." "One extreme creates its opposite." "Extremes, if extended, will meet." "All extremes are dangerous." "In a middle course is safety." "Straight lines for movement are better than if broken with angles." And sometimes the love of straight lines has carried roads over hill-tops and mountains, when it would have been economy to have gone round the base rather than over the crest. The straight line, even if it be free from the extremes of counteraction, may not always be the best possible course, nor the very middle of the road the most satisfactory pathway. But it is no wonder that common sense carries memory crowded with these proverbs about extremes and the mean. How life has been shaken, upturned, revolutionized, by the violence out of which extremes have come! It seems destruction, inevitable, hopeless, to see the wild extremes,— now a freshet of zeal, an explosion of passion, and now a drought of apathy. Then how absurd to see opposite extremists hobnobbing together, on the other side of the world where they meet,— the free trader and the protectionist, the materialist and the idealist, the atheist and the pantheist. Each has run through and exhausted his one idea, all is exploded through excess, and antagonism subsides. We all intend to avoid extremes,— the honest man's ideal is the straight line of integrity. Reason and conscience forbid excess.

The golden mean, in our idealism, is the land of promise,— the climate just right; the seasons blended into a perfect optimism; all opinions brought to unity, and life a harmony that might make Beethoven listen for the music of its sphere. The extremes so dangerous, the mean so safe! In business, in statesmanship, the desire is to keep the exact balance of the golden mean.

In the calm judgment of History, the man of wise moderation, who stands centred and firm amidst extremes, has the crown. Washington, always aplumb upon the golden mean,

maintains his great reputation, as his century comes round to its period, while brilliant extremists have passed away with the whirlwinds upon which they rode. Nothing is really grander than the great soul that completely fills the time it lives in, self-possessed in moderation, touching if not embracing extremes, and so gathering into itself every force and tendency to control and harmonize them, while it moves on with an easy majesty to best possible result.

But there is danger in adhering too rigidly to the doctrine that no good can come except from the exact mean; indeed, what men think is the golden mean not unfrequently becomes a centre of indifference or barren bigotry. Here is one too timid and faithless to act earnestly in any cause; he would do something, dreads to be taken for a cipher; but he doubts and fears. While men around him embark zealously for or against theories and plans, he stands, as he thinks, between extremes, only finding fault with both sides, joining neither, and doing nothing. It is no golden mean that he stands upon; it is a centre of indifference, an imaginary point between two somethings; and the poor "mean" man is nowhere and nobody.

Then, there are very earnest people, who can see nothing right or true except along the straight line of their party or sect. They abhor dissent, dread any divergence, can hardly tolerate flanking parties for the protection of the main army. They shrink at the thought of wings, right or left. Nothing so extreme can be permitted — all must be centre; extremes are terrible; circumference is suspicious: the absolute orthodox centre, on that all feet must be precisely fixed and no departure suffered, and pains and penalties are provided to prevent wandering. This bigotry has haunted every path of thought, and would kill free life; it would prevent the leaven working in the dough, or thought working in the mental universe, lest something should come to pass not in the straight line of accepted beliefs. Galileo was a dreadful extremist

to the church, and so was Columbus, three and four hundred years ago; far gone they were thought to be from the central straight line. Fifty years ago geology was out so far from what was thought the golden mean, that it was branded as an infamous extreme; and so it has been with one science after another as they have emerged from the chaos of primeval conjecture. Wild, reckless extremists and irreverent iconoclasts who scorn moderation, are dangerous; but this narrow bigotry, clinging to its central straight line, afraid of divergence, hating the extremes, will not do. The athlete, upon his rope in the air, with the balance-pole, touches both extremes, and so can stand securely, and astonish the crowd.

Progress must have a broad highway, taking in mean and both extremes; indeed, they must all come in, they are all one, — the mean makes the extremes, the extremes make the mean. The spine of the eagle gives power to the wings, and the wings uplift the spine, and bear the monarch of the birds above the clouds.

All true progress is by growth, and in order to growth, there must be breaking up of the old unity, and throwing out its germinal parts into extremes from the old central seed; the germs out from the seed, the root and trunk and branches out from the acorn, to make way for new formation. The timidly cautious man, who stands on his golden mean, and instead of wisely checking and bounding the extremes, would crush them with iron clamps, does all he can to kill the growing life. Here is the kernel of wheat: he would keep it as it is, good for bread, excellent for merchandise; but it is sown, the soft mould covers it, air and moisture give their influences, and the old unity is broken up. The seed seems spoiled and good for nothing; worse still, hated extremes appear; it roots downward, and sprouts upward; it differentiates root and trunk and branch and leaf and flower; but the old wheat is lost, and of what use, the timid stickler for

the old unity might inquire, all this show out of the ruined kernel? It will feed nobody, and only wave in the wind, and drink up the sunshine. But wait a little: this disintegration of the old unity analyzing its parts, and this synthesis of growth, all ends in a larger unity. There has been differentiation in order to fuller generalization; analysis, in order to better synthesis: the one kernel bursts into opposite developments and growth, and seems to be destroyed; but instead of the one, in the harvest there are a thousand. All improvement is only healthful growth, and growth is largely a battle in extreme tendencies, checking, limiting each other, and all ultimating in a grand result.

To illustrate, take the civilization of modern Europe, as Guizot has so admirably shown its growth. There was Rome at the end of the fifth century: in that discordant unity — comprising the empire, the Christian church, and the victorious barbarians — were the possibilities, the germs of Europe, as the oak in the acorn. The old unity disappeared; its glory vanished; discordant elements and appalling extremes are before us. There was terrific clash and carnage; and good men, Cicero and others after him, wept; for it seemed the end of virtue and happiness, the doom of the world. Desperate efforts were made to recover the old glory; it could not be done; that old unity was gone; that one seed had burst into parts, and the commotion, the conflict of extremes, confounded the grand old lovers of the golden mean.

First, triumphant barbarism had its sway, and carried off young Europe to live near five hundred years, and be brought up in the rough school of the feudal system. To those who remembered the Roman Empire, it seemed hopeless enough; it was the coming on of the dark ages. Next, the Christian Church, struggling against the extreme of lawless, disorderly feudalism, carried off Europe to the opposite extreme of theocracy, under law and order of God, the church said;

but it was a law and order that crushed human liberty, and often human rights; but still young Europe was at school, the best school she could have.

Next, the free cities took the sturdy pupil and taught resistance to despotic authority, even to the extreme of ignoring any general government. Behind their walls, those rough sons of liberty made faces of defiance against barons or kings, and learned to be free. And then, when these extremes had checked and moderated each other, came the larger, wiser spirit of nationality and commonwealth. So out of the toil, struggle, carnage, and suffering of conflicting extremes, through more than a thousand years, came the life, strength, and welfare of Europe. The remarkable pupil is not yet educated, its character is far from complete; but the nations, England, France, Italy, are getting more and more upon the foundations of liberty, right, and love. Even Germany and Russia cannot breathe the air, and keep despotism. Through all these centuries we see the progress; but very little can we see coming in the straight line of the golden mean. It is a wide road along which improvement has made its zigzag course. But for the extremes, it would seem there would have been no movement. To have insisted upon a golden mean of moderation would have resulted in a dead-lock of forces.

Further to illustrate this law of the mean and of the extreme, think of the course of philosophy. We follow the stream backward from modern times, up through the middle ages, and through the bright morning era of Greece, back to Egypt and India, where it had its beginning. Amidst those headsprings of thought, it is interesting to consider the germinal ideas emerging from the primeval chaos of mind. The finite spirit groped after its own genesis, conditions, laws, and destiny, and after the source whence it came, the "Infinite," "the Uncreated," "The Time without bounds." The depths of that ancient mysticism we have no lines to

sound; it is religion and philosophy all blended together. The senses and the intuitions, the understanding and the higher reason, cannot be clearly discriminated; but yet we can dimly see the two great tendencies of sensualism and idealism, developing and beginning the strife of centuries. Buddhism was a Protestant rebellion against Brahminism; and the Sanscrit philosophy bade defiance to the authority of the old Brahminic Vedas; logic demanded that the ancient unities should be analyzed, taken to pieces, and each part come into judgment. Prof. Tyndall, with his critical tests, was in India four thousand years ago. But in both India and Egypt synthesis was stronger than analysis, and though extreme tendencies were manifest, the old unity stoutly held its own. We come down to the age of Greece, and a great change appears. The extremes are rampant, and hardly any golden mean to be recognized; utter materialism and utter idealism went their different ways. And there was a skepticism that would go no way, even denying that there could be any motion. Into this confusion of opinion, this bedlam let loose, Socrates came with his probing questions; he arrested the extremes, and the skepticism that would believe nothing and go no way, and compelled each to give account of itself and justify its right to be; and if he did not bring order out of the old confusion, he prepared the way for Plato and Aristotle to come and do their work for philosophy, which has so largely controlled and guided the stream for more than two thousand years. But in their time we look in vain for any nicely balanced golden mean. We stand with Plato, and it is mainly idealism that we think of; he would give heed to criticism and test by analysis; but he emphasized spirit rather than matter; he walked by reason rather than the senses; the earth and the body were not his home; he looked up into the open heavens of his "archetypal ideas." We stand with Aristotle, and it is mainly nature all about us, the elements, the animals, the world, that we think of, and

the methods of using our thoughts in acquiring knowledge. The two great men were different, — it has been well for philosophy that they were, — and they gave rise to tendencies which, though conflicting, have greatly favored progress, each making his own thought more thorough, definite, and deep, so that at length when their thoughts should come together they would greatly enrich each other, as already they have done. But extremes had their way; Plato's influence especially marked the world for some six centuries, and at Alexandria in Egypt created a brilliant era; and the Neo-Platonic idealism was checked by its own success, an arrested development, far out from the golden mean.

As the middle ages came on, and the Christian centuries grew dark, and the world was entering the long night and needed something more tangible than the ideal forms of Plato, Aristotle was remembered; and his strong naturalism and exact scientific methods held and kept alive the minds of men: as they could not rise and speculate with Plato, it was well that they should stand upon the ground with Aristotle, and wrestle and play with his forms of logic and dialectics rather than go to sleep. We owe much to Aristotle, and no other philosopher has kept undisputed leadership of the world's thought so long as he; but it is manifest that he was the opposite extreme to Plato, and the disciples of these great men were in wider extremes than the masters had ever thought of, so unlike were they, and yet counterparts of one whole. So the stream of philosophy comes down from Greece, through that middle period, largely in the channels of the extremes, — now through the idealism of Plato, which had its base in spirit, and now through the naturalism of Aristotle, that had its base in the material universe.

So we come to the beginning of modern time, and there stand Bacon and Descartes, princes of the power of thought, kings of philosophy these last three hundred years. They both advocated analysis of old systems and theories, and

careful experiment, before building anew out of the old material; but they gave rise to widely opposite extremes. Bacon emphasized matter and this outward universe, though not a materialist. Descartes emphasized thought and the spiritual universe, though not an idealist; and each had followers, catching the peculiar emphasis, and on the one side and the other going to extremes which Bacon or Descartes would have condemned. On the one side, in the direction of matter and the senses, there were Hobbs, and Locke, and Gassendi, and Condillac, and Hume and Priestley, and Hartley and D'Holbach, — a line of thinkers marking the course of thought out to the very extreme of materialism, the universe nothing but matter and the senses. On the other side, in the direction of thought and spirit, there was a line of thinkers, represented by Malebranche and Spinoza, marking the course of thought from Descartes out to the extreme of spiritualism, — the universe a pantheism.

Leibnitz, a great encyclopedic man, following Descartes, and with large human sympathies, holding correspondence with the leading thinkers of Europe, could not bear to see these diverging tendencies, and tried to arrest them and make them keep the mean. His great learning and right intention command our sympathy and respect; but no giant could hold those diverging currents. They went their way, as we have seen, on the one side and the other, to utter materialism and to naked pantheism, until each was checked by its excess. And then came reaction. Cudworth, and Reid, and Stewart, and Brown, and Hamilton turned the current from the extreme of materialism towards spiritualism; and on the other side, Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Cousin, and others, have turned that current from the extreme of spiritualism and pantheism, and brought it back toward the golden mean, where matter and spirit at length will be harmonized, and the stream, united and full, flow onward grander than ever.

Leibnitz by this time knows that what seemed so destructive of truth is to ultimate in a more perfect development. The material side has been studied and its claims set forth, and a sensualism has been commended to the world; and so the spiritual side has been observed, and the ideal system has been ably set forth; but the end is not yet: these two sides are one whole, and we are to see the two modify each other, and become the very body and soul of truth. It was sad to see the separation of inquirers, the partisan animosities and bigoted blindness, in each extreme, to all the truth of the opposite; our sympathies, had we lived in the days of the Renaissance, would have prompted us to work with Leibnitz to withhold the diverging tendencies and keep harmony; but when we get all that can be known and said of matter, and all that can be known and said of spirit, we shall be prepared to make the best synthesis the world has known, and have a well-rounded, complete philosophy.

Once more, to illustrate the law of the mean and of the extremes, consider the course of religion, in its history from those morning days in Egypt and India, when all that there was of philosophy or science was locked up in the religious mysteries, and the priests kept the key. We come down through Greece and Rome, until the teaching and the life from Nazareth of Galilee arrest our attention. We recognize an extraordinary conjunction of earth and heaven; a divine power comes into this world a clearer light, a stronger aid, — the Way, the Truth, the Life unto men, — the Christ.

The law which we have found so prevalent in philosophy and in the world's affairs, is also in the course of religious and Christian thought and life. Indeed, in the very beginning of Christian history opposing extremes are before us. In a council at Jerusalem there stand James and they who dwelt at and near Jerusalem on the one part, and Paul and Peter, and other missionaries among the Gentiles, on the other. James held to the old letter, Peter and Paul to the new

spirit, — Conservatives and Radicals. It was extreme, terrible ultraism to the disciples at Jerusalem when Peter declared, that in every nation, he that feared God and worked righteousness was accepted of Him. "What," they said, "let in those promiscuous Gentiles with us!" These extremes towards the letter and towards the spirit widened until, in the fourth century, Origen, at Alexandria, with his free interpretatious, was in abhorrent antagonism to the literalists of Palestine. And so, largely through the counteraction of these extreme tendencies to letter and spirit, to credulity and skepticism, the stream of Christian influence made its way through centuries shadowed with ignorance. Then we have the conflict of Papal authority with the rights of reason, — the great monk Bernard against Abelard, abhorrent extremes, and very little golden mean; but there was progress, and morning broke upon the long night.

With the Reformation came the conflict of authority and faith against doubt and skepticism, — battling extremes, that filled Europe with violence and carnage. We shudder to think of it all. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, and William of Orange and the Duke of Alva. Humanity groaned, the earth shook; but through the counteraction of extremes the human mind was emancipated from the thraldom of Rome, and the golden mean of freedom now enjoyed in Christendom has come out of the war of extremes,— progress through conflict.

As we come toward our own time, we have periods of faith, and periods of doubt and criticism; extremes still, though less violent than of old, and one extreme sure to be followed by its opposite. Even in our own day, this ceaseless pendulum has travelled very nearly its full swing. When this century began, church authority and faith were nearly at high tide; the creeds in the churches were held to be almost as sacred as the Bible: thought must not grow beyond the standard; science must find nothing to conflict with

articles of faith. As Galileo was imprisoned, three hundred years ago, for teaching that the earth moved rather than the sun, so sixty years ago the geologists were severely arraigned for heresy, because they saw proofs of antiquity in our earth greater than Biblical scholars had supposed. From this extreme the pendulum moved; now it would seem it has nearly reached the opposite extreme, and science now is as hard on faith as then faith was on science. Then faith charged science with irreverent skepticism, and now science charges faith with absurd credulity. Once faith said that science was a wretch, and now science says that faith is a fool. These extremes, so harsh and unlovely, mutually so defiant, must conflict until each is modified, and both respect each other. But meantime, though it be so hard to find the golden mean and keep it, there is progress. The pendulum keeps swinging, as it has done from the beginning, from letter to spirit, from authority to reason: to-day it touches science; it will go back to faith, carrying influence from each to the other, gradually to modify and reconcile. The pendulum never stops. Extremists are apt to think it is to stay with them. Science to-day is hugging the pendulum and shouting, "Victory!" but Omnipotence keeps it moving; in it —

> The eternal step of Progres beats
> To that great anthem, calm and slow,
> Which God repeats.

Finally, the lesson to be learned from our survey is the necessity for stout, steady nerve and dauntless courage, and for great patience and inveterate hope; nerve and courage for the shock of the battling extremes, patience with half-thoughts and one-sided lives, and all in the hope of coming union and integration of fragments into grand wholeness.

True wisdom will have a broad outlook: occupy the age we live in, appreciate extremes as well as centre, and gen-

erously accept all movement or result that makes progress, though not in the straight, right onward line of the golden mean. Believers and critics, radicals and conservatives, we all are one in Christ, and members one of another.

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